



Horace W Bailey

HORACE WARD BAILEY
VERMONTER

A
MEMORIAL
BY HIS FRIENDS

COMPILED AND EDITED
BY
FRANK L. FISH



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PREFACE

To those who knew Horace W. Bailey, the charm of his acquaintance and the value of his writings, nothing need be said in justification of this publication. To those who knew him not and to those who shall come after him it may be said that he was one of the truest Vermonters that the Green Mountain State has ever known. His unique and attractive personality, his rare native humor, his sympathetic understanding of the real genius of Vermont, his passion for Vermont history, and his services in promoting Vermont patriotism, justify the attempt to recall to his friends and to preserve for posterity a record of his life and selections from his letters, addresses, and historical papers.

On the 16th of January, 1913, I wrote Mr. Bailey urging him to write a book. The substance of the letter was, that having accumulated much valuable information, particularly about Vermont, it was his duty both to himself and friends to preserve this in a book. His interesting personality, many friends, and exceptional style of writing were referred to as inducements to the effort suggested. The letter was intended to be entirely serious. The answer came almost a month later in a characteristic letter which may be found in the closing chapter of this book. While his letter indicates that he would not attempt the task, our interviews afterwards gave some hope that he might do so. His subsequent illness, however, convinced him that this would be beyond his strength. It was then sug-

gested that he assemble his most interesting and valuable writings, then preserved, and publish them. This met with some favor at first, but on our last interview at the hospital in the late fall of 1913, he told me that he did not feel equal to even as small a task as that. Then I told him that I should have to act the part of Ralph Parkman in "The Child of Nature." He had not read Mabie's charming story and asked me to tell him about it, which I did, little thinking that the duty would ever devolve upon me of carrying out the project which I had urged upon him.

When the word came at St. Johnsbury, where I was engaged at the time, of the passing of Mr. Bailey, the subject of the book was taken up with his friends. It was decided to ask one hundred or more persons to oblige themselves in the sum of ten dollars each to defray the necessary expenses of the publication of his writings and speeches together with a history of his life. The necessary number of subscribers was easily secured. These represented persons from all over Vermont and some from outside. The larger lists came from Rutland, St. Johnsbury, and Newbury.

The following committee was appointed to take charge of the publication—Dr. John M. Thomas, President of Middlebury College, Arthur F. Stone, the long-time editor of the St. Johnsbury "Caledonian," Gilbert E. Woods, Treasurer of the Citizens Savings Bank and Trust Co. of St. Johnsbury, M. C. Knight, Town Clerk of Newbury, Frank H. Chapman, Deputy U. S. Marshal, and myself, all personal friends of Mr. Bailey.

The committee requested Frederic P. Wells of Newbury, the well known historian and life-long friend of Mr. Bailey, to write the personal sketch, a duty which he has

discharged with great fidelity and discrimination. This appears in the first six chapters. To Mr. Stone fell the principal other task, that of searching for and selecting from the mass of material such speeches and writings as are worthy of publication and presenting them with suitable head notes. This work has been well done, and the latter furnish a valuable supplement to the work of Mr. Wells. Mr. Woods and Mr. Chapman have attended to the financial part of the enterprise and the latter has written an interesting account of Mr. Bailey as a United States Marshal. Dr. Thomas has given much valuable advice about the book and its publication.

We are indebted to Hon. Curtis S. Emery, Hon. Fuller C. Smith, Mr. E. S. Whittaker, and Mr. Charles H. Wilson for letters included in the personal history, and to Mr. Benjamin F. Buck of New York for furnishing the portrait of Mr. Bailey for the publication. The latter is a steel engraving made from a photograph which is considered by his friends as the best likeness of Mr. Bailey.

We submit the book to the public in the hope that it will be found to be of great interest and usefulness. We have endeavored to preserve the best of his historical writings and patriotic speeches, together with some examples of his racy humor. A career so interesting and a personality so attractive merit no less a memorial than this.

FRANK L. FISH.

Vergennes, Vt., October, 1914.

CONTENTS

Chapter I.

A RETROSPECT.

	Page
Ancestry——Webster Bailey and his sons—— Newbury in early times——Historical surroundings ——Newbury Seminary——Henry and William Bailey.	13

Chapter II.

EARLY DAYS.

His youth——Church and school——The Civil War——Rev. Dr. Burton——Newbury Seminary again——Early life——Hotel clerk——Teaching ——Mercantile life——Begins literary work—— School superintendent.	21
--	----

Chapter III.

BUSINESS LIFE.

Merchant——Administrator——The Lindsey and Cutting estates——Banking——As a public speaker——“Camp Pineton”——The fright of a Scotch family——Senator——Fish Commissioner ——Tenney Memorial Library——Town history ——Newbury Seminary souvenir——North Ameri- can Fish and Game Protective Association. . . .	31
---	----

Chapter IV.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

Town representative——His father's death——	Page
Book collecting — “The Bailey-Bayley Family Association”——Historical studies——Political life	
——A railroad commissioner.	41

Chapter V.

TEN ACTIVE YEARS.

Literary work——Personal habits——Love for boys——U. S. Marshal——Mr. Chapman's tribute	
——Journey to Colorado——The Lake Champlain celebration——Failing health——Memorial to Judge Thompson——The Newbury celebration——	
The sequel——Tribute by Mr. Whittaker.	50

Chapter VI.

THE LAST YEAR.

Visit to Bermuda——Last visit to Newbury	
——In hospital again——Once more at work——	
Death——Funeral service at Rutland——At Newbury——Eulogy by Dr. Thomas.	63

Chapter VII.

VERMONTIANA.

Two mathematical prodigies, Warren and Zerah Colburn——Tribute to Hon. B. F. Fifield——Trib-	
--	--

CONTENTS 9

	Page
ute to Hon. George N. Dale—Tribute to Senator Morrill—How to boom Vermont—Wells Good- win resolutions—Journalism fifty years ago— Vermont's two military roads—Old State House, Rutland—Notable Legislative re-union—Two Vermont monuments—Mr. Williams and his Rural Magazine—New Orleans Bell in Morrisville.	74

Chapter VIII.

MR. BAILEY'S PUBLIC ADDRESSES.

Ladies' Aid Hall dedication—Five addresses on the 150th anniversary of the settlement of New- bury—Extracts from Memorial Day addresses —From address of welcome to Orange County Veterans Association—After-dinner speech at the Vergennes Tercentenary Celebration—Eulogy, “Redfield Proctor, the Man.”	99
---	----

Chapter IX.

MR. BAILEY AS A JOURNALIST.

A trip through Crawford Notch—The voca- tion of a newspaper correspondent—On religious subjects—Camp meeting—Memorial Day— Merry Christmas—The Bradford Guards— Basket ball game—The Mary Rogers Case and capital punishment—Arbor Day—A Newbury Town Meeting—Some characteristic utterances —Introduction to “A Narrative of the Captivity of Mrs. Johnson.”	151
---	-----

Chapter X.

MR. BAILEY AS A POLITICAL WRITER.

"Hial Higgins" on candidate Clement and his minstrels——"Hial Higgins" on high license and free rum——"Hial Higgins" discusses the new Ver- mont.	Page
	171

Chapter XI.

MR. BAILEY'S NEWSPAPER LETTERS.

(Philosophy and Travel).

Letters from "Uncle Woodbine"—The new woman—Squashville letter—Impressions of city life—The Heavenly panorama—The Pan-Amer- ican Exposition—Fat Men's Club visit Bermuda.	185
--	-----

Chapter XII.

MR. BAILEY'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO VERMONT HISTORY.

Vermont as a Republic—Our early days— The Phelps-Slade controversy—Vermont's State Seal—Zadock Thompson—An old time Fourth of July—Vermont historians for 100 years— Gen. John Stark's widow—The cannon at the State Capitol—A Vermont electrician—Legis- lative deadlocks—A plea for the study of Vermont History—Matthew Lyon in History—Daniel P. Thompson memorial—Bennington's Declaration of Independence—A pair of peaceful patriots, Daniel P. Thompson and Rowland E. Robinson. .	206
--	-----

CONTENTS

11

Chapter XIII.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, MISCELLANEOUS.

Vermont pamphlets not named by Gilman——	Page
The old brick schoolhouse——Sketch of Mr. Bailey in Montpelier Journal——Mr. Bailey's caustic letter to one seeking votes in a voting contest. . . .	293

Chapter XIV.

MR. BAILEY AS A LETTER WRITER.

Letters to Senator Carroll S. Page——Gov. Fletcher D. Proctor——President John M. Thomas ——J. A. Harrington——John G. Sargent——H. C. Whitehill——John W. Titcomb——Guy W. Bailey ——Samuel Alden Tucker and wife——W. N. Gil- fillan——Thomas C. Cheney——Lynn M. Hays—— Walter H. Crockett——Judge Frank L. Fish. . . .	305
--	-----

HORACE WARD BAILEY

VERMONTER

CHAPTER I.

A RETROSPECT.

Horace Ward Bailey has been called a self-made man. He owed little to schools or schoolmasters, but by energy, tact and business ability he made his way to an extended career of responsibility and usefulness. But a man is no more self-made than a tree is self-grown. Given that the young sapling is of vigorous stock, it will draw from the soil in which its roots are cast, and from the atmosphere which surrounds it, the elements which give it fibre, foliage and fruit.

His was a unique personality. One hardly meets with two such men in a lifetime. He was large of stature, large-hearted, of great executive ability, yet simple in his personal tastes, and gifted with the power of making and retaining friends. It is worth our while to study his life and work, and discover, if we can, how much of that personality was inherited, and what part of it was assimilated from his surroundings.

In the first place, he came of sterling ancestry, successive generations handing down their inheritance of honesty, conscientiousness, kindness, as family traits. He was reared among people who held very clear and decided views; men and women ready and willing to give, at any moment, well-considered reasons for whatever opinions, religious or political, they held. Such an an-

cestry is of more value to a young man than inherited wealth or social position.

From the people among whom his youth was passed he learned more than from books and schools. With wider experience came a deeper sense of responsibility. He learned to criticize his own work; to gain wisdom from mistakes.

In his lifetime he filled many responsible positions, and came into personal relations with thousands of people. He had to see much that was mean, selfish, and deceitful. But he saw more good than evil in men—in every man. He learned to take a broad view of life, he studied books and men, and realized that the world is governed by forces greater than men or human laws.

In the prime of his manhood, with wider prospects opening before him and positions of prominence in view, he was called to face suffering, to give up, one after another, his cherished plans, and to know that his span of life must fall many years short of the average of his ancestors. But none of these things impaired the cheerfulness of his last years. With the stress of pain he grew more lovable, and passed away in the prime of his unusual powers without complaint or repining.

There are lessons for young men in his career. He was very human; self-reliant; fond of popularity, yet with a modest opinion of his own abilities. He did good literary work, and could sum up large results in his life, yet, in the retrospect, was not sparing of self-criticism. It is given us to review his ancestry, his early training, his successive pursuits, the extended range of his later responsibilities, and the estimate in which he was held by those who were associated with him.

Not far from the year 1787, about the time the convention which adopted the federal constitution was in session at Philadelphia, while Vermont was still an independent commonwealth, while the echoes of the revolu-

tionary war and the New York controversy were still heard among the Green Mountains, Webster Bailey, a farmer and tanner of Newbury in Massachusetts emigrated with his family, and became a permanent citizen of Newbury in Vermont.

At that period Newbury was one of the most important places in the state, and, despite its situation as a frontier and exposed town during the war, its twenty-five years of settlement had been prosperous ones. The part of the Connecticut valley in which it lies was then called the Lower Coos, Newbury and Haverhill, on opposite sides of the river, being the principal towns. They include a large portion of the most fertile meadows in the Connecticut valley.

Newbury, one of the oldest towns in the state, before the war had been considered a desirable place for settlement both for its situation, and for the high reputation of its people. It was the early county seat for the northern part of the state, and in 1787 the meeting place of the legislature.

Webster Bailey was in the fifth generation from Richard Bailey of England who settled at Rowley about 1634. In the intermediate generations his maternal ancestors have the names of Greenleaf and Webster. From the same stock, in later generations, came Daniel Webster and John Greenleaf Whittier. His wife was Mary Noyes, a descendant in the fifth generation from Rev. James Noyes, the colleague of Rev. James Parker, the first minister of Newbury in Massachusetts. These families were of the great Puritan emigration which left England in the earlier years of Charles I.

Webster Bailey considered Newbury a good place in which to set up in business as a tanner and shoemaker. He bought a small farm on the river road a mile below Newbury village, where he built a tannery and a shoe shop. In this occupation he employed from twenty to forty men and apprentices, and it was one of the earliest

establishments of the kind in the state. This business was conducted by himself and his sons for about forty years, and the product was distributed over a wide extent of country.

Webster Bailey was a man of high standing in the community, and the family moved in the best circles of their time and place. He was not prominent in town affairs, but was conspicuous in his services to the Congregational church, whose records he kept during several years. He often represented his church in councils, and served upon important committees.

Webster Bailey and his wife were parents of ten children. The family life was happy and the home was noted for its genial hospitality. They were a hardy, long-lived stock. In 1910 their descendants, living and dead, numbered 217. They had been mainly farmers, people who lived close to the soil, and where their children settled a century and more ago, their descendants may still be found. Webster Bailey and his wife both died in 1830.

In Horace Bailey's boyhood his grandfather, Parker Bailey, with his brothers Ezekiel and William, and their unmarried sisters, Hannah and Phoebe, were inmates of their father's family, or lived in the immediate neighborhood, and in his own prime he never wearied of repeating their shrewd sayings and quaint observations. These brothers had been in their time men of large affairs, and in their old age were grave of manner, slow and deliberate of speech, and possessed of a certain dignity of deportment which we seldom see now. They were not, however, without a saving grace of humor. William Bailey, better known as "Uncle Bill," would tell a story with the gravity of a clergyman repeating the burial service, while all around were convulsed with merriment.

The chief characteristic of these brothers was fidelity to their convictions. They were early abolitionists and in their view no man could rightfully hold another man in bondage. No amount of sophistry could convince them

that slavery was, as certain ministers of the gospel in their day claimed it to be,—a “Divine Institution.” More than one fugitive slave was helped toward freedom by these brothers.

In his later years Horace Bailey looked back to those old men and their contemporaries as survivors of a superior race, but not until he had reached his own prime did he realize his indebtedness to them. They were highly respected and were men of excellent business judgment. They seldom held office of any kind. The sisters had been prominent in the social life of Newbury and Haverhill in their time.

Our friend was as widely known for his knowledge of the early history of the town and state, as for the public offices which he held, and for this interest he was much indebted to his early associations. Traditions of pioneer days cling to every farm and older dwelling in Newbury and Haverhill. In his infancy there still lingered two or three very aged survivors of the revolutionary war. One of his earliest recollections was the death in 1858, on the farm next north of his father's, of Colonel Simeon Stevens, whose entire life of more than ninety years included the whole of the war of independence.

Nearly all his life was spent in the same house which, now modernized out of all resemblance to its original form, is the residence of Mr. Alexander Greer. It is one of the very oldest houses in the state, and its heavy oaken timbers seem likely to last for centuries more. It was built by Capt. Simeon Stevens, a soldier of the French and Indian war, and an officer of some note in the revolution. Judith, his daughter, married Washington Stone of Piermont, N. H., and their daughter, Melvina, became the mother of Chester A. Arthur.

It must therefore seem perfectly fitting that his mind, amid such associations, should have taken an historical bent. But he had passed middle life before he began to collect the memorials which remained. A short time be-

fore his death he expressed regret that he had not in his youth understood the value which would have attached to the narratives of early days which he could have committed to writing from the lips of aged persons.

There were other and humbler people whom he loved to recall, and among the quaint characters of Newbury in those old days were an Englishman and his wife who lived in a small clearing a mile from his father's house or from any other, who used to sit on their door-step of a summer evening and sing the ballads of their native land. They were simple, honest people who had little and needed little, but Jimmie Aytoun's shining face was a joy to behold, and his invariable and friendly salutation, "I hope I see you well," Horace often loved to employ.

Parker Webster, the third son and ninth child of Webster Bailey, went across the Connecticut River, and married in 1817, Eliza, daughter of Capt. Uriah Ward of Haverhill, N. H.

She was a descendant in the fifth generation of William Ward of England, who was an early settler of Ipswich, Mass. Her grandfather, Uriah Ward of Worcester, seems to have been a revolutionary soldier. This was a very happy marriage as well as of long duration, as their married life was sixty-four years. Their grandson says of them—"They were a model couple, devoted to each other, their family and church, profound Bible students, and great readers of current affairs." Of their three sons, Henry Webster and William Uriah were spared to many useful and honored years.

In their early manhood a new and strong influence had come into the life of Newbury. The growth and prospects of the Methodist Episcopal church called for an institution of learning under its auspices, the public spirit of Newbury proffered the most favorable location, and in 1834 Newbury Seminary was opened. That a new era in the educational history of the state began with its opening, was not seen at the time. There were many

academies, and good ones too, in the state, but the usefulness and patronage of each was limited to the few towns in its vicinity, and two or three instructors were all that they could afford.

By the founding of Newbury Seminary, for the first time in the history of the state and in the whole upper valley of the Connecticut, there was an institution of learning with a full corps of teachers and regular courses of study. The trustees, who were men without liberal education or experience in the management of such an institution, had the good sense to intrust the policy to the hands of the principals and their assistants. The result exceeded their expectations. The pupils increased in number, its fame spread far and wide, its plain brick building was the objective point for hundreds of eager young men and women, and the limited resources of the institution were strained to the utmost to meet the demands upon it. The founders of other schools sent their representatives to learn the details of the management and the secret of its success. It attracted many new families into the place, and the young men and women of Newbury were brought into contact with bright, earnest minds from scores of other places. On every page of its catalogues are names of pupils who became prominent in different walks of life.

Henry and William Bailey were among its earliest pupils and were familiar with all the history of the school during the thirty-four years of its existence. The former entered business life, and was for twenty-five years the popular foreman of the Keyes mercantile establishment. He was town clerk for thirty years, treasurer eleven years, town representative 1859-60, and Judge of Probate for Bradford District eight years. He was a most genial man, and his integrity was never questioned. During the civil war he was of service to young men in the army, who sent their pay to him to be invested, which was carefully done by him without charge for his services, or the loss

of a penny. Judge Bailey died March 5, 1877. He married Harriet Merrill who survived him several years. They had no children.

William Uriah Bailey, born on the old homestead September 25, 1820, was a farmer all his life, a tall, erect, well-built man, who held few offices, made few journeys, but devoted himself entirely to his family and, with good success, to his occupation. He was seldom absent from home or from his seat in church—a highly respected citizen. He married, on Christmas Eve, 1844, Abigail Eaton of Wentworth, N. H., "of Scotch descent," her son says. They lived in Wentworth until 1851, when he returned to Newbury and bought the farm next north of the Webster Bailey place, where his son Warren W. still lives. This is one of the large meadow farms, and the buildings, which are situated upon the terrace which lies between the meadows and the range of hills which extend the entire length of the town, command a beautiful and extensive view of the Franconia mountains and their lesser chain of elevations for many miles to the east and south, the hills and villages of Haverhill, the meadows, and the great valley of the Connecticut through which the river pursues its sinuous course.

The children of William and Abigail Bailey were: Ellen Eliza, who married R. S. Chamberlin of Newbury Center; Henry J., who was drowned in his thirteenth year; Horace Ward; Warren Ward, a farmer on the homestead and in lumber business; and Jesse Parker, now deceased. Mrs. Bailey died suddenly, November 25, 1880. Mr. Bailey died June 18, 1904.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY DAYS.

On the sixteenth of January, 1852, in the administration of Millard Fillmore, an era which seems far away to the present generation, a son was born to William and Abigail Bailey. They named him Horace Ward, in memory of his father's youngest brother, whose life had been cut short by an accident in his third year. The child inherited from both his parents a vigorous constitution, and was reared in the wholesome manner of children on a New England farm sixty years ago. He learned to make himself useful, to help about the house and farm, to run errands, and do the thousand and one things which fall to the lot of a farmer's boy. His constant companion was his elder brother Henry, and his first great sorrow came when this bright, promising lad was drowned in the summer of 1862, while bathing in the river.

Horace always spoke reverently of his mother. She was a woman of quiet manner, affectionate temperament, and kindly ways, whose home was her kingdom, and whose ambition lay in making that home a happy one, and in doing her duty, as she saw it, by all around her. In due time he was sent to the village school, a mile away, in the same brick building which he purchased many years afterward, in which he kept his office and library. The village school was, usually, a good one, as schools were in those days. When things went well, which was not always, it was one of the best in town. With the day school was mingled the instruction which came with the Sabbath. All the Bailey family were connected with the Congregational church, the children went as well as their elders,

and Mrs. Bailey had a class in Sunday school. With pleasant words and beaming smile she greeted each pupil. The minister of those days was Rev. Horatio N. Burton, a man of rare intellectual gifts, strong personality, and a faithful preacher of the Word. His views upon many subjects were, substantially, those held by President Lord of Dartmouth College, whose favorite pupil he was said to have been.

The period from his eighth to his fourteenth year was a stirring time for a boy of Horace Bailey's training and environment. This included the civil war. The spring of 1861 was a strenuous season. Patriotism ran high; flags waved everywhere, and young men were enlisting for a war which was expected to be so short that many feared that it would be over before they could get there. The boys of the town formed themselves into military companies, armed with wooden guns, and went through the evolutions with ardor. Horace with his brother and a large assemblage of Newbury people, old and young, were at the station to see the third regiment pass through on the 24th of July, from St. Johnsbury to the seat of war. There were two long trains, both of which stopped to take wood and water. Several Newbury boys were on board, and opportunity was given their friends to take leave of them—a long farewell it proved, in many cases. Amos Meserve, a fine young man from Newbury, was the first of the regiment to be killed in battle. His mangled remains were brought home and buried late one September evening by the light of many lanterns in a cemetery in the central part of the town. The war took on a grim reality for us from that event.

Horace Bailey began to attend Newbury Seminary probably in the spring of 1865, while Rev. George Crosby Smith was the able principal, his assistant, Rev. Silas E. Quimby, succeeding him a year later. The last principal was Rev. Simeon F. Chester, for many subsequent years the honored head of the Springfield, Mass., High School.

Our friend was one of the most loyal pupils of the old school, and if he could overlook my work, would insist that I should say something about its last years. He was wont to say that he learned little from books while there but a great deal from the school itself, and many others could say as much. It would be hard to find anywhere such a collection of students as gathered within its walls in its last years, which included the close of the civil war. There were no fewer than twenty young men who had served in the Union army, and now resumed their interrupted studies. Three of our fellow pupils had each lost an arm in service, two limped in on crutches and others bore honorable scars. Among the young ladies were two widows whom the war had made such, there were a man and his wife who were married before the war, in which she served as a nurse, and reciting in Latin, mathematics and chemistry with the rest of us were two fine young men who had been captains in the service. These veterans were much older than the pupils of an academy usually are, and were somewhat held in awe by the other students.

After the Seminary was moved to Montpelier a number of schools in succession were held in the old building, some of which he attended. But the truth is that he was a very indifferent scholar. When he chose to apply himself he could learn a lesson more quickly than any other pupil. In studies like history, where he could give the substance of a lesson in his own language, he did very well. He hated mathematics, and in all his years at school hardly went beyond the common English branches, as they were called in those days.

In after-life he deeply regretted this inattention, and years after he had left school, took up his neglected studies and completely mastered them. In one particular he excelled. He was a ready and effective debater, and spoke well upon any subject. He was always a leader in the circle of boys and young men of the village in sports and adventures. Indeed he was very much of a boy to the end

of his life, loved the company of boys, and usually contrived to have a boy or two about him in his office and at his summer camp. He once asked me to write an obituary of a man of whom I said that I could say little good. "Oh yes, you can," replied Horace, "you can say that he was always kind to boys. Now a man who is good to boys ain't all bad." So I wrote it down that he was good to boys.

His father offered to send him through college, but he declined the offer, having at that time no liking for the close application which a college course requires. Late in life he was asked if he regretted the decision and replied,— "Well, sir, I ought to have gone, but I'd have cut a mighty poor figure at college." Some of his friends have thought that had he taken a college course and applied himself with the assiduity which characterized his later years, he would have won fame. He was a journalist by nature, the editorial chair was his proper place, not politics or public office. His work as an occasional contributor to the state press was meagre and its influence small, compared with what he might have accomplished as the head of a great newspaper. Late in life he realized this, and felt that had he come under some strong influence at that period his career would have been very different.

Horace Bailey's chief claim to our remembrance was his unique personality. The public positions which he held were not sufficiently important to preserve his name by reason of his connection with them.

The freshness and originality which gave charm to his conversation were due to a mind so alert that it considered a subject from many points of view. Consequently he was quick to cast a side-light upon any topic—a new and illuminating observation was certain to come from him. His spirits were irrepressible; he radiated cheerfulness; his humor was contagious and unexpected. But it was never caustic; his wit never left a sting; he thought no less of a good story if the point suddenly turned against

himself. He was never more delightful than when at leisure he would start up some absurd proposition, supporting it by statements most preposterous, employing words and phrases the meaning of which his hearers had to ask, and whose quaintness constituted the principal charm. How much of this unique personality was original with him and how much was assimilated it would be hard to say. There was in him no oddity, no eccentricity. His intellect was well balanced; it was only in leisure hours that his speech displayed the exuberance of his spirits. The qualities of honesty, promptness and hard business sense were his inheritance from a sterling ancestry; and his love of history was the result of his environment; much of the quaint flavor of his conversation was the effect of his power of assimilation.

The Baileys from time immemorial have been plain people. All his life Horace loved plain, hard-working folks best. He was a close observer, and fond of the society of old-fashioned people.

In his boyhood and youth a number of aged people in Newbury, whom we might speak of as survivors of the homespun age, were still active and vigorous. In their speech they preserved the idioms not only of their youth, but that of their fathers and their grandfathers. Consequently many words and phrases which had long disappeared in more populous communities were still in daily use by the farmers among the hills. Fifty years ago there were many shrewd, sensible, intelligent men, whose conversation was worth listening to, but whose personal observation was limited within a radius of a few miles from their own firesides. There was an aged couple at West Newbury whose married life of fifty-four years was spent under the same roof, from which they were absent but a single night. The wife I never saw, but the husband I remember well, a quaint, gentle old man whose pleasing conversation was diversified by expressions which were, perhaps, current in colonial days. The wisdom of un-

traveled firesides had a charm which was all its own. Horace was fond of meeting such people, and his mind was well stored with their reminiscences, which he drew upon in his own conversation.

Forty-five years ago, and for some years afterward, Newbury people asked each other—"What is Horace Bailey going to make of himself?" The form of the inquiry shows the general belief that his future lay in his own hands. Give a young man sound health, industrious habits, a fair education; the winning personality which makes and retains friends; the pride of an untarnished family name, he has a fine endowment. What will he do with it? There are those to whom all these are given, with wealth and social position, but the power to guide themselves wisely is not given them. Indolence; weakness of will; inability to resist temptation—we all know of lives which have been wrecked by these. But no one ever charged Horace Bailey with infirmity of purpose. His youth had been well guided. William and Abigail Bailey taught their children to be truthful, to be industrious, honest, reverent, kind and gentle to all. If they did wrong, they were punished.

Our friend seems to have been in no haste to settle at anything. The years of his early manhood were spent on his father's farm, which is a large one, with outlying pastures, and plenty of work for several men. He was efficient, practical and ready with expedients. It was a useful and happy life, the routine of farm work varied by Sunday excursions, rides among the hills, and the like. His evenings were spent in reading, or making and receiving calls. Perhaps he drove out where some entertainment offered—a lyceum, a school exhibition, or, perchance, a wedding anniversary. He was a welcome guest everywhere. His cordial manner and readiness to enter into whatever was going on made him popular. In his later years he looked back on his life then as ideal.

He seems to have made several trials of business of

one kind or another, which need not be enumerated. One summer he drove a team for John E. Chamberlin, who was building a railroad in the White Mountain region. About 1878 he became a porter at the Fabyan House, then kept by Lindsey & French. John Lindsey, a native of Newbury, and one of the best known hotel men in New England, had worked his way up from a stable boy, through the positions of stage driver and manager to a position of proprietor of several well known hotels. In a short time Horace was promoted to be night clerk, and continued in Mr. Lindsey's employment during several seasons at the Fabyan, the Ocean House at Old Orchard, and one winter at the Uplands Hotel at Eastman, Ga. His experiences in those places, while not bringing him much, financially, were of great value; they brought him a very extensive acquaintance, and he met many distinguished men from all parts of the country. The Fabyan House was then, and for years afterward, the scene of many important gatherings, mainly of a scientific or professional character, which called together men of rank from this country and Europe.

It was the period of great hotels in the mountain region, which has been followed by a change in which a large part of the summer population is domesticated in private estates, and charming summer residences.

The summer of 1880 was the last he spent in this business. The firm of Lindsey & French went into bankruptcy and he had much to do with the settlement of their affairs. But his connection with the Lindsey family did not cease for many years. In 1891 Mr. Lindsey died, and Mr. Bailey, by the wish of all concerned, was made administrator of his estate, whose settlement occupied much of his time for a number of years, the task being complicated by several deaths in the family.

The winter of 1879-'80 he spent in teaching the village school, but, judging from his diary, the task was little to his liking, and if he had any idea of making a profession of teaching, he thought no more of it. He was sel-

dom absent from church, and always noted the subject of the discourse in his diary.

In the fall of 1880 he went into business for himself by taking charge of the grist mill at South Newbury, in order to relieve his friend Allyn Olmsted, who had bought the mill, and had become financially involved. Mr. Olmsted was prominent in the Democratic party in Vermont, being candidate for Lieutenant Governor in 1902. His life was spent in trying to carry on a large business with small capital, and in the vicissitudes of his life he was often assisted by Mr. Bailey. It was in this business that Horace began to "get ahead" financially.

This property was sold to Mr. H. H. Runnels in the fall of 1881 and in the spring of 1882, he removed to the village, opening a grocery, and a feed and grain business, enlarging a store already standing, in which he carried on a very successful business until the spring of 1891, when it was sold to Silsby & Knight. The buildings were burned in the great fire of 1913. The business had been profitable, and the experience gained was of great value. But the increasing demands upon his time required a change.

His sister thinks that he began to write for the press about 1875. At first, and for some years, all his writing was for the *Opinion*, published at Bradford, of which he was the Newbury correspondent for about twenty-five years—when at home. It is interesting to compare his earliest work with his latest. It was for some time only a few items of local happenings. There was a freshness and originality in them, but his style was crude, and his choice of words not always fortunate. It was a good exercise, and when he saw how his work looked in print he was aware of faults, and corrected them. He does not seem to have taken himself seriously, and it was long before it occurred to him that he had any literary talent. In time he included subjects of early history, and generally filled a column with Newbury news and comments. and his contributions to the *Opinion* would fill a good-sized volume.

In the night before Thanksgiving, 1880, his mother died suddenly. The record in his diary shows how deeply he grieved over her loss. There was a vein of tenderness in him which was easily touched.

It was in the first years in the store that he began to take an interest in literature, particularly in history and science. Before that time his reading had been mainly newspapers, and such works as were usually found in a community of well-to-do farmers. Had there been at that time in Newbury, as now, a large and well selected library his reading might have drawn him along lines of usefulness of which he never dreamed. He once told me this curious story about himself: "When I was at the Fabyan House some very fine fish were brought into the office one morning which had been caught in the Ammonoosuc, and there came along several gentlemen, among whom was a very odd looking man. They were looking at the fish, and some one asked this man a question, and he began to talk in a foreign accent about fish, and told more about them than all I knew before. I wondered who he could be, and why everybody in the hotel seemed to be crowding into the office. I asked someone who he was and was answered—'That man? Why, that's Agassiz!' And I hardly knew there was such a man as Agassiz, and began to realize that I didn't know much."

He began to buy standard works, commenced to study the great English classics, and found an undiscovered country in English literature. To most people he was the sharp Yankee trader, keen for a bargain, politically ambitious, and the teller of good stories. To a few friends he was the eager student, studying, exploring. But the increasing demands upon him left him less and less time for study. He began the nucleus of what became in the course of years a large and valuable library, and the collection of pamphlets which at his death numbered several hundreds.

His first public office was that of lister, to which he was elected in 1884. In 1888 he was elected superintendent of schools and held that office till 1901 when the system was changed, and he thus made practical acquaintance with the school system, and understood the shortcomings of common school education in Vermont.

When the town system was adopted he served as a school director for one year, but not afterward.

On the 19th of October, 1880, he became a member of Champion Lodge, No. 17, I. O. O. F., at Bradford, withdrawing March 18, 1887, to become a member of Temple Lodge at Wells River, with which he remained till his death. He held no office in the lodge, and was not connected with any other fraternal association.* In 1886 he was elected town clerk and held that office ten years. He became greatly interested in the early history of the town as revealed in its records, and made a complete index of deeds and mortgages and caused a copy to be made of the earliest volume of town proceedings which contains many invaluable family records.

* In the last year of his life Mr. Bailey applied for membership in the Rutland Lodge of the Knights of Pythias. He was elected, but his fatal illness prevented his initiation. He was, however invited to make use of the dining hall and club rooms, a courtesy which he accepted with sincere appreciation.

CHAPTER III.

BUSINESS LIFE.

In the year 1879 Mr. Bailey was appointed administrator of an estate in Newbury, the first in a line of business which occupied much of his time for the rest of his life. Hon. H. T. Baldwin, Judge of Probate for Bradford District, has compiled for us a list of thirteen estates of which he was executor of a will, and eighteen of which he was administrator, in that district alone. There were also estates in Essex County, and in Coos and Grafton Counties, in N. H. He was also assignee of a large number of bankrupt estates, and agent for the sale of property for persons in other parts of the country. These required intimate knowledge of the statute law of several states, of commercial law; great tact in dealing with people, and intimate knowledge of human nature in bringing conflicting parties to agreement. Some of these were small properties, where there was little left for the widow or orphans. In such cases he often made no charge for his services, or merely a nominal one. I remember one case where he was administrator of a small estate of a man who was very anxious that "no one should lose a dollar by him." One day he told me, "Well, I've got poor —'s affairs settled at last, and now he can rest quiet in his grave, for his debts are all paid." "Was there anything left?" I asked. "Just enough left to buy him a gravestone," was the reply. "How much did you charge for your services?" I inquired. "Well, sir," said Horace, "I felt better satisfied in seeing that poor ——and his wife had decent gravestones than in taking a fee. It didn't take much time anyway."

Several of these estates involved many interesting

particulars in their settlement, among which were the Lindsey estates which have been mentioned before. Another interesting estate was that of Dr. Hiram A. Cutting of Lunenburgh. Dr. Cutting, a native of Concord and a merchant at Lunenburgh, was a man of remarkable scientific ability who, in the course of his busy life, rose to be considered both in this country and in Europe as an authority in chemistry as related to agriculture, in botany and in microscopy. He was also interested in astronomy, and purchased a valuable refracting telescope of Alvin Clark, which he mounted upon a building erected for the safekeeping of his large geological and mineralogical collections. He also accumulated a library of about sixteen thousand volumes, mainly upon scientific subjects, which contained many rare works. He published a number of scientific papers, especially relating to agriculture, was a practical farmer, and practiced medicine as a specialist in nervous diseases. Dr. Cutting was elected curator of the state cabinet of natural history in 1880, and state geologist in the same year. He also lectured extensively, and was a member, it is said, of no fewer than eighty-three scientific and medical societies in different parts of the world. He died April 18, 1892, leaving an encumbered estate with many claims upon it. Horace W. Bailey was appointed administrator, and a most perplexing task awaited him, which only a man of large experience in that kind of work, and remarkable tact, could have accomplished. He published a catalogue of the library and museum, and a list of the scientific apparatus. The library was sold in lots to suit purchasers, and the cabinet, of over 30,000 specimens, was purchased largely by Mr. John G. Sinclair of Bethlehem, N. H. In a little over a year he had settled with the creditors, sifted out false claims, and divided the avails among the legatees, without litigation, to the disappointment of the lawyers, who had anticipated some pickings from the estate. Mr. Bailey was held to be somewhat impatient of forms and precedents in probate

matters, his only aim seeming to be to settle an estate as quickly as possible, and at the least expense.

It was in 1887 that he entered into a larger business sphere by being unanimously elected a director on January 10th of the Citizens Savings Bank and Trust Company, of St. Johnsbury, and he held that position to the time of his death. In 1890 he was chosen a trustee of Bradford Savings Bank and Trust Company, and held that place till the bank went out of business.

About that time he began to be in demand as a public speaker at gatherings in the vicinity, and applied himself to more study of elocution. His tall, commanding figure, clear, well-modulated voice and deliberate enunciation made him a very effective speaker. He had to learn, however, to be clear and precise in his speech, and, as the phrase goes, "to think on his feet." He was once mortified, in those early days, when shown in an address of his which had been printed, an important paragraph which could be read to mean precisely the opposite from what he had intended to say.

In the spring of 1894, he purchased a small tract of land on the east shore of Hall's Pond in Newbury, and constructed in a grove of pines on a low promontory, a comfortable building, which, in amusing defiance of the protestations of his lady friends, he named "Camp Pineton." Hall's Pond is a beautiful sheet of water covering about three hundred acres; its shores are wooded, except at the north end; its extreme width is about half a mile, and it bears considerable resemblance to Walden Pond in Concord, Mass. But no Thoreau has made it famous. Its waters are clear and deep, the pond is supplied by springs which, with the water flowing from the hillsides, furnished its outlet with a stream which then and for about eighty years, in the spring and fall, turned a saw mill, the last of the old "up-and-down" mills in this vicinity. Excepting for the cottages of the summer residents, the aspect of the pond has hardly changed for a century.

The pond has no place in history. It is haunted by no Indian legend or modern tragedy. Only one tale is worth relating. There was formerly a road near the east side of the pond in whose vicinity were three houses which have long disappeared. Into one of these, on a June day more than eighty years ago, there moved a family fresh from Scotland, who had never heard of frogs, fire-flies or mosquitoes. When evening fell the smaller frogs began to sing in the pond below, the bullfrogs took up the chorus, the fire-flies lighted their lanterns, and the mosquitoes put in their work. The worthy people were terrified beyond endurance. They boarded up the windows and sat up all night in fearful expectation of a visit from their mysterious and terrible neighbors. With the break of day the family fled from the house to the nearest dwelling, half a mile away, declaring that no consideration would tempt them to spend another night in such proximity to the infernal regions. It required no small persuasion to convince them that the terrible sounds came from perfectly harmless creatures; that the mosquitoes and fire-flies were different insects, and that the latter were, in reality, most wonderful.

In this retreat Mr. Bailey dispensed a bachelor hospitality for eleven summers, entertaining his friends and enjoying its quiet and seclusion.

The premises are now occupied in the summer by a girls' school, conducted by Miss Julia Farwell of Tarrytown, N. Y., and the place is known as "Camp Farwell."

In 1890 and 1892, Mr. Bailey was the republican candidate for town representative, but was defeated in both years by reason of local dissensions which need not be recalled. In 1894, he was chosen a state senator from Orange County, his colleague being Jon. Joseph K. Darling of Chelsea. As he had spent considerable time at Montpelier in previous years, he was already familiar with legislative procedure, and his wide acquaintance and business experience made him prominent.

He was appointed a member of the standing committees

on Education, and on Railroads, and chairman of the committee upon the State Prison. He was also a member of the joint standing committee upon the House of Correction.

The session was not remarkable for constructive legislation, and no opportunity occurred for the display of special ability. Mr. Bailey was considered a conservative member, giving careful attention to the bills which were introduced, speaking forcibly and to the point when necessary. As a member of several committees he scrutinized each bill which was referred to them, suggesting amendments. He introduced legislation relating to education, and to improvements at the state prison. He also introduced a resolution, which was concurred in by the House, regarding Wells Goodwin of Newbury, the last surviving soldier of the war of 1812 in the state, who became one hundred years old on the ninth of December. At the close of the session he was appointed by Governor Woodbury a member of the Fish and Game Commission.

Mr. Bailey had no technical knowledge of fish culture, neither was he a sportsman. He delighted not in shooting or fishing. He considered himself, however, to use his own words, "a fine hand to have charge of the commissary department" on fishing or hunting excursions by his friends. Once in a boat on Pico Senator Proctor handed him a rod, with line and tempting fly, but he returned it and could never understand how the senator got any delight from "hooking those little trout." He brought sound business methods and practical common sense to the discharge of his duties and did much to establish the well-equipped plant at Roxbury. In company with Mr. Titcomb, his fellow-commissioner, he visited the fish hatcheries at Bucksport, Maine, Livermore Falls, N. H., and other places, carefully studying the methods employed. He was selected by the legislature to expend an appropriation made to build a dam at the outlet of Lake Morey, in Fairlee, which is said to be a very substantial piece of work. During the six years

in which he held the office, although unflinching in the execution of the laws, he made an exceedingly popular official, and gained a large and friendly acquaintance throughout the state. He had become greatly interested in the work, and had rendered much service for which he received no recompense. He had been a faithful and conscientious official and it seemed to the press of the state in general a mistake when he was displaced.

Before he held this position he had purchased the "brick school house" in Newbury Village, which he fitted up for his office, with shelves for his books, and a sleeping apartment, making his home there, taking his meals outside. This simple life was just what he liked, as it gave him complete liberty to come and go, a convenient and retired place in which to transact business, and attend to his large correspondence.

In the fall of 1875 occurred an event whose outcome gave him a vast amount of satisfaction:—Miss Martha J. Tenney of Haverhill, Mass., made public her intention of presenting her native town of Newbury with a building for a public library, and Mr. Bailey was named by her as a member of the board of trustees. The building was erected in 1876, and dedicated June 10, 1897, one of the addresses being delivered by him. The library was the one interest most dear to him, and to its welfare he gave much thought and solicitude, serving as chairman of the executive committee, and took pride in seeing it increase from about fifteen hundred miscellaneous books to a well selected library of nearly eight thousand volumes, especially rich in works relating to the history of the state, the Connecticut valley, and those parts of Massachusetts from which the early settlers came. It also has a valuable collection of revolutionary war papers. Its invested funds have increased from nothing at all to above \$8000 and in the present year the town has doubled the appropriation for its maintenance. The place which the library held in his mind may be comprehended from what he said to me one

day—"If we had only had such a library here when I was a boy I shouldn't have wasted half my life in finding out what I was good for."

In the last letter I ever received from him, one of the last he wrote, he used this pathetic passage—"I can't last much longer, and now I have only one aspiration left, and that is to see the library on a firm financial basis." He went on to give directions for the disposal of some of his books, many of which he wished should go to the library. The success of the institution is largely due to Mr. Bailey, to Rev. J. L. Merrill, the first president of the board of trustees, and to Miss Atkinson, the accomplished and devoted librarian. Of the former Mr. Bailey said at the time of his death—"Mr. Merrill was my ideal of a Christian gentleman."

Newbury is one of the oldest towns in the state, its part in the revolutionary war was a prominent one, and in the history of the whole Connecticut valley, no town above the Massachusetts line was more conspicuous. The need of a work which should embody its history and the records of its families had long been realized. But no one seemed willing to undertake the task. Mr. Bailey had been urged to do it, but had declined for want of time and the formidable character of the undertaking. It was largely by his urgency and through his influence that the town, at the March meeting of 1898, placed the work of preparing a town history in the hands of the writer. During the four strenuous years which followed, Mr. Bailey was the editor's most loyal supporter, serving on the committee, and ready with every possible assistance and suggestion.

It was the writer's large privilege, some years later, to send him, as fast as printed, the sheets of the history of Ryegate, which gave him great satisfaction. The completed volume reached him while in the hospital in August, 1913.

Ever ready to do anything which would preserve the memory of "Old Newbury Seminary," Mr. Bailey, in

1900, set about the task of preparing a sketch of the old school, embracing, incidentally, the history of the Methodist church at Newbury village, and the placing of a memorial window in the church edifice in memory of the twelve principals of the old institution. These addresses were delivered in the church September 19, 1900, the occasion bringing together many pupils of the old school. Memorial windows to former members of the Methodist society were dedicated at the same time. Both addresses were printed in pamphlet form, with much other matter, profusely illustrated.

The winter of 1899-1900 Mr. Bailey spent at Hyde Park, in the business office of Hon. Carroll S. Page. It was here that he felt the first attacks of the malady which finally undermined his constitution and terminated his life. It began with pain and swelling in his left knee and foot which considerably impaired his activity, and compelled the use of a cane for several months. But the disease seemed to yield to treatment, and gave him little trouble for a few years. He was then in the prime of life and the picture of robust health. Mr. Bailey was a man never forgotten by any one who once met him. His stalwart frame, for he stood five feet ten inches in height, and weighed three hundred and forty pounds in his earlier manhood, his large head, mobile features, clear blue eyes expressing unusual power of penetration, made him prominent in every throng, however great. No man was better known throughout the state or more genuinely loved. It is said that a letter was once addressed, "Benjamin Franklin, North America," and reached its recipient without delay. Any letter addressed to "Horace W. Bailey, Vermont," would have had no trouble in getting to him.

He was a hard man to impose upon, and the person who attempted the act never tried it a second time. His judgment was sometimes at fault, but seldom in matters of business within his personal observation.

He held a very modest opinion of his own literary

ability, and as at the time mentioned he was more and more frequently called upon for public addresses, he became very solicitous of their quality, and not only carefully wrote out what he intended to say, but, if time permitted, he submitted his work to the criticism of someone else, and was urgent to have any fault or errors pointed out. This careful preparation secured his reputation as a public speaker.

But neither the success nor the reputation which he won ever impaired the genial warmth of his nature. There was nothing of the snob about him. No man was more simple, in personal habits. If a man was poor or discouraged he was sure of a cheerful, encouraging word from him. He considered that his own failings should make him charitable. We were once speaking of a man who I said preached better than he practised, "And so do I," was the rejoinder, "here I'm always preaching to the boys not to use tobacco, when I am one of the greatest smokers in town." "Ever tried to break it off?" I asked. "Well, sir," he replied with a grimace which those who knew him will recall, "I don't care to be explicit on that point." I drew my own conclusions.

Mr. Bailey's connection with fish culture led him to become a member of the North America Fish and Game Protective Association. In company with Mr. Titcomb he had visited Montreal and Ottawa to confer with the Canadian authorities regarding the better preservation of fish in Lake Champlain and other bodies of water lying partly in Vermont and partly in Canada. The objects and work of the association are best set forth in the following letter from Mr. C. H. Wilson of Glens Falls, N. Y., dated April 5, 1914:

Mr. Bailey had a large part in the organization of this Association, and left his personal impress upon its policies. The objects of the Association as shown in its constitution are—"the harmonizing of the laws of the

different Provinces of Canada and the contiguous States of the American Union relating to the preservation, propagation and protection of fish, game, and bird life. Also the maintenance and improvement of laws relating thereto, and mutual assistance in enforcing game and fish laws on the borders of the various states and provinces." Further there was involved—"the preservation of forests and the promotion of fish culture, the introduction of new species and varieties of fish, game, and useful birds, and the dissemination of information relating thereto."

The preliminary meetings, two in number, were held in 1900 in Montreal, the first annual meeting being held at the same place in 1901.

The bringing together for conference (probably for the first time in the history of the two countries) men from various states and provinces, with a wide divergence of opinions, entirely unacquainted with each other, each unfamiliar with the other's methods of parliamentary proceeding, naturally led to confusion and delay. It remained for Horace W. Bailey as presiding officer to straighten out all the tangles, and in his own generous, open-hearted manner to make us all acquainted. Bringing us thus together, he prepared us for the great work mapped out for the organization as indicated by its constitution and by-laws.

The fact that we started right is shown in the splendid constructive work performed by the organization, and the credit for this, in its early history at least, should go to Mr. Bailey as much as to anyone connected with the organization.

CHAPTER IV.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

By this time Horace Bailey had become one of the best known men in the state; his ability as a public speaker and his skill as a presiding officer made it probable that on his election to the legislature as town representative from Newbury in 1902, he would be chosen speaker of the House of Representatives. But he positively declined the nomination, and gave his influence in favor of Mr. Merrifield of Newfane, who was elected. There was a reason for his action which was not made public. He had been warned by his physician that his health might not stand the strain which would be occasioned by the strenuous duties of the speakership. He was appointed chairman of the important committee on Railroads, and a member of the joint committee on Temperance. In both of these departments he introduced and advocated several measures designed to simplify the laws and make them more effective.

Each bill brought before the House underwent his careful scrutiny, and his experience made it easy for him to reject and revise defective bills. The session was an unusually strenuous one. As there had been no choice for Governor, the election was thrown into the legislature, and the acerbities of the campaign were in evidence in the assembly throughout the session. At its close he was appointed a Railroad Commissioner.

During this time, and for years before and afterward, Mr. Bailey spent much of his leisure time in the State and Historical libraries at Montpelier, searching out rare pamphlets, memoirs of forgotten worthies, and incidents

in the earlier history of the state. These researches he utilized in communications to various newspapers in Vermont and elsewhere, which were widely read. He was greatly urged by the writer and others to discontinue this desultory correspondence, and concentrate his powers upon some work which should embody neglected portions of Vermont history, of which there are many. His reply was to the effect that he intended sometime to retire from active life and give his whole time to literary work. But the time never came.

Meanwhile his varied responsibilities were taking him more and more from home, but Newbury was still the place of his solicitude; he was interested in every person and family in the place, and contributed occasionally regarding the village and townspeople to the *Groton Times*, and other papers. Having formed no family ties of his own, he was greatly attached to his nephews and nieces. He loved to meet a few old friends, get into a discussion, "stretch his legs and have his talk out." There were some who liked to get into argument with him, but his hard commonsense was apt to stand square across the path of mere theory. A friend of his once set up the claim that a man could not enjoy what he could not understand. "Why, yes, he can," responded Horace, "I am very fond of music but I don't understand it, and I will go a long way to hear a good concert, yet I don't know one tune from another!" His mind was stored with a great variety of anecdotes, he was a delightful story-teller, but he was a good listener also, and liked to draw other people out. His correspondence was extensive, and much of his time was taken up by answering appeals from persons who had no claim upon him.

In the spring of 1904 his father's health began to fail, and he was, evidently, nearing the end. No man had been more respected, and now his children gave him unremitting care. During the last weeks of his life, so far as was possible, Horace arranged his business to spend the Sabbath with his father, the "day of all the week the best"

to him. He died the 18th of June, the last of the twenty-nine grandchildren of Webster Bailey.

All this time Horace was adding to his library, and as he had acquired a wide reputation as an authority upon early publications relating to Vermont history, he was much in correspondence with collectors and librarians in all parts of the country, and many rare and valuable books and pamphlets were rescued from destruction by him.

Naturally, being interested in genealogy, Mr. Bailey acquired a taste for researches in his own family history, and joined the "Bailey-Bayley Family Association." As its name indicates this was formed to collect and publish the memorials of the various families which trace their ancestry to several persons bearing these names. They came from England about the same time, and were early settlers near the mouth of the Merrimac. In 1911 Horace Bailey was made president of the association, which meets annually, listens to addresses, which are printed afterward, views historic sites, and cultivates acquaintance among its members, who number several hundred, and are scattered all over the country.

His studies among neglected portions of early Vermont history led him along lines of inquiry somewhat different from those usually followed by its historians, and had his life been prolonged these investigations might have been embodied in a work of practical value.

He had also a curiosity regarding the origin of certain local designations, which originated at an early day, and which, in many instances, still survive.

He also became much interested in family history in its relation to local and state history, and the influence of certain families in the politics of the state. This belonged to a period long passed. In long-settled communities like Newbury, where most of the settlers came from the same general locality, family relationships were almost interminable. The late Governor Farnham told me that when he came to Bradford in 1840, all the families along the river

road between that town and Newbury, a distance of seven miles, were related excepting one.

But these were merely studies with him, fascinating indeed, but impossible to carry into execution, and postponed reluctantly. His time was fully employed, the demands upon him increased, while his strength did not increase.

His abilities enabled him to carry along at the same time, and without confusion, his several lines of business, politics, and public office, and he had them all so well in hand that he could, at any time, render a full statement concerning any one of them. Yet he never seemed in a hurry, and always had time for the small courtesies which busy men often neglect.

An observing lad, as he was, could not have gone through the fifteen strenuous years which preceded his arrival to man's estate without becoming interested in politics. This period included the Lincoln campaign, the civil war, and the reconstruction period. The old men who were his daily companions had been active participants in politics from the beginning of the century, successively as Federalists, Whigs, Free Soilers, and Republicans. At the period of the Masonic controversy they, being Masons, were somewhat under the opprobrium of those who denounced Masonry. Horace Bailey became, naturally, a strong partisan, and an advocate of the men and measures of the Republican party. Had he become a journalist, as the head of a great newspaper he might have wielded a powerful influence in politics, but he never could have had any liking for the tricks and artifices of the demagogue.

He took an active part in the politics of his time, and the following tribute by Col. C. S. Emery indicates the manner:

That Mr. Bailey should have early become interested in politics was inevitable, due both to his own inclination

and the recognition of his qualities by his townsmen, and later by an ever widening circle of friends. He was a natural leader, could plan, and in executing his plans never despised the drudgery of detail work; he enjoyed it. He was early a leader in his village, his town, the county, and finally in the state. He grew from a good school official to an admirable Town Clerk, State Senator, and later a leader in the House of Representatives. He possessed an individuality that was at once attractive and confidence-inspiring, and to such an extent that he was always "Horace," rarely "Mr. Bailey." His helpfulness and good nature were always dominant factors in his make up, and these qualities coupled with the fact that he was a good fighter, a cheerful loser, and a modest winner made him in constant demand in political affairs. Aside from his service on local committees he was for ten years a member of the State Committee of his party, one of its most efficient and resourceful workers. He never did anything exactly like anyone else, and his originality was never better displayed than in his management of the various campaigns when serving on the State Committee.

As a member of the Senate in 1894 he occupied a strong position, having as his colleague from Orange County the late J. K. Darling, who though often differing with him always maintained the highest regard for his integrity and good judgment. In the session of 1902 when he represented his town in the House he was easily among the few leaders. This was a stormy session due to the license question, but here as always he was absolutely faithful to his pledge and his convictions. He was a member of the committee which by a majority of one reported the bill which constituted the license local option law now in

force. While he never laid claim to being an absolute teetotaler, yet he believed firmly that the saloon was not adapted to Vermont conditions, and it was on this issue that he made his hardest work count in opposition to the bill, which by its terms was to be submitted to the voters in January following the session. Into this campaign he threw himself with all his characteristic energy and courage, regardless of its influence upon any political ambitions he may have had, and served on the committee of fifteen which opposed the ratification of the law at the polls. He met the issue squarely. In his home town at a public meeting soon after the session adjourned he addressed his fellow townsmen on the issue, and as reported in a newspaper at the time: "He spoke in a very able way "on the two temperance bills which have been before the "Legislature, and made clear to all the nature of the "referendum contained in the majority bill. In a con- "cise and definite way Mr. Bailey set forth the situation "brought about through the passage of the high license "measure which is to be referred, in a way, to the people "next January. A vote was taken by the people express- "ing their appreciation of the stand taken by their Repre- "sentative in the recent temperance legislation and for the "enlightenment gained through the address of the evening."

Had he retained his health who can say what further honors might have been awaiting him on the expiration of his term as Marshal. One thing is certain he was fitted for any, including the Governorship, and some of them would most surely have come to him.

Of his work as a member of the board of railroad commissioners his colleague, Hon. Fuller C. Smith of St. Albans is best qualified to speak:

In the legislature of 1902 the town of Newbury was represented by Mr. Bailey. It was the strenuous session when the election of governor was thrown into the general assembly by the failure of the republican candidate to receive a majority of the votes cast for that office. Mr. Bailey was elected as a republican and his vote was therefore cast in the general assembly for John G. McCullough, the candidate of his party. Throughout the session Mr. Bailey took an active interest in legislation affecting the railroad interests of the state; his experience in this and previous legislatures and his wide acquaintance throughout the state marked him as a man of broad affairs and solid judgment. In 1894 Mr. Bailey was a member of the Senate and served on the Senate committee on railroads; in the general assembly of 1902 he was made chairman of the house committee on railroads and on account of his experience and because of his fairness of judgment and his keen appreciation of the needs of the people of Vermont in matters where their interests and the interests of the transportation companies came in contact, he was selected as a member of the board of railroad commissioners by Governor McCullough in December 1902, and associated with him were Henry S. Bingham of Bennington and the writer.

Mr. Bailey's service as a member of the board was of brief duration, being terminated by his appointment by President Roosevelt in October 1903 as United States Marshal. But during his incumbency of the office of railroad commissioner he developed an enthusiastic interest in his work and appreciated very keenly the difficulties experienced by the people in securing relief from grievances which originated from the operation of the railroads in

the state. The right of "the under dog" always appealed to his large-heartedness and a petitioner always found in Horace W. Bailey a sympathetic listener to the statement of his wrongs. He was in every sense a fair man who weighed carefully the claims of both parties to a controversy and who wanted, in every instance, to do exact justice. He had broad ideas of the rights of property, of conditions which confronted the transportation companies of Vermont and New England and at all times he recognized that the development of Vermont required intelligent assistance from the great railroad corporations which traverse its valleys. His idea was that co-operation must exist between these great corporations and the people in order for both to progress and ultimately acquire the success which each sought to accomplish.

Mr. Bailey did not much care for the strict construction of the rules of law and evidence. He was willing to get at the facts even in a somewhat round-about way and perhaps by doing some violence to the established methods of procedure in hearings upon petitions to right alleged grievances. And yet he would not consent to strain the jurisdiction which the legislative body had granted to the commission; when the law was not broad enough to give relief that seemed rightful, he would not assume the right to grant it but held that the legislature erred in not providing a way of relief and the responsibility for the failure was theirs. All through his term as a railroad commissioner he bewailed the lack of power conferred by the law upon the board, recognizing in advance the trend of the times and the coming change which later made the law a virile power for good. And he was independent of the executive authority which made him a member of the

board. No interference was attempted, but it would have met with scant welcome from a man who, though loyal to his social and political friends, was the master of himself and increasingly so with ripening years.

His appointment to the United States Marshalship was a deserved tribute to him but it was also a distinct loss to the state, because it removed him from a position where he could and would have done a great service to its people. As a member of the board of railroad commissioners he would have added yearly to his activities and made a very valuable contribution to the history of transportation in Vermont.

CHAPTER V.

TEN ACTIVE YEARS.

The ten last years of Horace Bailey's life were the most eventful, and the most fruitful of result, for he was then in his prime and with natural abilities expanded and strengthened by business experience, by wide acquaintance with men, and by reading and study alike discriminating and comprehensive. As a busy man, with many and imperative demands upon his time, only a limited and irregular portion of it could be given to the latter. His appointment to the position of United States Marshal for Vermont, to which we shall later refer more particularly, made a thorough knowledge of public affairs imperative; his duties called him into all parts of the state, and at the same time gave opportunity to gather minute information regarding the history of each locality. Much of this, committed to memory, but not written, has unfortunately died with him. But he preserved enough of it, in the form of newspaper contributions, to enrich greatly, if properly employed, that complete history of the state which is yet to be written.

His career of steady advancement had been regarded with admiration by most, and with envy by a few. No man wholly escapes detraction, but his simple life and modest bearing left little place for censure. He was wholly devoid of personal vanity, and the demeanor of superiority which the possession of public office confers upon so many, had no place with him. His tastes were simple, he dressed plainly, preferred the society of plain people, disliked the bustle of hotel life, and while at Rutland for a time took his meals with a Newbury family living there, in which,

he said, he "got just the kind of cooking mother used to have."

It would be hard to find a man in public life whose personal expenses were less, and he probably spent more in charities of various kinds than upon himself. But of these he seems to have kept no account. Among other beneficiaries were several boys in different parts of the state whom he assisted in various ways, by advice, by suggestion, or by loans or gifts. His wide acquaintance among business men made it easy for him to find employment for boys and young men and for these wards of his he continued a personal interest, which many men now in successful life gratefully remember. He liked to get hold of a new boy, "size him up," as he called it, and suggest the career for which he seemed best fitted. He understood boys as few men have done, and it grieved him sadly when any of his "boys" went wrong. He loved to correspond with those whom he had "looked after," and in his diary mentions that when in different parts of the country on public business, he had "looked up" such a one. The tidings of his death came to many as the loss of their best friend.

It was this personal and kindly interest in boys and young men which endeared him to so many. "Boys grow up to be men," he used to say, "and it's a sight easier to start a boy right than to make a man over." When traveling he usually contrived to get acquainted with some lad on the train, and many a boy, and many a wearied mother will remember the stalwart gentleman who took charge of the tired and restless lad, and made the journey a delight. In his later years he was known as "Uncle Horace," rather than as "Mr. Bailey."

Such

"Little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love"

would have atoned for greater failings than he ever had.

Mr. Bailey was appointed by President McKinley as United States Marshal for Vermont in October, 1903. His official residence was thenceforth at Rutland, but he still considered Newbury his home, where he kept his office and library, voted and paid taxes, spending as much time as he could spare among the scenes of his youth.

The duty of a United States Marshal is to attend the several terms of court in person, so far as it may be practicable, to execute, or cause to be executed all lawful precepts directed to him, and issued under the authority of the United States, to promptly defray judicial expenses, and to perform such other duties as may be required by law or regulation. The Marshal's duties are the same as those of a Sheriff of a County, except that one looks after the laws of the United States, while the other looks after the laws of the state in which he lives. The Marshal is under the Department of Justice, the same as the District Judge. Of his work as Marshal, his chief deputy, Mr. F. H. Chapman, is best qualified to speak:—

As a federal officer Horace Ward Bailey became known to hundreds of citizens of Vermont in the transaction of his duties as United States Marshal. If ever the man's unostentatiousness was strikingly illustrated and the soft side of his big heart exposed, it was during his term of office under the Federal government. Though strict in carrying out the mandates of the court there was always that touch of love for his fellowman in his every act that won for him a feeling of respect and admiration from the men and women who unfortunately came into his custody.

There was that subtle something about our departed friend which divorced him entirely from the austerity of the law which commanded him to do the court's bidding. There was an undimmed ray of sunshine about the man

which one could not associate with the machinery of the Federal courts. Though his official duties required him at times to perform acts distasteful, he never swerved and there are scores of persons who will bear testimony to the fact that he was a diplomat in addition to being a Federal police officer.

To him, the marshalship was not a political plum. It was a stewardship which he insisted in carrying out in strict conformity to the rules laid down by the Department of Justice.

However, he was gifted with that rarest of traits, judgment. As a student of human nature Mr. Bailey had weighed and measured scores of persons with whom he officially came in contact. Many of those persons received the benefit of his keen analysis and were granted privileges which he saw fit to extend consistently. It was that trait of being able to judge men accurately and quickly which made Mr. Bailey highly competent for the duties of marshal.

He could detect the impostor, and while he might not care to wound the feelings of such an individual, he knew exactly how to deal with him. On the other side, he had a tender spot for those struggling under real affliction and there are unnumbered instances where the genial Marshal helped to lighten the burdens of unfortunates who came under his official authority.

Mr. Bailey served as United States Marshal from November 2, 1903, to January 6, 1914. His first appointment was made by President William McKinley on October 21, 1903. He qualified the second of the following month, having filed his bond which was accepted by the late Judge Hoyt H. Wheeler, before whom Mr. Bailey took the oath

of office as marshal. Marshal Bailey's first official act was the appointment of Frank H. Chapman of Rutland as chief deputy, who continued as such and in charge of the marshal's office until Mr. Bailey's death. Mr. Chapman, at the time of Mr. Bailey's appointment, was the marshal, having been appointed by the Judge of the United States District court to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of the former marshal.

Mr. Bailey's first appointment was what is termed a "recess" appointment, Congress not being in session when the appointment was made, and therefore not able to confirm him. When Congress convened on the first Monday in December, 1903, the nomination of Mr. Bailey was sent to the Senate by President McKinley, and was soon confirmed. This appointment was for four years and made it necessary that Mr. Bailey again name deputies. He reappointed as his chief deputy Mr. Chapman and for his field deputies he named Luke Parish of Randolph Center and Lorenzo D. Miles of Newport. On February 3, 1905, Mr. Parish resigned and Thomas Reeves of Burlington was appointed the same day. The latter remained in office during the remainder of Mr. Bailey's incumbency, being reappointed each time Mr. Bailey received reappointment.

During the administration of Mr. Bailey as United States Marshal he had several field deputies. A field deputy receives compensation for only such cases as may be assigned to him and is not on a salary. Among such deputies who served under him in addition to those mentioned above were C. C. Graves of Waterbury, Ralph C. Sulloway of St. Johnsbury, E. F. Miles of Newport, Erastus Buck of Newport, E. S. Whittaker of Rutland, Harry

Chase of Bennington and Wilbur H. Worthen of St. Johnsbury. Mr. Chase was named as a special deputy in connection with the enforcement of the Federal game law, known as the Lacy Act. Deputies Chapman, Graves, Reeves, Whittaker and Buck were in office at the time of Mr. Bailey's death.

Mr. Bailey enjoyed being in court and was a strict disciplinarian. His bearing as a court officer was so marked that when he rapped for attention or spoke, all eyes were upon him; his requests for order or upon other matters were always heeded,

The methodical traits of the man were evidenced by the elaborate and accurate record which he kept of all arrests made by himself or his deputies during his entire administration. This record shows just what offence was charged in each case, what disposition was made of the prisoner, by whom arrested, and if committed, to what institution. There were many interesting and amusing sidelights connected with his administration and among them may be mentioned his connection with the sale of contraband articles seized at Vermont ports of entry in an effort to stop smuggling operations. At one time he sold at public auction a large quantity of smuggled furs, the sale being conducted in Burlington and netting the government over \$1200. Another important sale of smuggled goods conducted by him was that of a quantity of laces, dresses, table-linens, and other fabrics, in all over 500 pieces. This sale attracted many women and netted the government over \$3800.

Marshal Bailey was connected with two murder trials during his term of office, one being the case of Mary Rogers, the last woman to be hanged in Vermont, and the other

that of Matthew Carlisle, the colored trooper of the Tenth United States cavalry, who killed a soldier of the same command on the government reservation at Fort Ethan Allen on October 10, 1911. It has often been remarked by close friends of the dead marshal that a load was lifted from Mr. Bailey's mind when the jury recommended clemency in returning a verdict of guilty against Carlisle. In the case of Mary Rogers, Federal jurisdiction was acquired by virtue of a petition for a writ of habeas corpus brought before Judge Wheeler. The case was taken to the United States Supreme Court which decided adversely to the petitioner. Federal jurisdiction attached to the act of Carlisle, because the shooting occurred on government property. Mr. Bailey had confided to his intimate friends that in case of his having to act as hangman he did not know whether he could stand such an ordeal.

Many of the duties of his office could be intrusted to his deputies, and this left him considerable time for his own affairs, and the historical research which he loved. He wisely confined these studies to the early history of the state.

Although he had always been much "on the road" his travels had never taken him very far from the Atlantic seaboard, with the exceptions, I think, of attending the Expositions at Chicago and Buffalo. In September, 1905, he joined an excursion party to attend the G. A. R. reunion at Denver, Colo., visiting Silver Plume, Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak and other noted resorts, stopping on his return at Topeka, Kansas City, Chicago and Detroit. His observations during this trip were recorded in letters to several newspapers of the state. In the spring of 1906, he contemplated an extended journey to the Pacific Coast, which was to include Vancouver, Portland, Seattle, San

Francisco, and Los Angeles, returning by way of New Orleans. This he intended should take several weeks of autumn. But in the summer the pain in his left foot became severe, and he postponed the journey and submitted to a course of treatment which gave him some relief for a few months.

His diary records that on the 8th of May, 1907, he attended a meeting of the Congregational Club at Rutland, and in the night the swelling in his foot made such progress that a doctor was called, and on the twelfth he was taken to the City Hospital where he remained until the twenty-fifth of November. Several minor operations failing of relief—his left foot was amputated on the tenth of July. One month later he was able to leave his room for the hospital piazza, and on the nineteenth of August he rode out for the first time. On the first of November his artificial limb was fitted, and on the fifth he records in his diary—"Getting acquainted with my artificial!" Ten days later he walked out, attending court on the 20th. On the 26th he was discharged from the hospital, returning to Newbury for Thanksgiving at the old home.

During this long period, especially trying to a man of his active habits, he was the most considerate of patients, his cheerfulness and good humor never forsook him, and, as soon as permitted, he had an apparatus contrived so that he could write while lying in bed. The progress of his disease and recovery had been watched with solicitude and concern by his friends in all parts of the state, and he was heartily congratulated upon his re-appearance in public.

Some of his best literary work was done while in the hospital. He never failed of a daily entry in his diary, in which it is characteristic that he made no mention of his sufferings but carefully recorded the names of the friends who had called upon him.

His next considerable public service was as a member of a commission appointed by Governor Proctor, in pur-

suance of a resolution of the legislature of 1906, for the proper observance of the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain. This anniversary, which was held during the week beginning July 4, 1909, consisted of commemorative exercises at Swanton, Vergennes, Burlington, and Isle La Motte, attended by great throngs, and honored by the presence of President Taft and members of his cabinet, many prominent citizens of Vermont, New York and Canada, Ambassador Bryce of England and Ambassador Jusserand of France. Complete accounts of this celebration are preserved in memorial volumes published by the states of Vermont and New York.

Mr. Bailey's especial part in this commission, which consisted of nine members, and the Governor of the state, to each of whom a special work was allotted, was the preparation of a booklet which embodied a compendium of the history and geography of Lake Champlain and its region, an edition of 35,000 being distributed through the State. His historical knowledge of the events which the occasion celebrated made him a valued member of the commission, while his sound judgment was always helpful in deciding puzzling details of the notable event.

He prepared descriptive articles upon the coming celebration in the Travel Magazine, and the Magazine of American History. He also contributed to the press within and without the state regarding the celebration. He was able to attend nearly all the functions of the week and at the banquet in the Vergennes celebration was one of the after-dinner speakers. His witty address is elsewhere given. It is thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Bailey and as an after-dinner speech is a gem.

During the four succeeding years some of his best literary work was done, for his style had then acquired a finish and an elegance which had been long in developing. Examples of his best work follow in this volume. But the incessant calls upon his time, resulting from his business,

official and political responsibilities; the amount of his correspondence, much of which could not be delegated to his secretary; the minute personal care which he gave to each detail of his work, left him only an occasional hour for that form of diversion. Then, also, his health required considerable abstinence from active duty. Bright's Disease is without remedy, he had been warned that the relief afforded by amputation might be only temporary, and his diary shows that he was frequently obliged to consult his physician. But of this he said nothing, went about his affairs cheerfully, hoped for the best, and believed that in spite of all predictions, he should die of old age.

He had been a member of the Vermont Historical Society since 1886, and took an active interest in the affairs of the organization, seldom missing a meeting, and by voice and pen promoting the objects for which it was formed. On November 10, 1908, he was elected a Vice President of the Society, an office which he held until his death. It was principally through his influence that by a joint resolution of the legislature of 1910 the Governor was authorized to appoint three commissioners to submit plans to the legislature of 1912 for a suitable memorial to Judge Daniel P. Thompson, author of "The Green Mountain Boys," that classic of New England youth. Mr. Bailey, W. J. Van Patten and M. J. Hapgood, were appointed the committee, which procured a bronze tablet, suitably inscribed, which was placed beneath Judge Thompson's portrait in the reception room at the state capitol. This report and other matter relating to the memorial will be found in this volume.

He was a member also of the New York State Historical Association, whose headquarters are at Caldwell, and which has published several volumes of collections mainly relating to early events in the north-eastern part of the state of New York.

During the week beginning August 11, 1912, the 150th anniversary of the settlement of Newbury was cele-

brated by appropriate exercises which continued during five days. The observance was commenced by a series of resolutions introduced in the annual town meeting in Newbury in March, 1910, by Mr. Nelson Bailey of Wells River. Committees were chosen and the arrangements completed during the intervening time including a re-union of students of Newbury Seminary, and the annual gathering of the Orange County Veterans' Association. Public meetings were held at West Newbury, Newbury and Wells River. Memorial tablets marking the sites of the Old State House in which the legislature of 1801 was convened, the Court House of Gloucester County, the site of the log meeting house of the first settlers, and the spot where Col. Thomas Johnson began settlement were dedicated at Newbury with appropriate addresses, and another, at the starting point of the Bayley-Hazen military road at Wells River. An address commemorating the life and public services of General Jacob Bayley, by Hon. Edwin A. Bayley of Boston, was followed by the unveiling of a fine monument upon the common to his memory.

Mr. Bailey presided at several of these gatherings, and delivered several addresses, but his diary shows that the tax upon his strength was a severe one. The "Old Home Week" was a great success. The addresses and other matter with illustrations, were published in pamphlet form, under Mr. Bailey's oversight.

A pathetic sequel to the Seminary re-union, which had attracted former students from all parts of the country to look again upon the once familiar scenes, was the change which within a year had fallen upon what remained of the institution. In that time the two former principals, King and Quimby, who then survived, and three of the under-teachers had passed away, the old Seminary edifice with the two large buildings which served in its time as boarding houses for students, and three houses in which former principals had resided, had disappeared in the conflagration which visited the village on the 13th of June, 1913.

A TRIBUTE TO MR. BAILEY.

BY MR. E. S. WHITTAKER.

It has been suggested that I write something of my knowledge of the life of the late Horace W. Bailey.

I did not know Mr. Bailey intimately until 1904, when he asked me to take an appointment as Deputy U. S. Marshal. From that time I came to know the true worth of the man and it was a matter of pride with me to be associated with him. One of the finest tributes to his name is the interest which he took in boys and young men, and one of the greatest of his pleasures was the knowledge that he had helped one. In the passing of Mr. Bailey the boys of Vermont have lost a true friend and advisor.

In his good nature there was a goodly amount of mirth with no small sprinkling of wit. I recall one instance in December, 1911, when a prisoner was sentenced to Atlanta, Ga. The deputies prevailed upon the Marshal to make the trip, and upon advice that the prisoner was a desperate character, Mr. Bailey took an extra guard. The prisoner proved to be a most inoffensive unfortunate, and during the entire trip, including crossing New York city, and from the Atlanta railroad station to the street railway, the man took charge of Mr. Bailey's travelling bag. Later the Marshal in reciting the experience, remarked that he guessed the bag was safer in Ward Tolan's (the prisoner) hands, than in possession of some of the Immigrant Inspectors.

Another amusing incident on this trip occurred at Greensboro, N. C. When we arrived at that station we went at once to the railroad restaurant for lunch, and as we returned to board our train a young man accosted

Mr. Bailey as follows (thinking the Marshal was a Priest): "Where are you going, Father?" "To San Antonio, Texas," was his reply. "Why, Father, that is not the train," the young man continued. Mr. Bailey, without stopping, said "Young man, probably I don't know where I am going."

Mr. Bailey was one who never lost his presence of mind. As we were travelling in North Carolina, during the evening on the trip that has just been referred to, Captain Hyland (the other guard) had been narrating to us the new military formations with considerable detail. All of a sudden the train was ditched and we were tipped partly over, whereupon the Marshal commented thus: "This is the first time I ever knew that the Captain could talk a Pullman train off the iron." This incident happened near King's Mountain, of Revolutionary fame, and it gave the party an opportunity to visit the place and see the British monument, which is erected over the grave of Gen. Ferguson, who fell while in command of the British forces. Mr. Bailey took deep interest in this place.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST YEAR.

In May, 1913, he joined an excursion of the Fat Men's Club, of whose unique organization he had been an early member, on a voyage to Bermuda. For the first time in his life he was "out of sight of land." The voyage, the island and its tropical scenery were to him a delight and an inspiration. He was enraptured with the sea, and the bright scenery of the tropics, and seriously contemplated, he wrote, "if I am spared," a trip to Europe.

Near the end of June he returned to Newbury "to a scene of desolation," for the fire which had visited the village, had wiped out some of the landmarks of the place. He attended a meeting of the town school district in Chadwick Hall, where he spoke earnestly in favor of a new and up-to-date building which was later erected on the site of the old Seminary. He also arranged for repairs and additions to his office. The disaster which had befallen the village affected him greatly, "like the loss of as many friends." It seemed to some who met him then that he had aged very much in the past few months, but he was cheerful and met all with the same hearty cordiality.

On the 19th of August his townspeople were shocked to learn that he was again in the hospital, and that he had undergone the amputation of his other foot. With his usual solicitude for the feelings of his relatives, he had taken care that they should not learn of what impended, till it was over. It had been known that he was under treatment, "for a little while," as he had written. Mr. Chapman, who was with him at the end, thus describes his last days.

He re-entered the institution in July, 1913, where the surgeons decided it was necessary to amputate the right leg below the knee. He never lost cheerfulness as operation after operation became necessary, but seemed to grow sweeter as his afflictions increased. The stump healed much more rapidly than the other had done several years before, and in October he was fitted with a second artificial limb. When he returned to his work after this, he took pride in showing his friends how well he could walk on the two artificial limbs. By the use of two canes he made good progress, and was able to go out a short distance on foot for his meals.

On November 28th, he returned to his office in the Federal building in Rutland and expressed himself as happy to be back with his associates, among his books, and in close touch with the routine of his official duties. Though obliged to use two artificial legs, Mr. Bailey laughingly remarked that they were better than no pedal extremities, and often joked with his friends over what other men would have mourned as a terrible affliction.

During his confinement in the hospital he was always in touch with the administration of affairs in his office.

On the 19th of November he wrote a characteristic letter, to Mr. Arthur L. Weeks, Immigration Inspector at Montreal:—

Dear Arthur,

Thanks for your letter and the information about——. I am sure you have given him as good advice as I could do. I left the hospital three weeks ago today, and am getting along as well in the art of walking on stilts and balancing, as one of my age and sprightly habits could well expect.

To be legless, or rather, footless, has several notable advantages and a few drawbacks. I shall, nevertheless, overcome difficulties because I must. Think of what an act of courtesy to Bro. Wilson it would be to resign my office in the midst of all his other troubles.

With vociferous Christmas greetings to yourself, my old friends Wallace and King, and any others on the mourner's bench,

I am yours truly,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

Again to quote Mr. Chapman:—

On December 21, 1913, his health began to fail and a short time after he was stricken with the illness which made necessary his return to the hospital. He entered the institution on the 24th of December, confident that he would again mend in health and return to his desk, but whether or not he realized that the hand of death was beckoning him will never be known for he never expressed the belief that he would not recover.

His last official act was performed on the third of January, 1914, when he signed the December Quarterly Accounts, taking his oath to the same. It might be mentioned that this account was the largest single account during his long administration as Marshal.

At 7:30 o'clock on the evening of January 6, 1914, his spirit took flight, and his noble, generous heart was stilled forever.

To many a man who may read this tribute to Marshal Bailey there is bound to come a heart-throb as

“Through a mist of unshed tears
The mind goes back across
The chasm made by years,”

and he recollects the occasion when the former Marshal gave him a hand-clasp and advice during a dark hour.

As the United States Marshal for the District of Vermont, Horace Ward Bailey added to an ever-widening circle of acquaintance by tempering justice with mercy, by amalgamating common-sense with the rules of his department, and in illustrating by example the precept that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

His body was brought at once to a room in the Federal Building where it was prepared for burial. This was on Tuesday. On Thursday morning services attended by about a hundred friends were held in the Court Room in the same building. Passages of Scripture were read by Rev. Arthur H. Bradford, pastor of the 1st Congregational Church of Rutland, who offered the following appropriate prayer:

Eternal God, our Heavenly Father, we look to Thee with great thanksgiving and with keen realization of our need for what Thou alone canst give. Thou hast granted us life and blessed us with friendships which make life worthwhile. For all Thy mercies of every kind and especially for the bonds of friendship we are grateful to Thee. But when the voice of a friend is still and we can no longer clasp his hand we must turn to Thee for help. Thou alone canst assure us that the things which are seen are temporal but the things which are not seen are eternal. So, while with reverent gladness we thank Thee for the friend in whose honor we have gathered here, we beseech Thee to make us vividly conscious of the presence of his spirit and Thine own. Grant us blessed certainty that Thou in Thy love dost never leave nor forsake a single one of Thy children and that the human ties which Thou dost bless on the earth endure through all eternity.

We are indeed thankful to Thee for our friend. This room speaks of him. This building, where he lived and worked, will always make us think of him. His life and work were, we know, well pleasing in Thy sight. He was faithful, kind, brave and unconquerably cheerful. He had much to bear but his voice never lost the hearty ring of youth, and his eyes always seemed to see the sunshine beyond the clouds. He was good citizen, loyal friend and every inch a man. He rendered unique service by his influence on all who knew him. No one could ever be dispirited by the sight of his laboring or even of his suffering. His good humor and his courage were contagious. Unconsciously he helped many by his indomitable optimism. The people of this community and of the State which he loved and served so long and so well, and many beyond its borders are thinking of him today and the world seems a lonelier place because he is no longer to be seen in it. But his work and influence will endure. O we thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for what he did and for what he was and most of all for what he is. We believe that Thou hast taken him to the house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens; but we know that he is also among us, that his memory will always speak of the overcoming life which he lived and that the results of his labors are to grow in value as the years pass.

We pray for Thine especial blessing upon those who were nearest and dearest to him, his kindred and those associated with him in his work, and all who, in the last days, watched by his side to do what they could for his comfort. Help them and help us all to realize that he and we and all men are within the circle of Thy care, that what seems worst turns the best to the brave, that life is eternal.

Send us forth from this place, we beseech Thee, with renewed courage and determination and power to carry our burdens and to perform our tasks and to meet every experience with something of the same spirit as that of the friend and fellow-citizen whom we now commit unto Thee.

These things, with whatever else Thou seest that we need, we ask in the name of Christ Jesus, our Lord. Amen.

Following the service the body was taken to the train, and via Bellows Falls to Newbury, where it was placed in the farm-house at the homestead, the residence of his brother, Warren W. Bailey.

Funeral services of simple character were held in the Methodist church at Newbury, which was completely filled with his townspeople, and by friends from abroad. They consisted of the reading of passages of Scripture, with a eulogy by Rev. John M. Thomas, D.D., President of Middlebury College, and prayer by the pastor, Rev. E. M. Sturtevant. His burial was in the historic Oxbow cemetery, among the scenes he loved so well, where rest so many of his neighbors and kindred.

The bearers were his deputies Thomas Reeves of Burlington and C. C. Graves of Waterbury, and E. S. Whitaker and F. H. Chapman of Rutland, with his nephews, William C. Chamberlin and Horace W. Bailey, 2d, of Newbury.

The tributes which his death called from the press of the state were universal and sincere, testifying less to the official or the man of business than to the lovable character, the honest life, the hearty friendship, the genial nature of the man who had filled so large a part in the affairs of Vermont. He had been Marshal for ten years, about one year of which had been spent in the hospital, in great physical pain, yet he enjoyed life to the last, and while he would gladly have been spared to larger service, he passed away without repining.

Following is the eulogy of President Thomas:—

I shall not speak in general terms, nor undertake learned words concerning the mystery in whose presence we stand. I can not speak dispassionately, with cool analysis and calm estimate. I lay no claim to freedom from prejudice. Horace Bailey was my friend. I warmed to him, as to but few men I have ever known, and I never was in his presence that I did not feel the impact of his generous, whole-hearted affection toward me, as hundreds of you have felt the same.

You will pardon me, my friends, if my words are few. We can not measure a tribute to a good man, nor to a sacred memory, by its length. Three miles south of my home is a soldiers' monument beside a country church. On its face is the shield of the United States, the dates 1861-1865, and two words, "Cornwall Remembers." It is a perfect inscription. Who shall say that the town of Cornwall bears any the less honor for its soldier dead because it could homage their memory in two words? We need not many for our good friend here. Horace Bailey was a plain, simple Vermonter, and there should be no attempt at anything elaborate or ornate in his memory.

I emphasize first that he was a Vermonter in affection and loyalty. He would stand no reproach against Vermont. He was not over tolerant of criticism of our state, even when it attempted to be fair and directed toward a good end. He loved Vermont so much that anything that seemed to wound her hurt him to the heart.

He was a Vermonter also in characteristics and taste. He belonged right here among our green hills and the touch of the mountain sod was on him. No man could mistake him for a citizen of any other state. He had the

Vermonter's disregard of conventionalities. He scorned formalities aped from a life to which he was not born. Independent, ruggedly free, he guided his conduct by his own good sense, and gave scant place to changing custom. He never had occasion to be ashamed of his Vermont ways or the Vermont tang of his speech. I have seen him in the company of men of high position in other states and in the nation, but I never saw him depart a whit from his Vermont manner, by which he unfailingly commanded respect.

He was a Vermonter of great service to his native state. As an official, whether of his town, or the state, or the past 10 years of the United States, his fundamental quality was honesty. There was something peculiarly transparent, and thorough, and unflinching in the honesty of all his ways. Always faithful to a trust, sound and sensible in judgment, carrying weight by his probity and simple sincerity, town and state and nation have large reason to be grateful to him for his many years of devoted public service.

For 20 years he was school superintendent in this town, and he never ceased to be an active, intelligent promoter of the best interests of the public schools of Vermont. The flags on every school house in the state should be at half-mast today, for it was by Horace Bailey's efforts that they were put there. He urged effectively the teaching of Vermont history in the schools, that the children might grow up to reverence the great deeds of the past and learn to love Vermont as he loved her.

He was a great friend of boys. He always had a boy about him, partly to help the boy, but also because he liked to have a boy around. There is many a boy who has lost a good friend today.

Horace Bailey's services to Vermont history are not yet fully appreciated, and will not be until after many years. It was the passion of his life. How he conceived it I cannot tell, but many years ago he began the study of the history of our state and the collection of historical material. His industry was indefatigable and his skill and knowledge were worthy of a master. It will do no harm for me to reveal that about a year ago one of the colleges of the state proposed to give public recognition of his services to the history of Vermont and invited him to attend its commencement to receive an honorary degree. He was assured that he was eminently worthy of it, that his friends and fellow-citizens would applaud the honor, but no amount of persuasion could overcome the scruples of modesty, and he declined. But now I confer the degree upon him, and declare that Vermont is indebted for the preservation of the record of her worth and honor, which shall secure her love in the hearts of countless generations to come, to no man more than to Horace Bailey.

He possessed to an unusual degree the rare virtue of candor. He was a frank, out-spoken man. He told the truth and he told the whole truth. It takes a big man to do that without offense. Most of us are not quick enough; we let the moment for outspoken words pass by and render our cowardly assent. But he was quick, and courage was a habit with him, and he was so honest that words which would have given offense coming from a lesser man were received in good part.

He had the Vermonter's keen penetration to the inwardness of things and the inwardness of men. He detected hypocrisy invariably. He knew a liar when he heard him, and he knew the kind of a liar that ought to

have a strong adjective precede the characterization.

His humor was of the sharp, keen, racy sort native to our hills. It was always an entertainment to be with him, and no five minutes passed without a good laugh. He always delighted an audience with his wit and drollery and no meeting was dull when he was one of the speakers.

He was a man of courage. He had convictions and he expressed them. The last charge anybody could present against him was that of being a trimmer. He never tried to stand on both sides of a fence at the same time, whether in the Legislature or anywhere else, and if there was anything he despised, it was a man who did not dare to take a stand.

He was loyal through and through. What a noble, high-minded partisan he was! There was no town like Newbury; there was no state like Vermont. He was loyal to our institutions and he felt that there was something sacred about them. He had none of the expert's aloofness, which measures an institution merely by its money and its buildings, and takes no account of the men who love it and the life which it enshrines.

He was a good loser—I know no other expression which tells the quality quite so well. Misfortune found him more than once, but it never defeated him. The direst adversity did not even scratch his cheer. Hundreds of us wrote to console him last summer, and received in reply the bravest and most cheerful letters we have in all our files.

But he was also a great winner. My friends, what a great victory is here! He passed away with the affection

and honor of the whole state. Hundreds are saying they never had a better friend. He was in truth

“One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break.”

His works will long follow him. He fought a good, hard fight, plucky to the last, and went to his God as he lived before Him, not cringing in shallow reverence, but head erect, unashamed to be a man and to talk and act like a man, to take his place with those who for that they served the world shall have the privilege of serving God forever. May God bless the memory of good, honest, whole-souled Horace Bailey!

CHAPTER VII.

VERMONTIANA.

This chapter contains numerous articles of a somewhat miscellaneous character, yet all relating to Vermont men and things. Two of the articles, "Vermont's Two Military Roads" and "The Old State House at Rutland" were taken from original manuscripts in one of his volumes of bound pamphlets and the compilers have not discovered that they have ever been in print before.

TWO MATHEMATICAL PRODIGIES.

Mr. Bailey contributed to the Montpelier Journal in December, 1909, the following short sketch of two Vermont mathematicians:

Of Vermont's great scholars, mathematicians, and prodigies but little has been said or written. Permit me to call your attention to two "mathematical prodigies" born in Vermont.

Zerah Colburn was born in Cabot, Vt., September 1, 1804, and died at Norwich, Vt., March 2, 1839. He published a memoir in 1833 of 200 pages which contains an account of his wonderful mathematical powers, of his travels abroad, etc. This book, having been many years out of print, is somewhat rare.

The second mathematical prodigy was Truman H. Safford, Jr., who was born in Royalton, Vt., January 6, 1836, and died at Newark, N. J., June 13, 1901. At ten years of age Safford published a "Youth's Almanac,"

which was printed at Bradford, Vt., in 1846. Almanacs were probably not considered of much value at that time and were not carefully preserved and handed down from generation to generation. At any rate so few copies have been preserved of this particular Safford Almanac that it is now among Vermont's rarest bibliography. The Almanac contains an appendix with a sketch of young Safford's life and wonderful mathematical performances, written by Robert McK. Ormsby, a lawyer and author of some note living at Bradford, Vt.

I feel warranted in saying that a greater mathematical prodigy, at ten years of age, never lived than Truman Henry Safford, Jr. He was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1854, at the age of 18, and lived a scholarly and useful life.

Mr. Bailey's letter attracted the attention of Miss Jane Colburn of Concord, N. H., and under date of February 7, 1910, she wrote him concerning her father and some of his wonderful mathematical achievements. Copious extracts of her letter concerning this Vermont mathematician are herewith reproduced:

As I have been asked to write something about my father, Zerah Colburn, who was noted as a mathematical prodigy, I will write a short sketch of his life, since he died so many years ago the younger people do not know much about him. Many of them, as well as the older ones, think of him as the author of Colburn's arithmetic, which he was not, but Warren Colburn, owing the world a great spite, brought that into being. Zerah Colburn was born in Cabot, Vt., September 1, 1804. When about six years of age, while playing on the floor one day, he began to repeat what his father thought parts of the multiplication

table, he had learned from the older children, as he could not read, and of course did not know anything of figures, not even the names of them. When he began to question him he found he could go through the table all right. Then he asked the product of 13×97 , to which 1261 was instantly given. Questions in multiplication of two or three places of figures were answered with much greater rapidity than they could be solved on paper; also questions involving an application of this rule, as in reduction, and the rule of three, seemed to be perfectly adapted to his mind. The extraction of the roots of exact squares and cubes was done with very little effort and what has been considered by the mathematicians of Europe an operation for which no rule existed, namely finding the factors of numbers, was performed by him, and in course of time he was able to point out his method of obtaining them. Questions in addition, subtraction and division were done with less facility, on account of the complicated and continuous effort of the memory. Among questions asked was one by the Duke of Cambridge, after he was taken by his father to England: Give the number of seconds since the Christian Era, 1813 years, 7 months and 27 days. The answer was given 57,234,384,000. He then raised the number 8 to the sixteenth power, and gave the answer correctly in the last result, namely 281,474,976,656. He was then tried as to numbers consisting of one figure, all of which he raised as high as the tenth power, with so much facility, that the person appointed to take down the results was obliged to ask him not to be too rapid. He was then asked to give the square root of 106,929 and before the number could be written down gave 327. Another question, namely the factors which will produce the number

247,483, which he did by naming 941 and 263, the only numbers which will do it. These with so many others with many more figures I will not name them when only nine years of age.

During the time of Zerah's exhibitions his education was of course neglected, but after leaving Cabot he learned to read, and write, but that was all. As many have wished to know in regard to his facility in acquiring knowledge from books, when a boy, I will say that he delighted in reading as a pastime. In studies to which he afterward gave his attention, he manifested no uncommon skill or quickness, though his progress was always respectable. The acquirement of languages was easy and pleasant. Arithmetic in books he found entertaining; geometry plain but dull. Two years passed before he made any disclosure of his methods of calculation. The first was his method of extracting the square and cube roots. This, as well as other operations, was performed without any premeditation. Indeed everything in regard to his calculations was performed without any previous effort except such as suggested itself on the spur of the moment. The use of the term root was explained to him by Prof. Adams of Dartmouth. His rule for extracting the square root was as follows: First, what number squared will give a sum ending with the two last figures of the given square; and what number squared will come nearest under the first figure in the given square when it consists of five places. If there are six figures in the proposed sum, the nearest square under the two first figures must be sought, which figures combined will give the answer. The cube root is found by the application of the same principle. But I must not go on as it would take many pages to give all the

problems given in his life written more than seventy years ago.

TRIBUTE TO MR. FIFIELD.

Hon. B. F. Fifield of Montpelier having written a letter concerning Morrill and Edmunds, Mr. Bailey paid a distinguished tribute to the Montpelier gentleman in the following communication which appeared in the Montpelier Journal of May 3, 1910:

To the Editor of the Journal:—

In printing Mr. Fifield's reminiscences of Senators Morrill and Edmunds you gave your readers one of the most delightful bits of reading that has appeared in Vermont in many a day. Being at the Morrill centennial exercises I watched Mr. Fifield's classic face, worthy of a Greek god, as he listened intently to President Buckham's masterly analysis of the dead Senator's career. I tried to imagine what his own career would have been had not "opportunity" been twice swerved from its course. First, when the Vermont delegation in Congress unanimously agreed upon his name as a successor to Judge Smalley upon the Federal bench. William M. Evarts, Secretary of State and Judge Devens of Massachusetts, Attorney General in President Hayes' Cabinet knew Vermont well and knew Mr. Fifield's connection with railroad interests in Vermont and persuaded the President to name Judge Wheeler.

But they were utterly mistaken in the man. Had Mr. Fifield been appointed no favors would have been shown to any one. His high sense of justice and honor was effectively shown in 1880 when the Republicans of Montpelier wanted to elect him to the Legislature and he consented but first resigned the highly honorable and lucrative

office of District Attorney for the State, which he then held. At this time United States officials were elected to the Legislature at every session and took their seats without thought of opposition. But Mr. Fifield's keen and fastidious sense of obedience to the constitution of his State would not allow him to follow in unworthy footsteps. Had he been named as judge the same lofty sense of right would have dictated his every action. Under proper circumstances he might have become a second Draco or Justinian.

He always detested and despised a lobbyist; no one ever saw him hovering around the hotels and Capitol in this degrading occupation.

His second "opportunity" came when he was appointed to be Senator Morrill's successor. Had he accepted this high honor he could not have been swept away as was Judge Ross, either by the expenditure of a fortune on the one hand or by the charms of personal friendship on the other; he would have been in the National Senate today with the reputation of Edmunds and Morrill combined.

But he declined the appointment because he had an invalid wife whom he could not take to Washington.

One may search all the annals of knight-errancy in vain for another such act of self-abnegation; such adherence to duty; such chivalric and exquisite devotion.

A TRIBUTE TO HON. GEORGE N. DALE.

(*In the Essex County Herald of February 6, 1903*).

Gone from among us a friend. He was a Vermonter tried and true in all the walks of life. His generation never produced a truer citizen, a man in whose large throb-

bing heart beat more pulses for humanity's sake. George N. Dale was a man who never knew or realized his own mental power, nor the strength of his native ability. Versed in the law, his fellow craftsmen regarded him as a tower of strength; his clients looked upon him as the good shepherd, true to his cause, strong with the court and jury, and withal a pilot who could steer them clear of shoals and breakers, and above all a man to be trusted. Whether in the home circle or broader fields his stately dignity was fascinating. A man of literary attainments, his knowledge of books was not bounded by the horizon of his profession. No man in this generation has been called from Vermont's arena of activity of whom it can be said with more truth, "We are the better for having known and associated with him." Contact with George N. Dale increased and strengthened the moral fibers of humanity. Unostentatious, he hated pretension and hypocrisy. His channel of inner life ran deep and still, a personification of power, honesty and simplicity. Born in Waitsfield in 1834, distinctively a Vermonter in all the vicissitudes of a long and useful career, his early education was somewhat restricted, but nature supplied all deficiency, and turned out a full-fledged and well-rounded manly man. What a refuge for those in trouble! Gov. Dale was approachable; he could always stop to give a wayfarer a lift, or pour oil from a cruse never drained to its dregs. A legislator, the peer of the ablest; a man whose keen intellect grasped conditions and whose foresight and knowledge of current events, together with his caution, made him a legislative leader for many sessions in Montpelier. Life's battle was well fought; one of Vermont's most distinguished citizens and statesmen has gone to his long home. The memory of

him will abide as a sweet and blessed benediction for many a day.

TRIBUTE TO SENATOR MORRILL.

The Montpelier Journal of April 14, 1910, contained a special edition in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Hon. Justin S. Morrill. Besides an exhaustive review of the Senator's life and public career there were tributes from public men. Mr. Bailey's tribute here follows:

To the world Justin S. Morrill is and will always be known as the veteran legislator, the constructive lawmaker, whose wisdom is imperishably written into our Federal Statutes, where it will stand like a towering monument as long as Government shall last.

It would take volumes to contain a record of all that he accomplished for the uplift of the nation, and the construction and strengthening of her bulwarks during the years of a long, vigorous and diligent life.

I leave to others the narration of events and items which make up the record of Mr. Morrill's public career. To me the life of Mr. Morrill, whose achievements have now passed into history, become a star of the first magnitude, because he was my ideal of a manly man.

He was void of an experience, yea practice, prevalent among some great men of buying his seat in high places, for a cash consideration, or by the political intrigue of promises to be fulfilled, or oftener ignored.

Nothing short of a most manly man could have rounded out almost a half century in an elective office without personal effort, or even anxiety. Such a man was Mr. Morrill, and such was the record of his Congressional life. He was not a member of any political stock exchange.

In the great arena of public life he was a peer among noblemen, yet entirely void of the glitter and ostentation which follows in the wake of exalted position, or precedes the royal march with blare of drum and fife; naught but ideal manhood, raised to the superlative degree, can withstand such a pressure of the conventionalities.

To have come out of such a long public life unblemished by a vast multitude of active evil forces is not evidence of greatness as a lawmaker, but rather of the man.

Men who are the product of the highways and byways, having reached the zenith of renown unaided by the advantages of an early liberal education, and the functions of public society, sometimes forget, but never such a lapse with Mr. Morrill! The unpolished boy from Orange county, fragrant with the balsam and pine of its wooded hills, or laden with the dust of its fertile valleys, was as kindly received and courteously entertained in the lobbies and committee rooms of the United States Senate as though he was to the manor born.

There was in him a quality of heart which shone out through his countenance, touching every fiber of his physique, that made one feel that he was in the presence of a real true man.

Sometimes when men have acquired fame and fortune they turn their backs on the scenes of childhood and their friendships. Not so with Mr. Morrill. The addition of years, the increase of important responsibilities, his place in the circle of a great nation's great men,—these never dimmed his vision of the Morrill home among the Strafford hills, nor weakened the friendships for the home-folk of his early Vermont days.

How appropriate that after "life's fitful dream" his

mortal remains should repose in the midst of the scenes he loved so well!

He lacked the vindictive qualities which make some great men small, dangerous and hated; bitter sarcasm, withering irony and invective were not the instruments with which he won his forensic battles and wrote the laws into our statute books. But rather through his veins there ran currents of kindness and benevolence, strongly diked by walls of old-fashioned New England common sense and inherent honesty.

Dryden says, "The best evidence of character is a man's whole life." Measured by this standard Mr. Morrill's whole life is the best evidence of his character, because it is an inspiration to better thought, to better living, to the higher ideals in human character, and a splendid example of what diligence and an honest purpose in life will accomplish.

To say of any man that he was the kind of a man to inspire boundless confidence in mankind is a royal eulogy. Such a man was Justin Smith Morrill, late Senator of the United States from Vermont.

HOW TO BOOM VERMONT.

The St. Johnsbury Republican published a symposium in its issue of March 9, 1910, from prominent Vermonters on the general topic "Things the Legislature Could Do to Boom the State." Mr. Bailey's contribution was as follows:

First, Pass a woman's suffrage bill. There is not a single reason given why a male person should have the right of suffrage, which does not apply with equal force to a female person.

Second, Abolish capital punishment. It is a relic of the Mosaic law and has no place in the economy of a day and generation supposed to be operating under the Nazarene dispensation.

Third, Adopt all the proposals for amending the Constitution, that were recently recommended by the Commission chosen for that purpose.

Fourth, Take another step and further amend the Constitution so that the representation in the lower branch of the Legislature may be reduced from thirty to fifty per cent; then the volume of their acts and resolves may be reduced in a like ratio.

All these things may not, probably will not, arrive in my day, but they are on the way; clear the track; they will arrive.

These things enacted will push Vermont up on to a higher plane. We ought not to stop short of making our beloved Vermont the ideal in the sisterhood of states.

THE WELLS GOODWIN RESOLUTION.

From the Montpelier Daily Journal of November 9, 1894:—

In the Senate this afternoon Senator Bailey of Newbury offered the following resolution:

Whereas, Wells Goodwin of Newbury, Orange county, Vermont, did on Friday, the ninth of November, 1894, attain and pass his one hundredth birthday; and whereas, the said Wells Goodwin did on the eleventh day of February, 1813, enlist for 18 months in the Eleventh United States Infantry, of which Col. Moody Bedell was commander, and did serve as a private in said regiment until wounded, July 25, 1814, at the battle of Niagara, and so far as known

is the only person now living within the state who served in the war of 1812;

Therefore, Be it resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives that as a tribute of respect to this venerable man's memory, and for the further purpose of making these facts a matter of permanent record in the annals of the state, the Secretary of State is hereby directed to make these resolutions a part of the record of the proceedings of the General Assembly of 1894, and to transmit, by mail, to the said Wells Goodwin a copy of the same.

In supporting the resolution Senator Bailey said:

Mr. President, Mr. Wells Goodwin of Newbury, a native Vermonter, has passed the century milestone of human life. As a lad of five years he remembers the death and burial of George Washington. In 1816 Wells Goodwin voted for James Monroe, fifth president of the United States, and has voted at every presidential election since. This man's life reaches almost back to the date of Vermont's admission to the Union. He was a child during the last years of Vermont's first governor, Thomas Chittenden. He was 19 years old when Moses Robinson, our second governor, died. Governors Paine, Eaton, Fletcher, Hall, Smith, Paul Dillingham, Page, Converse, Washburn, Peck, and Horace Fairbanks, were born, came upon the stage, made honorable and patriotic history for our commonwealth, and long since have passed to the silent majority, and all during this one man's lifetime. On the 18th day of June, 1812, war was declared against Great Britain by the Congress of the United States. Soon after Wells Goodwin joined the American forces under General Winfield Scott. So far as can be ascertained from the war records

the said Wells Goodwin is now the only survivor of the war of 1812 living in Vermont. Therefore, in commemoration of this fact, Mr. President and Senators, I hope the resolution will pass.

JOURNALISM FIFTY YEARS AGO.

It was Mr. Bailey's good fortune to find in his researches a copy of the St. Johnsbury Caledonian published just at the opening of the war. He extracted considerable war news from this paper for one of his newspaper letters and prefaced his excerpts with the following tribute to a former distinguished Vermont journalist:

There can be little doubt but what newspaper making, and editorial writing of 50 years ago, was a long ways from a lost art, nor can it be said that they were in a crude stage. The fact is, Mr. Editor, I believe the 50 years ago copy of the Caledonian, May 31, 1861, is as good a paper in every way as any copy of the Caledonian that I have seen in the last 10 years, and I have seen nearly all of them. I am not discussing printing presses, modern appliances and the terrific speed with which newspaper work is now done, but rather the subject matter, news general and local, etc.

I am submitting some of the items in the old Caledonian, all relating to the war, as a sample of the good use of English, of paragraphing, and of patriotism. This old Caledonian contains a news item relating to the death of Col. Ellsworth which is worth reprinting for its historical value. Many boys were named for Elmer Ellsworth in the early sixties. The editorial on the "Assassination of Col. Ellsworth" probably written by the editor, the late C. M. Stone, is as clear cut, historical and patriotic as present day editorials. You will not think for a moment, Mr.

Editor, that the writer has in mind the disparaging of modern newspapers and journalism, nor an unfavorable criticism of modern editors, for they keep apace, and frequently ahead, of the procession, and if I mistake not are leaders in modern thinking and aggressors in good government. But in this day and generation when so much is said about the "Greater Vermont," and the "New Vermont," and what not, it is worth while to scan doings a half century old. My search among old newspaper files, convinces me that the men and things of 50 years ago do not fade when compared with today, and I offer these clippings from the Caledonian of May 31, 1861, as partial evidence of my assertions.

VERMONT'S TWO MILITARY ROADS.

The following article appears in Volume 102 of Mr. Bailey's collection of Vermont Pamphlets with the following foreword:

Vermont enjoys the distinction of having had two military highways, built entirely under the strenuous exigency of war and conquest. But neither was built by Vermont authority, the first having been built by the Crown, and the other by the Colonial Government.

The first military road was built in 1759-60, connecting the frontier military post No. 4 (now Charlestown, N. H.) in the Connecticut valley with Crown Point, N. Y., on Lake Champlain. The American forces were under Gen. Amherst and he detailed Capt. John Stark (the hero of Bennington) with a company of 200 men to build the road from Crown Point southeasterly to Otter Creek. The road started from Chimney Point in the town of Addison, Vt., opposite Crown Point, passing through Bridport, Shore-

ham, Whiting, Sudbury, Brandon, Pittsford, Proctor to Rutland.

On the highway leading from the city of Rutland to West Rutland the road leading to Proctor branches off at Center Rutland, where a large granite watering trough is erected bearing the following inscription:

DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

To mark the OLD MILITARY ROAD from
Charlestown, N. H., to Crown Point, N. Y. 1759-60

Fort Ranger

Stood on the opposite bluff, 1778,

First Commander, Capt. Gideon Brownson.

Erected by Ann Story Chapter,
Daughters of the American Revolution, June 14, 1903.

The Connecticut river end of the road was built in 1760 by Col. John Goff and his regiment of New Hampshire men. The road crossed the Connecticut river into the town of Springfield, Vt., about two miles north of No. 4, passing through Weathersfield, Cavendish, Ludlow, Shrewsbury, and through a corner of Clarendon into the Otter Creek valley; thence northerly through Rutland. There are no less than 16 markers on this route north from Rutland, and several from Rutland south.

The second military road was built by the Continental authorities to shorten the distance between New England and Canada. General Jacob Bayley, the patriarch of Newbury and the hero of Coos county, had charge of the northern division of the army and pointed out to General Washington the shorter route.

March 26, 1776, Col. Thomas Johnson of Newbury, another Revolutionary patriot, was detailed with several sturdy men to blaze out the road. They were followed by Surveyor General Whitelaw, of Ryegate, Vt., who laid out the road. He, in turn, was followed by General Bayley with a large number of men building the road through the woods to a point six miles beyond Peacham. On account of a rumor that the enemy was approaching, the road was abandoned for a while.

The work of completing the road was taken up by Col. Moses Hazen in the summer of 1779. The work was carried on by Col. Bedell's regiment with headquarters at Peacham, much the larger portion of the road being built by Col. Hazen. This road has been known in history as the Hazen Military Road, completely ignoring in its title General Bayley, the instigator and first projector of the road.

In August 1912 the town of Newbury will celebrate the 150th anniversary of its settlement, erecting several markers on historic spots. One of these markers will be placed on the spot where this military road was started in the village of Wells River, at which time the road will be re-christened as the Bayley-Hazen Military Road, giving to General Bayley the honor which rightfully belongs to him in history. This road starts from the north-easterly part of Newbury (in Wells River village), passing through Ryegate, Barnet, Peacham, Cabot, Walden, Hardwick, Greensboro, Craftsbury, Albany, Lowell, terminating in the town of Westfield at a place called Hazen's Notch, where a marker was dedicated August 21, 1903.

On October 13, 1906, a granite monument eight feet

high was dedicated at Hardwick Street, bearing the following inscription:

HAZEN ROAD

Built from Peacham to Westfield, A. D., 1779, by Gen.
Hazen, as a Military Road.

Erected A. D. 1896 by Hazen Road Pomona Grange.

Had this road been completed through to St. Johns, Canada, as originally planned, the distance from Boston to that point would have been shortened by 73 miles over the Crown Point road and Lake Champlain.

After peace was declared both of these roads leading through the wilderness of Vermont became important helpers to the early settlers of the region through which they passed, and these roads are traceable at the present day for a considerable part of their entire length. They were never used much for military purposes.

OLD STATE HOUSE, RUTLAND, VT.

The following brief sketch appears in Vol. 102 of Mr. Bailey's collection of Vermont Pamphlets:

In the early days, and down to 1808, when the Legislature became permanently housed at Montpelier, it held its sessions in the more populous towns in the State. The Legislature held its session in Rutland, in what is locally known as the Old State House, in the years 1784, 1786, 1792, 1794, 1796, 1797 and 1804.

Until 1912 the Old State House stood upon the same plot of land with but few if any changes in its exterior. There is no record as to the time it was built, but without doubt it was the oldest building in that section of the state.

County courts were held in this building from 1784 to 1793. It was here that the first United States District Court, for the District of Vermont, was held in 1791 with that celebrated Vermont jurist, Nathaniel Chipman, as presiding judge. It is said that this building was built by voluntary subscriptions, which would indicate that it was designed solely for public purposes.

In the spring of 1912 the Old State House and site were purchased by Dr. A. H. Bellerose, who took down the old building and during the summer built a fine residence.

A NOTABLE LEGISLATIVE REUNION.

On October 2 and 3, 1895, a legislative reunion was held in Montpelier which all who attended will never forget. It was perhaps the most notable of its kind ever held and at the banquet which closed the proceedings there were among the speakers the most prominent men in our public affairs. Gen. Hugh Henry marshalled the members of the association from the State House to the Golden Fleece. The venerable Senator Morrill came down the aisle with Gen. Stephen Thomas, the latter receiving three cheers as he advanced toward his seat. The after dinner speakers included Gov. Woodbury, ex-Gov. Josiah Grout, ex-Gov. Pingree, Judge James L. Martin, Senator Redfield Proctor, Senator Morrill, Judge H. H. Powers, Judge L. H. Thompson, Gen. J. J. Estey, and Judge Walter P. Smith of St. Johnsbury. At the mock session Hon. George M. Powers, secretary of the Senate, read the journal of the Senate. Commenting on this Mr. Bailey pays the following deserving tribute to our present Chief Justice:

It was a remarkable document. If it could be printed I would rather read it than to read any book in the Old Testament, including several chapters from Bill Nye. George M. Powers has attained the dignity of an old

rounder; he is, however, a healthy boy, and you will hear from him before the new century casts off its swaddling clothes, and perhaps sooner. Orange county was well represented. To be able to claim Justin S. Morrill and Gen. Stephen Thomas as her sons is glory enough.

TWO VERMONT MONUMENTS.

In connection with a letter in the Rutland Evening News of March 31, 1913, correcting some published statements about the Mormon monument at Sharon, Mr. Bailey briefly describes two of the largest monuments in the state as follows:

The honor of the largest and most imposing individual monuments in Vermont, and perhaps in New England, belong to Joseph Smith and Ethan Allen. A brief description of these monuments is submitted for their historical and educational value.

The Smith monument in Sharon, erected on the site of the birthplace (not the burial place) of Joseph Smith, was dedicated on December 23, 1905, the 100th anniversary of his birth.

The monument consists of five pieces, two bases, die, cap and spire, the whole rising to a height of 50 feet and 10 inches, weighing 100 tons. The lower base is ten feet square, the second base nine feet square, while above the die rises the shaft which is 38 and one-half feet in height. This is significant as it marks the exact age of Joseph Smith, 38 years and six months. The monument is of Barre granite, and the spire is claimed to be the largest single piece of polished granite in the world.

The Ethan Allen monument stands over his grave in the Green Mountain cemetery at Burlington. This was

provided for by the Legislature of 1857, which appropriated \$2000.

It is made of Barre granite, the base of the pedestal being eight feet square on the ground, consisting of two steps of granite on which rests a die of granite six feet square, in the four faces of which are set panels of white marble bearing the inscription.

Above the pedestal rises a Tuscan shaft of granite four feet six inches in diameter and 42 feet high. Probably this shaft is in sections. Upon its capital on a base bearing the word "Ticonderoga" stands a heroic statue of Ethan Allen, eight feet four inches high, designed by Peter Stephenson, and carved in Italy of the choicest marble of that country.

This statue was paid for by private subscription, and unveiled with dedicatory exercises by the state, July 4, 1873, being one of the few great celebrations in the history of Vermont. The oration was delivered by Hon. Lucius E. Chittenden, a great grandson of Vermont's first governor, Thomas Chittenden. The proceedings have been preserved in pamphlet form, which, with the Chittenden oration, make a historical document of great value.

The writer is of the opinion that there was no celebration at the completion of the monument proper, because it was anticipated to place the statue very soon afterwards, but the work was delayed some years for lack of funds.

MR. WILLIAMS AND HIS RURAL MAGAZINE

In the Burlington Free Press of March 2, 1911, there appeared a comprehensive review of the two volumes of the Rural Magazine, published monthly during the years 1795 and 1796 by Rev. Samuel Williams. These rare

books are now in the Billings Library at Burlington and Mr. Bailey's article throws so many interesting sidelights upon our early history that much of it is here given.

The Rural Magazine was the first of its kind in Vermont, and lived but two years. The next attempt was made at Middlebury and was, like its predecessor, short-lived. The Middlebury Magazine, which was published during the first decade of Middlebury College, is now principally remembered on account of its severe and unjust attack on the Rev. Daniel Saunders, first president of the University of Vermont, on account of his "Indian Wars" book, which would make an interesting chapter by itself.

* * * * *

Volume one contains an interesting historical and geological description of the "Great Falls in the Connecticut river," meaning Bellows Falls, but probably before the advent of Mr. Bellows.

There is also a very interesting article by Daniel Jones, Esq., of Hinsdale, substantiating the theory that "West River Mountain," the mountain in New Hampshire opposite Brattleboro, was once an active volcano. To the writer it is a matter of news that we, here in Vermont, live near a defunct volcano which comes this side of tradition and historical rumor. A few lines of the article are given to show the general trend. "I am inclined to think these explosions are not so frequent as formerly, even fifty years ago; for I am told by ancient people of veracity, who formerly dwelt at Fort Dummer (opposite the mountain), that there were frequently explosions and that fire and smoke were emitted."

Volume one also contains an account of two very interesting "Church maulings." The first occurred at the east parish in Westminster, the subject being Mrs. Bethiah Holton, a member who adopted Universalism.

The other ecclesiastical proceedings are against the Rev. Matthias Casier, pastor of the church at Castleton. A bill of complaint numbering 15 specific items was brought against the minister, and a council called to settle the trouble. The charges were brought for violation of doctrine, discipline and manners. Two of the charges will suffice for samples. Item 5. "That the said pastor holds that no infants are guilty of actual transgression before they are born into the world." Item 11. "That he calls all the congregations (except the church) infidels." The well-known Rev. Job Swift was moderator of the Council. The Council took up the charges item by item and reported on them, the report being strongly in favor of the defendant pastor, with some gentle and loving rebukes thrown in. It also lays out a program for the town, the people and the church. It recommends a separation if harmony does not obtain. This is the most complete report of a proceeding of this kind, a century ago, that I have ever seen and is a valuable scrap of ecclesiastical history and custom.

The most complete account that the writer has seen is given of the selection of Col. John A. Graham of Rutland for a mission to England, by the Episcopal church of Vermont to secure the consecration of Rev. Samuel Peters as Bishop. The account gives in detail the arguments and correspondence between Col. Graham and the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose function it was to consecrate the newly-chosen Vermont bishop. The archbishop de-

clined to accede to the request of the Episcopacy of Vermont, and this brought about this controversy and correspondence. It was this same Col. Graham who published a volume of his letters written from various places in Vermont, in London in 1797. This book of 186 pages has sometimes erroneously been called "Graham's History of Vermont."

A very smoothly written and somewhat strange political letter is published, written by Daniel Buck, dated at Norwich, Vt., November 30, 1796, and addressed to "The Freemen of the Eastern District of Vermont." The subject matter is Mr. Buck's election to Congress. The strange and unusual feature about it is that Mr. Buck didn't want the office, and debated some time in his own mind whether he would accept or not. Another strange and unusual thing is embodied in these words:

If upon candid inquiry and fair investigation you find me designedly to deviate from my avowed principles, then inflict upon me your tortures of public censure, accompanied with newspaper invectives.

Had Mr. Buck lived in our day, holding public office, he would know that no invitation would need to be issued to constituents or newspapers to administer criticisms and cuffings.

Mr. Bailey's article closes with a biographical sketch of the man who was pastor of the First Parish Church in Rutland from 1789-95; wrote a history of Vermont in two editions; was the founder and first editor of the Rutland Herald, and while representing Rutland in the legislature was a most aggressive advocate of having the University of Vermont located at Rutland instead of Burlington. In the vote in the legislature of 1791 Burlington received 89 votes, Rutland 24, Montpelier and Williamstown 5 each,

Danville, Castleton and Berlin one each. Notwithstanding his defeat he afterwards moved to Burlington where he purchased and installed the University's first philosophical apparatus and delivered at this institution the first course of lectures. Later he returned to Rutland, where he died in 1817, and on his plain slab in the North Main street burying ground in that city is this inscription, "Embalmed among the memories of the just, thy memory shall live while worth has friends or virtue is admired."

A NEW ORLEANS BELL IN MORRISVILLE.

Mr. Bailey discovered in his wide reading that one of the bells captured by Gen. Butler in his New Orleans campaign was doing duty in a church in Morrisville, which elicited the following contribution to the Montpelier Journal in the fall of 1910:

It may interest your readers to know that some of the bells that were captured by Gen. Butler at New Orleans are still in existence. These bells with others, at the earnest solicitation of the Confederate General Beauregard, were contributed to be cast into cannon.

After their capture by General Butler they were sent to Boston and sold at auction, bringing about \$30,000. Through foundrymen and junk dealers most of them reached the melting pot, but three of them escaped that fate and today hang in New England churches, where they summon the worshippers upon the Sabbath.

I am indebted to an Ayer, Mass., paper for information that one of the three Butler bells is located in Morrisville, while the second is at Canton, Mass., and the third at Ayer, Mass.

This incident of the civil war is interesting in a general way, showing the necessities of the Southern Confederacy

in asking a contribution of bells to recast into cannon, and that Gen. Butler should capture them, and that afterwards they should find their way into New England churches. It is more especially interesting, if true, that one of the bells is doing service in a thrifty Vermont town. Perhaps some Morrisville reader of the Journal can substantiate or deny this assertion, giving a bill of particulars.

And pasted in his scrap book is this letter from a Morrisville subscriber:

Dear Mr. Bailey:

Your letter caused me to ascend five steep sets of stairs, covered with the ordure of doves and the spiritual dust of many sanctified years, in order to get a close sight of that historic bell. I wish you had taken the trip with me. It is all true.

This bell was taken from New Orleans by General Butler and was purchased by this church in Boston soon after the war. The casting bears the date 1859 and the bell itself is a work of art, being embellished profusely with cherubs, harps, lyres, and many other heavenly symbols of which you, I am sure, if not myself, will later have intimate knowledge.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. BAILEY'S PUBLIC ADDRESSES.

Mr. Bailey rarely spoke without notes, but his carefully prepared addresses and his few extempore ones were always full of humor and philosophy. Some of the readers of these lines will recall with keen pleasure one of the annual gatherings of the New England Fat Men's Club at Hale's Tavern, when Mr. Bailey was the toastmaster, and his sparkling wit on that festive occasion. And at the midsummer picnic at "The Belfry" in honor of Hon. Charles J. Bell, the Republican nominee for Governor, Mr. Bailey was the last speaker at this unique gathering and the only one who did not make a serious campaign speech. His humor on that occasion was in refreshing contrast to some of the campaign oratory that preceded him. His forte was as presiding officer, and whether at the March meeting or at some other public function, Mr. Bailey steered the affair with the skill of a pilot and added a few words whenever he thought the occasion or the speaker demanded any remarks from the leader. The addresses which are here given were all prepared for particular occasions and some of them involved much historical research in their preparation.

ADDRESS AT THE LADIES' AID HALL DEDICATION.

The Ladies' Aid Hall in the village of West Newbury was dedicated on March 2, 1910, before an audience that tested the capacity of the little hall. Mr. Bailey presided in his usual urbane manner and delivered on this occasion the following address of welcome:

Religion and science seem to have gone hand in hand in the early settlement of this section of Newbury. One

needs only to read a chapter from our town history to be convinced that the west and south part of Newbury was at an early date thoroughly aroused to the importance of her religious, literary and social welfare. The larger dwelling houses and barns, and then the schoolhouses, were pressed into service for public gatherings. Finally in 1832 the Union Meeting House was organized. The result was the erection of the splendid old Union Meeting House just across the road, the subscriptions being payable one-third in money, one-third in neat stock and one-third in grain. I have often wished there might have been preserved to us a record of the dedication of the old Union Meeting House. It must have been an event unparalleled in the history of this little community. They were, in fact, truly noble and patriotic citizens who entered into that undertaking. They were truly devout and self-sacrificing fathers and mothers who were willing to lay such a foundation for the well-being of posterity, such a legacy of godliness for future generations. The various stages of repair and remodelling through which yonder Meeting House has passed were notable events—all the fruit of generous hands and willing hearts. What a story of surpassing interest it would be if it could be written in detail! The actors in these early scenes have gone hence. They sleep neath yonder green sward. Their legacy to us is the present heroic generation—the legitimate offspring of their heroic lives.

How well I remember the last social, literary and religious event of historic importance in this neighborhood, when 18 years ago on a Fourth of July we dedicated with song and speech and prayer the bell in yonder Meeting House; the gift of generous souls born of these hills, but

gone to their eternal rest. How well I remember that day. As I look back through the years and call up in fond memory the events as they followed one after the other, it becomes a scene of rare beauty, of soul enchantment on which memory loves to dwell, for it was on that occasion that West Newbury with one accord opened her hospitable heart and extended her cordial hand to welcome back friend and neighbor to the old hearthstone. Over the whole scene hovered the fathers and mothers like a sweet benediction of peace, but they, too, have been gathered to their fathers.

But the scene changes. We who were then in the vigor of manhood are now travelling toward the "sunset land," and the boys and girls of that period are now taking the brunt of life's battles. I assume that in the generation that preceded us the various matters of civil, social and domestic life were carried on in much the same manner as in our own day and generation. But be that as it may, we know now beyond question that the mothers, the wives and the daughters are *the* prime factors in the religious, social and moral life of the community. It is too much of an axiom to need elaboration, that where the hand of a father and son reach out to receive the emblems of the holy communion the hands of twice as many mothers and daughters are outstretched to receive the same sacred token. Should the time come, and in the grand march of progress I believe it is on the way, when the yoke of thrallodom shall be lifted from the neck of the human race, when man and woman stand on the same high plane before God and our country, then every moral question governed by the ballot box will receive a mighty impetus. In this generation the women of our country have been foremost

in the progress of education, morality and philanthropy. They have formed Aid Societies that are auxiliaries to every church in our land. Nor has their work for the uplift of humanity stopped in the portals of the church militant. It has reached out into and traversed every avenue leading to a better life. The women of this community are no exception to this general rule. When I refer to the community of West Newbury I am impelled to say that there is no spot of equal extent where Nature has dealt with a more lavish hand. If in God's universe there is such a spot then that place must be a veritable paradise. The more I look out from your vantage point to mountain top and hill, down through your valleys, over the forests, ponds and streams—all growing more familiar and beautiful as the years roll by—I affirm that I would be content to live alway if I might abide here. The wave of great wealth, as the world counts wealth, has never rolled this way, but its wealth consists in splendid homes, contented minds, and upright characters.

Out of all these conditions and surroundings was evolved the Ladies' Aid Society of West Newbury, and as a result of their heroic endeavor and sacrifices we have been invited here tonight to assist in the pleasing exercises of dedicating this Ladies' Aid Hall. Friends, take a mental measure of this hall and its furnishings and then tell me if you think that the generous, public-spirited men, and the heroic, self-sacrificing women of West Newbury, all belonged to a past generation.

Neighbors, Friends and Visitors, the Ladies' Aid Society of West Newbury have conferred upon me the honor of speaking for them to express for them their sincere appreciation of your presence here tonight. They

bid you a most cordial welcome. They earnestly hope you will take away from here to your own homes happy recollections of this event that will not soon fade from memory. May we not all hope that the historian of the future, looking backward through the years, may write of this institution a record that shall inspire and exalt lives that are yet unborn.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

At the 150th anniversary of the settlement of the town of Newbury, August 11-16, 1912, Mr. Bailey presided at the various public exercises, and to him, more than any other citizen, was due the inspiration of the celebration and the harmonious working out in every detail. During the week he gave five addresses, all historical and involving careful preparation, and also took one of the characters in an original play written for the occasion. The opening address was given in the Congregational church on Sunday afternoon, August 11, and here follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

That I may bring to your attention as concisely as possible in the brief time allotted me, my view of our history, I have separated all the years into three periods, the Prehistoric, the Nebulous, and the Historic.

The Prehistoric, covering all the time prior to about 300 years ago, the Nebulous covering the first half, and the Historic including the last half of the three hundred year period.

If we desire to penetrate a prehistoric period we must rely on the testimony of accredited antiquarians and archae-

ologists and these are agreed that Vermont territory was never the home, the long abiding place, of any considerable Indian tribes.

It is nevertheless true that proprietorship in and jurisdiction over our territory was claimed by the Abenakis of the East and the Iroquois of the West, and representatives of these tribes began memorializing our legislatures as early as 1798 seeking to establish titles in these lands and to recover payment for same.

These visitations of the red man at stated intervals during legislative sessions at Montpelier, where they camped on the hill in the rear of the State house, was a source of interest, their camp attracting many visitors.

The last claim made was by the Caughnah-wahgahs in 1880 when Roswell Farnham was governor, who strongly urged amicable and equitable adjustment of these claims.

However all these memorials, visitations and negotiations failed to do more than draw a few hundred dollars from our treasury which were not considered payments for land, but rather as peace offerings which would incidentally aid the red brother in paying the expense of his pilgrimage.

The North American Indian knew no treaty except by voice and sign, nor any law of conveyance except by conquest, nor any right of occupancy and ejectment except by brute force and strategy.

Untutored savage though he was, he was the possessor of a human soul. He lived, he loved, he roamed, a child of nature untouched by the accursed vices of civilization, unaware of the responsibility which follows in the wake of a higher order of intelligence and education, he must have lived close to nature, and dying returned to nature's God.

If history was correctly written, when the white man came hither to conquer the land, to plant the home, to lift aloft the lamp of learning and establish the cross of Calvary, the red-man was not the first aggressor in evil ways.

Located at our four cardinal points were great Indian tribes, leaving our territory neutral. Over these mountains, up and down these valleys, ran the Indian trail trodden in the night-time of a pre-historic age, by the roaming natives bent on conquest and plunder, making our territory somewhat uncomfortable for the home-making of even a North American Indian.

It is, however, true that they amalgamated with the French at Swanton, maintaining a village many years, with a Catholic church and a few small industries.

It is also true that Indian families came and squatted, perhaps for many seasons together, on our fertile meadows, crudely tilling the soil, that they spent other seasons in hunting and fishing, that they located in groups in convenient places for making arrow heads and domestic utensils, but nothing more.

Benning Wentworth, Governor of the New Hampshire Colony, began granting township charters in this territory in 1749, and from thence until 1764 granted 126 charters, Newbury being the 79th in the list. Upon our erection into statehood Vermont began chartering towns by legislative enactment and to the year 1849 granted 105 charters.

Prior to 1761 not a settlement had been made under the Wentworth charters, in the Vermont territory, then called the New Hampshire Grants; in that year Bennington, Guilford, Halifax, Pawlet, Townshend and Newbury had their beginnings. Newbury's charter was granted May

18, 1763, being the only town in Vermont with a settlement well under way before its charter was granted.

Johnson and Pettie came in the fall of 1761 remaining until the following June, feeding out the first crop of hay ever harvested on these broad fertile intervals.

In February, 1762, came Samuel Sleeper and wife and with them came Glazier and Charles Wheeler, who were all housed in a hut which stood on the plot of land now occupied by Richard Doe's dwelling house.

Thereafter came Thomas Chamberlain and wife.

Richard Chamberlain and wife with seven of their thirteen children.

Benoni Wright.

John Haseltine, wife and two children.

Simeon Stevens and wife.

Jaasiel Harriman.

Joshua Howard.

Thomas Johnson and Jacob Kent.

Therefore during the year 26 persons had arrived, the nucleus of this township.

General Jacob Bayley, the father of this town, the most heroic patriot of this valley, the ancestor of no inconsiderable portion of our present population, was back and forth, nursing into life this infant settlement. He came with his family a year or two later.

Others followed and in a few years Newbury became one of the important towns in the state, being for some years the county seat, and twice the capital of the state.

These were the fathers and mothers of this town, heroic pioneers in name and in very deed.

"Toil had never cause to doubt you,
Progress' path you helped to clear,
But to-day forgets about you
And the world rules on without you,
SLEEP OLD PIONEER.

"But our memory eyes have found you,
And we hold you grandly dear,
With no work-day woes to wound you,
With the peace of God around you,
SLEEP OLD PIONEER.

"And ever in the realms of glory,
Shine bright your starry claims,
Angels have heard your story,
And God knows all your names,
SLEEP, SLEEP, OLD PIONEER!"

During this week we celebrate the 150th anniversary of our settlement, dedicating a monument to General Jacob Bayley, the founder of this town, erecting markers on historic spots, memorializing the most important events in our history.

It is not fitting that I should stand in your presence to extol the virtues of a generation of which we are a part and parcel, nor is it necessary to recite the important events in our 150 years of history, for that work has been concisely performed by Mr. Frederick P. Wells, our most highly respected town historian.

The redman of this section had no archives, left no parchments, wrote no history and, so far as is known to archaeologist or historian, was just plain nomadic prehistoric Indian until the advent of the white man

who began the weaving of legend and tradition into story.

We call the second period which includes the first half of the last 300 years, Nebulous, because the history of this valley and this locality during that period is not always well authenticated, much of it especially in the early part being traditional and legendary.

Not until about 300 years ago was the territory of the new world bordering on the Atlantic invaded by the Caucasian race with intent to seize and settle.

Then came representatives of the two great world powers, the French into the St. Lawrence valley, the English to Massachusetts Bay, and from then on till about the time of the beginning of our own history these powers of the Old World became aggressive contestants for supremacy in the New World, continuing the struggle with intervals of peace, for a century and a half.

During this period our territory still remained neutral, being the immediate pathway of New England and of New France in their advances and retreats in the great drama of conquest.

The civil life of these contending nations is overshadowed by the military, and our first authentic knowledge of this valley is from fragments of armies made into scouting parties, with their Indian allies, traversing this territory. So the dusky trail of the great silent prehistoric period now becomes the well beaten pathway of a new race, of a new life, awaking these valleys and mountain sides in the morning of a new civilization.

During this period this neutral territory was no more desirable for the home-making of a white man than the former period had been for the Indian, so that down to

the year 1760 the only settlement made by the Caucasian in this territory were of a military nature convenient to forts and block-houses. These settlements were confined to towns bordering on the Connecticut river, in Windham county, and on the shores of Lake Champlain. We emerged into the full life of history 152 years ago, the beginning of our third period.

The surrender of Montreal, September 8, 1760, marked the cessation of hostilities, the beginning of new conditions in this country, especially in this valley, and more especially in this very township of Newbury.

Engaged in the conquest of Canada were Colonel, afterwards General, Jacob Bayley, Lieutenant Jacob Kent, Captain John Hazen and Lieut. Timothy Bedel, officers in General Goff's regiment. Returning from the siege of Montreal they passed through this valley and through this very township, where they stopped, attracted by its many advantages as a place for home-making, and considered the feasibility of procuring a charter for townships on both sides of the river.

Proceeding along these lines in the summer of 1761, they sent men to take possession, cut the grass on the meadows, and brought cattle to consume it, the men remaining until the spring of 1762 and probably until the permanent settlers arrived. Thus with Bayley and Kent at the head of the Newbury forces, Hazen and Bedel, the sponsors of the Haverhill contingent, the twin towns began to make and record their own history.

But I cannot refrain from infringing on your time long enough to give expression to my views of the men and times of the early days.

To start this settlement they took a leap of 65 miles

into the northern wilderness, the nearest human habitation being at Charlestown, N. H., (Old No. 4.).

They came up the Connecticut river by hand-sled in the winter and by boat in the summer; they followed the old Indian trails on foot, on horseback, with faithful, plodding ox team; others came the overland trail from Baker's River valley; but they got here, they stayed here, and here they planted this township.

To the west of them an unbroken wilderness to the shores of Lake Champlain, and to the north of them no white man's habitation short of the St. Lawrence valley.

Well may they have sung Cowper's song of the isolation of Selkirk,

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the center all around to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

Imagination falls limp before the task of describing the conditions of life in those days. If there are degrees of the beautiful in primeval valleys and hills and mountains, this region must have been superlative when the fathers arrived, because untouched by the greedy grasp of the human hand.

What a scenic panorama of surpassing beauty and grandeur must have greeted those sturdy souls in the very early twilight of our natal morning! But if they devoted much time or energy to the worship of scenery, history fails to record the fact.

But no wail of discontent or tale of hardship comes wafted to us from that period, for they were nature's noble men and noble women, bent on home-making and the

establishment of a community, the builders of institutions, of towns, of commonwealths. They were men and women in the fore-front of their times.

They toiled and wrought, wrought and toiled, and we have fallen heirs to their handiwork.

While we are looking backward to the early days, powerless to express our thought, yea powerless to think adequately of that home life and its surroundings, what would they say if now permitted to visit the scene of their early struggles?

Yonder Mount Pulaski and range of hills, terribly denuded, but the same old hills, down in this valley the beautiful and peaceful Connecticut river flowing seaward, considerably diminished in volume, but the same old river, these great meadows, the same old meadows, and the story of similarity is told.

How the word astonishment would fail to express their emotions at the first sight of railway trains, the telegraph, telephone and the electrically lighted village, the motor car and aeroplane!

Fancy if you can the sadness of the fathers searching, ere sun up, for toiling farmer on meadow with hoe, with rake, with scythe, and jug of invigorating drink, but if the fathers wait awhile they will see prancing steed hitched to the spreader, the gang-plow, the wheel-harrow, the seeder, the cultivator, the mowing machine, the hay-tedder, the horse-rake and harvesters of all kinds, the toiling farmer always riding.

What would the mothers say when invited to inspect our well appointed homes, searching for the loom, the spinning wheel, and the swift, finding them alone in the front hall like a visitor of state bedecked with costly ribbon,

how disappointed returning from a search for the home-made ward-robe, the dairy of butter and cheese, the barrel of cider apple sauce, the dried herbs in open chamber, the box of dipped candles and the year's stock of soap. And were they entertained at our tables they would be amazed at the amount of good food provided without the brick oven.

And perchance they stop in town a few Sabbath days, instituting a search for the family altars, noting our reduced number of church services, the diminished attendance, that we attend church only under the most favorable conditions, and that we absent ourselves under the flimsiest pretext, or no pretext at all, how extremely sad they would be!

“Oh where are the family altars now,
Where men were wont to pray,
Where they gathered their children night and morn
As they trod the narrow way?

“When they read from the living word of God
The precious words of life,
When father was patriarch and priest,
And the mother a Christian wife.”

They have gone beyond recall, but they live in undying memory, the fragrance of their lives has permeated the generations.

Although all that is mortal of them lies yonder beneath the greensward of God's silent acre, the lives they have lived become glorified by the vision of passing years.

The memory of them quickens our pulsations for a more vigorous warfare against the forces of evil, strengthens

our purpose to greater activity and fortitude in all of our life's battles.

With their God-fearing lives continually before us, and the work of their hands ours by legitimate descent, we should not fail to build well for succeeding generations.

Friends and visitors and strangers, I am delegated by this town to bid you a most cordial welcome to these anniversary exercises. To a town of patriotic history, to a town of homes and hearts made grand and good by a noble ancestry, you are bidden a thrice cordial welcome.

On the following day he opened the exercises at the Union Meeting House at West Newbury with this short but felicitous speech:

Neighbors and Friends:

Of the very many happy events of my life I count foremost the public gatherings and social intercourse of this neighborhood.

I think I must have inherited from father and grandfather a fraternal and social spirit towards this section of the town, because there still lingers in memory their stories of the good times and royal hospitality experienced by them in their social and little trade and traffic pilgrimages to this part of the town, covering a period of more than a hundred years.

I was born as near to your little hamlet as a river roader could well be, and am a part of you by marriage, not my own, sad to relate, but that of my sister who succeeded well when she selected the fairest pebble on all this beach to love and obey, picked as it were a real plum from one of your very old family trees.

For many years I attempted to execute trusts such

as the town of Newbury dared to commit to my care, bringing me much into this community, giving opportunity to break bread at your family board and test your hospitality. I have never found elsewhere anything to be compared with the hospitality, or the bread.

I have almost dared to hope that when my larger circles of travel are ended, and before I lay down the implements of life's warfare, I may be privileged to go the rounds of this neighborhood a few more times.

I remember well, that during the years of my sojourn at my summer camp, you were many times my guest so far as hospitality went, but you always furnished the bread and some to spare, you have somehow always managed your affairs so that there were baskets full of loaves and fishes left over after ample feastings.

I have mingled with you in seasons of joy and sorrow, remembering as though it were but yesterday, when the bell was hoisted into the tower of this building, the happy gathering on these premises and the exercises in this Meeting House. That was twenty years ago the 4th of last month, yet the scene is still vivid and the memory of it refreshing, but the good fathers and mothers of that day have ceased from their labors and gone to a well-earned reward.

I have also in the mind's eye a gathering on March 2, 1910, at the dedication of the hall across the way, and the enjoyment of that event.

Time is too short for me to catalogue all your joys, your seasons of happiness and times of prosperity; they are legion.

Clouds sometimes pass over you and between you, sunshine is turned for a moment into shadow, but never for long duration.

Your seasons of peace have always been in the majority, but if perchance the flag of truce has been trampled in the dust, or the safety signal has failed to operate, resulting in a head-on collision, you have fought as men and women of positive characters must fight, like true soldiers whose only God is the God of Battle, but not a single fatality has ever stained your good record.

As the years go faster along, I love to remember those of you with whom I associated in the early manhood period, loving to note your achievements; time is too short to parade them all in your presence this afternoon, a single example I think will be sufficient.

I now have in mind the achievements of a life-long friend, a son of one of your very earliest families, whose business card reads as follows:—

1774 Rogers Hill Farms 1912.

That this friend should become the ecclesiastical patriarch of the neighborhood, while some years my junior, seems to me to be too much glory and renown to be omitted from these annals.

He is now the legitimate parent of Hope and Faith, and because Faith is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen, he, like a real patriarch of old, is patiently but submissively awaiting a dispensation which will add Charity to his family circle, that his triple list of graces and virtues may be complete and his cup of joy full and running over.

But friends, it is sacrilege to keep you waiting for the better and more substantial portion of your program. I looked into the dictionary to find the meaning of the word "sacrilege" and found one of the definitions to be "the

breaking into a church and committing a felony." I have already broken into this church and for me to steal more of your precious moments would be, to say the least, an unwarranted felony.

The dedication of the monument to Gen. Jacob Bayley was one of the notable features of the week, and by way of introduction to the exercises Mr. Bailey spoke as follows:

Descendants of Jacob Bayley,
Ladies and Gentlemen:—

There can be no service more fitting of a nation, a state, a community, or a family, than a service commemorating events and achievements of great civil, military or historic importance, memorializing the life and perpetuating the memory of the authors of such events and achievements.

We are convened this afternoon to take part in such a memorial event, by far the most important in the week's series.

It is hardly necessary to say that you, the descendants of Jacob Bayley, have been tardy in discharging a debt honestly due your illustrious ancestor, and that we, not of his flesh and blood, but his children because we are inhabitants of the town of which he was the heroic founder, and paternal head, have been neglectful, although perhaps not unmindful, of the duty and obligation which has so long remained undischarged.

The circle of those who should pay homage to General Jacob Bayley may be widened to reach far beyond his blood relatives and the inhabitants of the town of Newbury, for he was the central figure in the Coos country, a prominent

leader and commander in the civil and military affairs of the new state of Vermont.

To-day we rejoice with, and extend sincere congratulations to, you of Jacob Bayley's blood in the accomplishment of the splendid memorial which you have wrought, and while you have paid only a just debt, you have paid it well.

The town of Newbury at its last annual meeting, of its own motion and without request from you, voted to assist in the erection of this memorial to the extent of placing the foundation and doing the grading for the monument site. This it was our bounden duty to do, and it is a pleasure to state that it was done without a dissenting voice.

It is fitting that we gather here to pay tribute to a man like Jacob Bayley, for men of his exact type are not legion in all the generations of written history. And speaking in behalf of the town of Newbury, it is pleasing to say that they have pride in being permitted to have even so small a share in so grand a work.

It is also most fitting that this monument should be erected in such a conspicuous place on our public common, where it may be seen and read of all men, where let us hope it may stand through the ages in memory of one of nature's noblemen.

Here the granite pile will stand through coming generations, a living, forceful reminder of the sterling character of the hero it commemorates. Unchanged by summer suns or blasting storm of winter, though voiceless and cold and inanimate, these blocks of stone and inscriptions of bronze will be speaking, in sweetest cadence, their les-

sons of unselfish patriotism when we have long been forgotten in that silent land.

The records of the life we now commemorate are fair pages marred not by blot or stain, a life lived in the open, never seeking the shadows. So may this memorial stand in the open, with no shelter nor cap nor dome, save the pure vaulted skies of heaven.

The one hundred and fifty years of our life as a town have furnished us many heroic fathers and mothers, grand men and grand women, the records of whose lives richly adorn our annals, and this afternoon we select one of them, for commemoration and perpetuation, Jacob Bayley, the noblest Roman of them all.

The address of greatest historical importance was delivered on the occasion of the dedication of the Marker on the site of the old State House and is here given in full:

From the many historic spots in this vicinity, the site of the Old State House has been selected as one especially worthy of perpetuation by enduring bronze and stone.

The Oxbow school-house occupies the plot of land, standing on the very site of the historic structure we now seek to commemorate; the plot of land and the several buildings thereon erected form an interesting and important chapter in the history of Newbury.

Until 1808 the Vermont Legislature had convened in several of the more populous towns. That year Montpelier became the permanent capital of the State, but for some years prior to that time there had been a healthy rivalry among the larger towns to secure the much coveted prize.

Newbury, having enjoyed the benefits of a session

of the Legislature in 1787, and being in the eligible list in 1801, and a lively contestant for the State Capital, decided to build a suitable house for the accommodation of the assembly that year, thereby strengthening their claim for the future Capital of the State.

This plot of land begins to make history on May 23, 1801, when it was deeded by William B. Bannister to Thomas Johnson and 32 other persons. This great undertaking was to be carried through by public spirited citizens contributing money, labor and material. Colonel Thomas Johnson was not only prime factor and chief contributor in this important undertaking, but a most distinguished citizen of this town, a revolutionary patriot and a man of great prominence in the civil and military affairs of the Coos country.

No better evidence of the hustle and ability to do things in the early days has come down to us than that the statehouse was completed ready for the occupancy of the legislature October 8, in the same year.

It was constructed of wood, contained one large room with desks for the use of the members; having a gallery over the entrance; the council chamber designed for the governor and council was in the other end of the building, there were several smaller rooms for the use of state officials and committees.

The convening of this legislature was one of Newbury's greatest events. Isaac Tichenor of Bennington was governor. No governor up to that time and for many years after was chosen from this side of the state. Colonel Thomas Johnson was the Newbury representative, serving his tenth and last term. The members, together with state officers and dignitaries, marched with military escort

and pomp to the "Old Meeting-House," which stood on the "Little Plain" near the present residence of Edmund B. Atkinson to listen to the customary election sermon and odes, the sermon being preached by Rev. Nathaniel Lambert, the pastor, two original election odes being sung by a large chorus under the direction of Jeremiah Ingalls, a resident of Newbury, a musician and author of great note.

At this session Steven R. Bradley was chosen U. S. senator, Isaac Bayley, esq., of Newbury, state auditor, pro tem, John Robinson, chief judge of the supreme court.

A pension was granted to Joe Indian, celebrated in the annals of Coos, a strict Sunday and anti-gambling law was passed; also a measure to encourage the sheep industry, allowing a deduction of one dollar on a person's taxes for each sheep sheared, not exceeding twenty in number.

Perhaps the most important measure of the session was the passing of a law opening the way for separating state and church, this law provided for exempting from church taxation persons who filed with the town clerk a manifesto, as follows; "I do not agree in religious opinion with a majority of the inhabitants of this town."

At this session the governor's salary was fixed at \$750, the present salary being \$2500; the state treasurer's salary at \$400, against \$1700 at present; and the judges of the court at \$1000, against \$4000 at the present time.

This was the fortieth session of the Vermont legislature, lasting thirty days, 160 members were in attendance together with 18 members of the governor's council, the debentures of the session were nearly \$11,000 or about \$365.00 per day.

The session of 1910 contained 240 members and 30 senators and lasted 91 days, the debentures amounting to \$145,849.59, or a little in excess of \$1,600.00 per day. Thus by this token we mark the progress of time in 110 years. The population of Newbury at that time was 1363, against 2035 at present, a difference of only 672.

The land in question was granted for the use of the town as a public common, the grantees reserving the right to erect thereon the state-house, a county grammar school building and to maintain buildings for any other moral and useful purposes.

The circumstances under which the state-house was built, and the peculiar and somewhat vague conditions of the deed, were fertile sources of litigation, and it is safe to say that more law suits grew out of this plot of land than from any other one source in all our history.

The last lawsuit was terminated in the supreme court in 1852, growing out of the erection of the school-house, the building now standing on the plot, in which the courts held that the school-house was a nuisance not in keeping with the terms and reservations recited in the deed, and that the title reverted to the town for a public common.

But the school-house was built, serving well its purpose, and so far as the record shows the Oxbow school district, (Old No. 3), never had title to the land, other than that gained by possession.

A district school was kept in the old state-house from 1802 to 1829, when a school-house was built on the north-east portion of the plot, in which a school was maintained until 1851, when the present school building was erected, a school being maintained therein until old districts 3 and 4, were united March 1, 1892, the last term ending February.

25, 1892, with Miss Belle Hibbard, of blessed memory, as teacher.

Town meetings and other public gatherings were held in the old state-house until about 1829, when the building became unfit for use, but it lingered in slow decay until about 1839 or 1840, when it was taken down.

The building known to two generations as the Oxbow school-house has been leased during the present year for a term of 99 years by the town school district, to the Oxbow chapter, D. A. R., for a chapter house. It has been repaired and rejuvenated, taking its place in our community among the useful and ornamental establishments. Other interesting particulars relating to this historic spot may be found in the history of Newbury and in volume 24, Vermont Supreme Court Decisions.

Cut loose the imagination for a moment, grasp if you can what it meant in labor, in sacrifice and in money to the early fathers to build and furnish such a building, and what it meant to the early mothers to entertain the dignitaries of the entire state for the space of thirty days. Think for a moment of ninety continuous years of a district school in the most populous and thrifty section of this town. What think you of that regiment of teachers, all sorts and kinds, many loved, some hated, others so passive as to be neither loved or hated? Think of that grand array of pupils ranging from child in bib and tucker to great stalwarts; think for a moment of the energy wasted in their loves and hates for teacher and towards each other.

Think of the incipient love affairs through whose stages these girls and boys must have passed in ninety years of time, and of the struggles of the teachers in teaching and the pupils in being taught, and vice versa. . What

of the punishments and promisings, the strappings, the whalings and wailings of ninety long years. Think of the successes and failures, and recall all those who went from this school to higher institutions of learning, to the higher walks in life, to an honorable leadership, while others received no further education and became plain honest plodders.

Count the lies told here in 90 years, compute if you can the items of deviltry invented and promulgated from this historic spot in almost a century of time, such lies and items as are promulgated with neatness and dispatch by a real live aggressive boy—or girl, but they were of such a nature that the tender heart of humankind and a merciful God can forgive and soon forget.

But all these years are laden with more good than evil, this historic spot has stood more in the sunshine than in the shadow. Now then, let us in behalf of the town of Newbury, dedicate this monument to the memory of Colonel Thomas Johnson and the thirty-two other grantees mentioned in the Bannister deed, and to the mothers of 1801, who entertained the members of that legislature and the state officials. Let us not forget the regiment of teachers gone out from the three buildings standing on this historic plot of land, and their little army of followers.

Let us remember the legislators of 1801, who came into this peaceful vale on horseback, attended to the affairs of state expeditiously, then wended their way homeward. The fathers of the town held sway here for a long series of years in town and school meetings, augmented by a sturdy yeomanry, settling questions of moment, keeping the affairs of town and school district in favorable channels. They too wrought well. They for the most part have gone out

into that great silent unknown land, from whence there is no returning. In vain do we yearn for the touch of their hand and the sound of their voices; only in the silent chambers of a longing soul can we hold sweet communion with them. In memory of them all and to perpetuate all that was good and noble in their lives, let us now graciously and reverently dedicate this marker of stone and bronze.

Mr. Bailey was frequently invited to speak before the Grand Army posts on Memorial Day and all of his addresses have been preserved. They have the true patriotic ring and are full of allusions to the valor of our forefathers, as well as deserved praise for the veterans of the Civil war. One of his Scrap Books contains a list of his various engagements and the entries are as follows:

1892. Welcome to the Col. Preston Post of Wells River in Seminary Hall, Newbury.

1894. Address to the Col. Ransom Post at West Topsham.

1896. Address of welcome to the Orange County Veterans' Association at their reunion at the Methodist church in Newbury on September 4.

1901. Address before the Fred M. Edgell Post at Piermont, N. H.

1902. Address before the Col. Preston Post at the Congregational church in Wells River.

1903. Address before the Col. Ransom Post at the Meeting House at East Corinth.

1905. Address before the Erastus Buck Post at the Opera House in Island Pond.

1906. Address before the Roberts Post at the Rutland Opera House.

In the following pages are given extracts from some of these addresses.

EXTRACTS FROM MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS AT
PIERMONT, N. H., BEFORE THE FRED M. EDGELL POST.

Veterans, these scenes, those impulses and emotions, as you live them over and over, mellowed by a generation of years, are robbed of their sting. You fought for the Union. It was preserved to us with increased grandeur and strength until Old Glory now has 45 stars all her own, while others shining with an oriental lustre are knocking at our doors. Softened by the departed years we have forgiven the boys in gray. They, too, fought those battles well. Cooled by the trade winds of a quarter of a century we can reason with less passion and can now see that the people living in Dixie believed in the doctrine of state rights and fought an honest war from their standpoint. Time, the great healer, has closed the gulf. The Blue and the Gray no longer stand for opposite contending forces, but rather for the two arms of a common country, strong in her defense.

With the new century come new problems. The question of disunion confronts us no longer, but to say that our proud old Ship of State, which has so splendidly outridden many a fierce storm, is no longer in danger would not be true. The Ship of State is the target for many a deadly missile hurled from the open field, as well as the more dangerous attack from the enemy in ambuscade.

Veterans, you are no longer "tenting on the old camp ground," waiting for the cruel war to cease, but veterans and citizens alike are tenting on the camp ground of the grandest and freest nation on earth. We are in the midst of a warfare for the right and are being confronted with problems as far-reaching in their results as any that have

crowded themselves upon us in all our history. How shall we meet these problems? We will meet them with the same courage and sublime heroism as the New Hampshire fighting Fifth and the Old Vermont Brigade met the assailers of the Union on Southern soil. Let us stand up for the right; teach and live a truer citizenship; teach and live a better manhood and womanhood. Let us teach and live a better observance of our national holidays. Let us teach the youth that Memorial Day was not appointed for the convenience of young America to enjoy athletic games. Let us teach the boys that their first duty is to these gray-haired veterans who have by their heroic deeds handed down to us this united country. Let us teach our boys and girls that good citizenship is the keystone to the arch on which our national fabric rests. Let us teach them by our example the great value of pure character, the strongest bulwark of which any nation can boast.

Why not enact laws that shall unfurl to the breeze the stars and stripes over every schoolhouse in our land, for the flag itself is the grandest object lesson in patriotism that a great nation can bequeath to a great people.

Men strong in body, and women, too, sometimes, lack moral courage to help the weak and fallen, and leave undone that which ought to be done. Men have the courage to go on the battlefield and face the deadly bullets that are falling like hail, but they lack the courage to bare the arm and reach down into the slums to lift up a weak and perishing brother. This day commemorates the deeds of valor, heroism and self-sacrifice. Let us then go out from these memorial exercises with a new impulse for the right; with a moral courage strong enough, wide enough, and deep enough to embrace the Fatherhood of

God and the Brotherhood of man. As we go marching on let us unfurl our banner and upon its folds let these words be written, "For whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

When the last one of that noble Grand Army shall have been mustered out may a grateful nation perpetuate its memory by planting above each grave on Memorial Day the dear old flag.

FROM THE ADDRESS BEFORE THE COL. RANSOM POST
AT WEST TOPSHAM.

Vermont soil was never the permanent abiding place of any of the great tribes of red men, yet our broad meadows and wooded hills were favorite hunting grounds and resting places. Our unbroken forests, our lakes and rivers, were highways for the untutored savages in their pilgrimages to and from their bloodthirsty invasions. To the red men our soil was common property.

And, my friends, Vermont soil was far too common among the provincial governors of George III. Wentworth of New Hampshire and Tryon of New York coveted our little territory, and after having granted nearly 200 townships under the New Hampshire grants, our territory was conceded to New York and Gov. Tryon and his greedy deputies sought to enrich themselves by re-selling and re-granting these townships which had once been sold and granted. They sought, first by persuasive argument, then by force, to eject Vermonters from their grants, their lands, and their homes.

What an interesting chapter in Vermont history from 1765 to 1775! How the rank and file of Green Mountain Boys displayed sturdy manhood! How their leaders,

Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Remember Baker, stepped to the front, and, never realizing it themselves, wrote their names as heroes high up on history's page! In the courageous acts of their briefly written documents, demanding surrender and answering the demands of surrender; in their wonderful enthusing will power to surmount all obstacles, the hero of the Civil War, Gen. Grant, and Ethan Allen, Vermont's great hero, were not unlike.

Refused again and again admission to the thirteen original states, the Green Mountain Boys never turned their backs on the cause of Freedom, but fought shoulder to shoulder with the united colonies and were an important factor in securing their ultimate independence.

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Where was Vermont when the old flag was fired upon with stolen powder at Fort Sumter? Members of Col. Ransom Post, you can answer that question. And I can answer it from history's blood-bespattered page. You know that these hills and valleys have responded to every call in the defense of her homes and her country. You know that in every war where human liberty was at stake she has risen to the emergency with a spontaneity which has been the admiration of the civilized world. You know that from her sparsely-settled neighborhoods she gave 7,731 men to the cause of our independence, and nearly 9,000 more to the war of 1812. Before the ruins of Fort Sumter had ceased smoking, one of Vermont's great heroes, Gen. George J. Stannard, was communicating with the captains of the companies of his Floodwood regiment, immediately by telegraph offering himself and his regiment to Gov. Fairbanks to protect the dear old flag.

On April 15 President Lincoln issued his first call for 75,000 volunteers. On the 23d of the same month Gov. Fairbanks convened the Vermont Legislature in extra session. No man ever rose to an occasion fraught with terrible forebodings with more ability and patriotism than Vermont's first war Governor. His address to the Legislature was a comprehensive and patriotic resume of the times. Vermont's patriotism was instantaneous, and as if inspired by an electric shock the brain and brawn and strongly-throbbing heart of our beloved state was advancing to Lincoln's call. That extra session lasted but four days, but it lasted long enough to give the Green Mountain state a place in the forefront of that great conflict. In that body of legislators was Vermont's grand old war horse, Gen. Stephen Thomas. He was a man who had no fear of bullets; a man from Orange county whom you delight to honor as comrade and Commander; a man of whom Vermont is ever proud. When the measure was before that extra session to appropriate \$500,000 for war purposes, he shouted, "Make it a million," and that sum was unanimously voted.

During that conflict Vermont furnished 18 regiments, three battalions and three detached companies, 34,238 men in all at a cost to the state of \$9,000,000. And 13,724 of these brave boys paid tribute to the righteous cause by giving up their lives on battlefield, in hospital and in prison pen. Is it too much that we devote one day in the year to their memory and to the Grand Army of the Republic?

* * * * *

The lesson of the day is that we must be up and doing. This world is full of sunshine and let us be careful that.

clouds do not cast their sorrowing shadows in our pathway. It is human to err, but divine to forgive. Let us scorn isms, dogmas and creeds, going out into the world as manly men, saying and doing kind and helpful things, bearing aloft the banner on which is inscribed the Golden Rule. And as we turn our backs, but not our hearts, upon the scenes of Memorial day, may we strive, soldier and civilian alike, to be ever true to ourselves, our country and our God.

LAST MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS.

His last Memorial address was first given at Island Pond in 1905 and repeated at Rutland the following year. Copious extracts from this here follow:

Memorial Day came up from small beginnings, having its conception in the good and loving hearts of noble women in the Southland, residing near battlefields where large numbers of the Blue and Gray were buried in unknown graves. This custom of decorating the soldiers' graves existed as early as 1864 and when the war closed this beautiful custom was well established. Early in the spring of 1868 Gen. John A. Logan, then Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued a General Order to all posts directing that on May 30 the graves of the fallen comrades should be decorated. Seized by a spirit of patriotism all the Northern states by legislative enactment established May 30 as a holiday. Similar legislation followed in the Southern states for the boys in gray. In Louisiana it is April 6; in Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi, April 26; in Virginia and North Carolina, May 10.

So from these small beginnings has come this grand

Memorial day custom of a visitation to the last resting place of the dead soldiery of all the wars. Today a hundred great national cemeteries, with their thousand upon thousand of graves known and unknown, receive the kindly ministrations of a patriotic people. From these vast cities of the dead the custom has spread through the great North and West until it has found the grave of every soldier, though hidden by grass, bush and brier and without marble or inscription. You, veterans, have located the almost obliterated mound above the mortal remains of your departed comrade, saluted it with the old flag, and decked it with flower or fern in kindly remembrance of those other days now swiftly receding into the past.

Vermont in its legislation relating to Memorial Day is many strides in advance of its sister states. It has provided for a Pre-Memorial day in its schools in which at least one half-day shall be devoted to the study of patriotism. But have we done our full duty in standing firmly for Memorial Day. I sometimes think that Young America has seized his parent by the forelock and is snatching him through the opening of a new century at a rate of speed altogether out of proportion to the speed attained by the fathers as Young Americas in the last half of the last century. Let us show the boys and girls of today every helpful consideration in their onward march consistent with good judgment, for they are the men and women of tomorrow upon whom we must lean, and upon whom the burdens and cares now committed to us must eventually rest. We shall, however, be remiss in our duty if we do not teach a better observance of Memorial Day. We should insist that this day was not set apart for Young America to indulge in sports and games. Young America

should be taught that their first duty is to the Grand Army of the Republic—veterans first, games second. The school children should perform escort duty to these veterans. It is only right and just that this rapidly diminishing Grand Army of the Republic should be flanked on the right and flanked on the left, and reinforced from every quarter by the school children of today. This, I firmly believe, is the only safe and sure way to perpetuate this glorious day. I would have the flag fly from every schoolhouse and public building in this beloved state of ours, for the flag itself is the grandest living object lesson in patriotism. I would have that soul-stirring national hymn taught in our schools until every boy and girl became as familiar with it as they now are with “Our Father, which art in Heaven.”

“My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty”—

is a most fitting companion piece to the Lord's Prayer whenever it is necessary to pray and sing.

Some men with more love of self than of their country would disparage this day. If I should disparage this day then I should discredit the 6,149 Grand Army posts in the United States with their membership of 246,261. Then I should discredit the 100 Grand Army posts with their 3,000 members in our own commonwealth.

Then too, veterans, when I discredit you and the small fragment which you stand for as an organization, I should discredit that vast army of nearly 3,000,000 men who sprang to our country's defense in the darkest hour of her history. No, my friends, I would have Memorial Day go on and on. I would have it better supported, and better observed forever and ever. Veterans, this day is

yours—absolutely yours. It is yours to do homage to the departed commander and comrade; yours to meet and greet each other; yours to recount the days of service, the periods of your rejoicings and the seasons of your sufferings. This day is yours, morning and evening.

You do not have to read history to become familiar with the momentous events and stirring scenes of those early days, for you are part and parcel of that history. You know how spontaneously our Green Mountain State has risen to the call for arms for her own defense in the early years of its settlement and statehood, when it had nowhere a sister state, colony or republic to which it could turn for help or protection.

I am not at all in sympathy with that unpatriotic sentiment which says that in times like these, in events like the one we are now commemorating, we should turn our backs on the long ago; that our eyes should be shut, our ears stopped, and our memories paralyzed to the heroic deeds of the past. To set apart one day in 365, devoted exclusively to patriotic purposes, is indeed a small contribution to that great debt which we owe to our boys in blue, and which by every tie and compact of reason and justice we are unconditionally bound to pay. In every department of human knowledge—in art, in science, in commerce, in the religion of Him of Nazareth,—the dim and almost unreadable pages of history as well as its brighter scrolls are brought down to the today of our existence and made the enduring foundation upon which to build the great superstructure of tomorrow. Hence so long as Memorial Day exists let us on its annual recurrence traverse the ground from Atlanta to the sea. Let us

"Rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again;
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,"

and in the archives of memory on the thirtieth of every May you shall go "Tenting on the old camp ground," and you shall hear, although only in memory's dim echoes, the tramp of the boys marching and shouting, "On to Washington," and "We are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 strong."

Why not speak of that period in our history when Preston C. Brooks, a Senator from South Carolina, in a speech on the floor of the Senate said, "I tell you, fellow citizens, from the bottom of my heart, the only mode which I think available for meeting this issue is just to tear the constitution of the United States, trample it under foot, and form a Southern Confederacy."

That, friends, is a part of the record you have so well earned, when for some years dark clouds had been gathering on our national horizon; when the North and the South could not place the same interpretation on our constitution. The storm approached, the unskilled eye could see that a fearful deluge of blood was close at hand, that peaceable debate in Congress could not settle the question as to whether or not the Union should dissolve. In the Presidential chair sat James Buchanan surrounded by men as traitorous to the Union as himself. On December 20, 1860, South Carolina, in convention assembled, passed a resolution closing with these words, "And that the Union now existing between South Carolina and the United States, under the name The United States of America is hereby dissolved."

The very next month Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and North Carolina followed South Carolina's lead by adopting similar resolutions, and in February elected delegates to the Southern Confederacy that inaugurated Jefferson Davis as its president. On November 6, 1860, Abraham Lincoln, the chieftain of American history, and its truest citizen, was elected president. During the period intervening between Mr. Lincoln's election and his inauguration, brief though it was, these states had withdrawn from the Union and the meanest acts of treachery and disloyalty ever written in history had transpired. Southerners resigned their seats at the national capital under the Stars and Stripes, and scampered away to Montgomery to assume similar positions under the stars and bars. Southern forts were occupied by the traitors, military stores of every kind were seized by the deserters, the national treasury was robbed and our navy was despatched to foreign waters. At early dawn on April 12, 1861, old Fort Sumter was fired upon, and for 36 hours it was besieged by red hot shot and shell. The cloud had burst, the deluge had fallen.

Where was old Vermont when the flag was fired on with stolen powder? Members of this post, you can well answer that question, for you were part and parcel of the history of that period.

* * * * *

But in all their plottings and plannings, in all their acts of treachery and attempts to wreck the constitution of the United States, to tear in shreds its holy emblem and trample it under their feet, whether their motives were honest or not, the solid South had failed to take the meas-

ure of the solid North. Little did they realize that the North could be so solid. Little did the solid South realize that the North could lay aside every civil and ecclesiastical difference and become so solidly united in the defense of Old Glory.

Veterans, those scenes, those impulses, those emotions, as you live them over and over again, mellowed by almost a half century of years, are robbed of their sting. Veterans, you fought for the Union. By your courageous acts it was preserved and has come down to us with increased strength and grandeur, until our national emblem contains 45 bright stars, all her own, and others just now seeking a place within her folds.

Softened by the departed years we have forgiven the boys in gray; they, too, fought those battles well. Time, the great healer, has closed the gulf. The blue and the gray no longer stand for contending forces, but rather for the two arms of a common country, strong in her defence.

It is well to keep in mind that in the events just narrated the cause was wholly within our borders. With the march of years our strength has increased, so that just now our grand old ship of state is proudly riding on the crest of the wave. We may not need to scan the surface of the boundless deep to see if, perchance, the fleet of a foreign foe is emerging out of the misty horizon. If our ship of state is ever again bombarded, and made to reel and groan and stagger and creak as in the sixties, like then it will be from foes within.

Patriotism, genuine patriotic thought and word and action is as essential just now as in the sixties. We should be fearless and patriotic in our examination of the ship of state. We should see that its captain, its pilot, its stew-

ard, its purser, together with its mates and crew, are honest, safe, conservative men. We should see to it that its great throbbing machinery is guided by the hand of an engineer skilled in statecraft. We should look to the welding of the links of its anchor chain. We should see that its sails are set to catch the trade winds of the civilized world and its compass boxed towards the rising sun. This we can do by being absolutely true and honest to the details of every day existence as they confront us in the onward march of time.

Standing on the threshold of a new century, with the gathered wisdom of the ages spread before us, life indeed ought not to be a failure. But to the most of us life will be a failure if we acknowledge inability to scale heights and climb where fame's eternal shadows fall o'er the world. But to start and strive and struggle to gain the heights, though we reach them not, is not failure. We may fail to reach the goal of our ambition, but every honest effort in that direction, every obstacle overcome, every vice suppressed, is an incident of success. If by great physical force and indomitable will power we succeed in gaining the heights, but have left in our wake broken hearts, ruined hopes, pushing aside the weak and trampling upon the promising buds and tender blossoms—then our life is a failure even though our names are written high on fame's emblazoned scroll.

There is nothing mutually helpful in post mortem kindness, for the eyes closed in their long sleep cannot see the beauty, nor the senses paralyzed in death inhale the fragrance of our offerings. Nor does the ear ever hear the honeyed words of our funeral eulogies. I would rather you would pluck and hand me while living the humble daisy

by the roadside, the honeysuckle from the tangle, the fern from the deep shade, than to know that I should be laid to rest pillow'd in the choicest, rarest and sweetest flowers of a hemisphere; not because of the beauty of the offering, but that rather while living I might see and feel and appreciate the motive which prompted your gift. I would not deny you the pomp of a great funeral parade, with its attendant wealth of music, flowers, anthems and eulogies. Nevertheless, I wish to remind you of the solemn fact that perhaps just now some forsaken brother, some outcast sister, may be sinking for the last time, when perhaps a grasp of a friendly hand, a smile or a word of cheer would save them. Oh, why keep the chambers of our souls locked; why persist longer in carrying that grudge against our neighbor; why stay in the ruts leading to the downward path? Why not pull aside the curtains of the soul, lift the windows, open the doors and let in God's cheering and healing sunlight? Why not let in the music of the sea, the earth, and the sky? Then, and only then, shall those dark and narrow corridors of the inner life, so long shaded by hatred, ignorance, superstition, and ill-conceived notions of right, become broad, sunlit, flower-decked avenues leading upward toward the higher life.

Sons of Veterans, upon you devolves the duty of perpetuity. You will be the chief auxiliary while the fathers remain. Upon you the Grand Army of the Republic will lean more and more heavily as they wind their way down the western slopes with ever thinning ranks. You alone as an organization will be left to perpetuate the life, the memory, the last resting place of your noble sires.

Veterans of the Spanish war, you were a part of the greatest and grandest events yet written into our nation's

history. They were not great merely because of the sinking of the Maine, nor the remarkable feats of Vermont's gallant seamen, Dewey and Clark, nor the bottling up of Cervera's fleet at Santiago, nor the impetuous charges of the Rough Riders. But all these events, great in themselves, were only mere incidents in America's humane work of lifting a depressed brotherhood out of the very slough of despond, of breaking the shackles of many centuries, and welding all, as history has well recorded, for humanity's sake. And the crowning glory of the war which you represent was the final and complete healing of the wounds of the sixties, the bringing together side by side of the Blue and the Gray—once fighting face to face, now standing shoulder to shoulder. In that campaign you saw a re-united country. You saw days of gloom and unrest while awaiting orders at Chickamauga. You experienced the inertia of a miserable camp life when marching orders would have been hailed with joy. I saw your regiment when you came back to the State camp ground, near Fort Ethan Allen. I saw sunken and pallid cheeks; I saw hollow and lusterless eyes; I saw weak and emaciated bodies. I looked into faces I had known from infancy without recognizing them. Then, a little later, I saw these frail and fever stricken bodies laid low in their homes. For some life was hovering on the verge and for others the end soon came. I said to myself that even without grape and canister, without the din and roar of battle, war can indeed be hell.

Members of the Vermont National Guard, like the Minute Men of '76 you are always ready for service. Your ranks were the nucleus of our civil war enlistments in Gen. Stannard's Floodwood regiment. So in the war with

Spain the Vermont National Guard was not only the foundation, but a large part of the state's military superstructure in that sudden call to arms. May your numbers never diminish nor your shadows lessen.

Fraternal orders, one and all, I greet you. I know that I cannot speak amiss when I say in behalf of these veterans a word of welcome and hearty thanks. You do well in lending aid to these old soldiers in the public observance of this day. Your orders stand for that kind of helpfulness that searches out those in distress, and reaches the under strata of a broad and deep brotherhood. There is balm and healing and comfort in your friendly ministrations.

Members of the Woman's Relief Corps, you have walked hand in hand with these veterans. With them you have stood shoulder to shoulder, and side by side you have fought the battles of life. With them you are even now braving the storms, or perchance peacefully gliding down the decline towards the setting sun. As sharers of their burdens I am sure you will be faithful to the end. You remember the partings and the meetings. You remember those messages in the early days. First you saw the storm clouds and then you saw the sunshine. You will continue to march side by side with the Grand Army of the Republic until there shall be a meeting without a parting.

Gentlemen of the Grand Army of the Republic, you belong to an organization which a hundred million free American citizens will remember with gratitude until the last one of you has answered the final roll call of the great Adjutant of the armies of all the earth.

Citizens, we have a happy and reasonable duty to perform, and that is that just as long as true Americanism

upholds the old flag we shall point with jealous pride to its stars and stripes and say that the Grand Army of the Republic made it possible. Then the greatest nation of them all shall rally round its blood-stained emblem, its banner of freedom, the token of a united country, and raise that glad refrain:

"Stand by the flag, all doubt and danger scorning,
Believe with courage firm and faith sublime
That it will float until the eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of time."

FROM THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE ORANGE
COUNTY VETERANS ASSOCIATION.

To speak in loyal terms of the land of one's nativity is patriotic, but I am particularly glad to speak to-day of a town noted for its war record. Eleven men lie in yonder burying ground who served in the old French war. The names of 110 men have been preserved who lived in Newbury during the Revolutionary war and served in the Continental armies. Eighty of these men lie sleeping under Newbury's greensward. Forty men from this town answered to the roll call in the war of 1812 and 25 of them are now mingled with our dust. We have one veteran of the war with Mexico. To the war which you represent Newbury gave 236 men. Forty of them are buried here and there are 53 veterans now surviving. Orange county furnished 2492 soldiers for the Civil War—fathers, sons and brothers. While countless numbers of your comrades fell dead by your sides, their identity forever swallowed up in the loathsome trenches of the battlefields, and in those

vast cities of the dead where row upon row and tier upon tier of white slabs bear the solitary inscription, "Unknown," —you emerged from the smoke of battle, the clash of arms, the heat and cold of exposure, having weathered the storms, enjoying the sunshines of thirty years with the well-earned title of veteran. And it is for this reason that this people extend to you today the right hand of fellowship. * * *

And now, soldiers and citizens, let us erect a monument to those of whom it can well be said:

"The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army might now thunder past,
And they not heed its roar.

"The starry flag 'neath which they fought,
In many a bloody day;
From their graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away."

One of the few after-dinner speeches of Mr. Bailey's that has been preserved is fortunately the best one he ever made. By invitation of Judge Fish he was one of the attendants at the Vergennes celebration during the tercentenary functions of the celebration of the discovery of Lake Champlain in the summer of 1909. The banquet in the Vergennes City Hall on the evening of Monday, July 5, was the closing feature of a most successful occasion, Mr. Bailey being one of the speakers. Commissioner Bailey responded to the toast, "The Two Commissions" and in presenting the speaker Toastmaster Fish said, "We have saved the best until the last. The Toast 'The Two Commissions' will be responded to by my dear friend and fellow commissioner, Hon. Horace W. Bailey." The speaker said:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am aware that it is unconventional to appear at a function of this kind with a manuscript roll of poem-oration and dignified speech. But when one's physical machinery is at discord, so that the tongue refuses to speak the things that the mind had thought out, and insists on rambling in fields never explored; and when that great educator, the press, and that lightning transmitter of events called gossip, sometimes hand out the very precise things you say, the fair conclusion is that it is safer and more comfortable to write down your thoughts on a bulletin board, in the seclusion of your closet, and bring the board along with you. This is especially true of all extemporaneous effort.

Mr. Toastmaster, do you not recall an experience in your own political career when called upon to preside at a notable gathering; how you accepted with profound modesty, and immediately, without forethought or a moment's preparation, launched into a speech on which you had spent weeks of careful, painstaking labor; which you had written out with elaboration, and committed to your treacherous memory; and, Mr. Toastmaster, do you not remember how you sailed into that speech, and that while in the very midst of its most excellent and eloquent delivery, the foundation of the world suddenly sank away from you and left you floating and flapping in nebulous mid air, until a friendly trade wind came along and caught your widely unfurled sail. Since then, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have had a mortal dread of carefully prepared extemporaneous speeches, which have been committed to memory, if the bulletin board is left at home.

Had I been asked to speak for the United States, or even one of them—our own beloved Vermont, for instance

—the subject would have been so wide and diversified, and subject to such lightning changes, I would have left my bulletin board at home, and waded in pell mell, hit or miss. I would be right more than half the time.

If one should meet with a head-on collision in saying a few words for the church, no matter, for the principal article in their bill of rights is forgiveness; the greater the offense, the quicker and more effectually the remedy is applied.

If one should be called upon to parade the heroes of another age, he could leave his bulletin board at home, and with safety eulogize or criticize *ad infinitum*, for they are dead.

If a knight of the press should be called up to respond for his craft, and by a fatal lapse of memory, fall from dizzy heights to eternal smash, his brethren would have him forgiven before he had touched bottom, and such resplendent obsequies would be promulgated that could the poor wrecked brother know, and realize the true conditions, he would wish he had always been dead.

But when one commissioner is asked to respond for two commissions made up of seventeen men, all alive and kicking, all competent to speak for themselves, you can easily comprehend the gravity of the situation, and the importance of bringing along the bulletin board.

The first commission had a real live governor at its head; so did the second; both popular, fairly energetic; both determined that the commissioners should work nights as well as days, and both terribly insistent that the interims should be devoted to the harvesting of a job lot of vouchers for sundry incidental expenses. When I state that these two commissions, in addition to having two real Governors,

have a membership composed of candidates for that office, the schedule of age being applied to the rule of priority, you will, dear friends, appreciate my embarrassment.

When you are advised that the two commissions are made up of a Doctor of Divinity, a Doctor of Laws, the manager of a great railway system, a historian, a college professor, a college president—a real live one, too—a promoter of historic celebrations, several newspaper men, a lawyer and ex-government official, an ex-mayor of Vermont's Queen City, several business men, men who have held office, men who do hold office, and men who want to hold office, a high salaried postmaster, and one poor lone suffering laboring man, all dissimilar, all guilty of having some pronounced ideas, which they have sometimes expressed in unadorned English; you will, I am sure, offer prayers for the disconsolate mortal selected to represent them.

This great Champlain celebration had its inception in the Legislature of 1906 in the form of a joint resolution presented, and championed, by your esteemed townsman, Robert W. McCuen, a member of the first commission. It is therefore exceedingly fitting that Vergennes should hold an opening celebration, and set the ponderous machinery of a week of great events in motion.

From the time of the appointment of our first commission in the fall of 1906 the history of our doings is an open book, known and read and criticised of all men. We have gone about our duty in a semi-conscientious way, spending the State's money in as lavish a manner as circumstances and the procurement of vouchers would permit. We have traveled over much of the country between Hudson Bay and the Potomac river, and as far west as the Great Lakes, the points of the triangle being located at

Ottawa, Washington and Buffalo. We have held conferences with, and been dined and wined (on tea), by Presidents, Senators, Members of Congress, Members of the Cabinet, Governors, Prime Ministers, Foreign Ambassadors, Uncle Joe Cannon, and Nelson W. Fisk.

New York has had two commissions. Of the first Gov. Hughes was chairman. The New York commission was made up of her foremost citizens, lawyers, financiers, and business men, the best product of a great state. The larger items of the Champlain celebration were arranged for, and worked out, by the New York and Vermont commissions operating in unison; hence many meetings and conferences have been held jointly.

We now stand on the very threshold of a week's celebration of historic and patriotic events; the result of New York and Vermont brains and money, which will go down in history unparalleled in our annals.

We have found these New York commissioners courteous gentlemen, excellent entertainers, and, as you may surmise, trotting in a class in which Vermonters rarely enter.

We have done our duty as we have understood it. We have always agreed, except when we disagreed. We have had some narrow escapes.

I am confident that if the two Vermont commissions could have been convened to take action on this Vergennes event, they would have instructed their delegate to convey to you their high appreciation of the independent, business-like way that you have gone about this celebration, without demand on our scanty appropriation, and the successful and satisfactory execution of your program.

The two commissions suggest this sentiment: Here

is to the boys of Vermont who are as firm, as strong and rugged as her everlasting hills and mountain peaks; as clean and wholesome as her sparkling mountain streams, and far less verdant than her magnificent deep-hued mountain foliage—they are the men of tomorrow.

And here is to the girls of Vermont, and we have seen a splendid specimen of them to-day—a little finer grained and more aesthetic than her boys; sweeter than her honeysuckles baptized in the evening dews; more fragrant and far more beautiful than her morning glories kissed by the first rays of God's mellow sunlight o'er the eastern hills—they are the women of tomorrow.

May both become as intellectual as the scholars who have adorned the fair page of our history; as pure in heart and as honest in motive as the long line of sturdy ancestors who carved homes out of this wilderness park, fresh from the hands of the Creator; as able and willing to work, and work, and work, as were the fathers and mothers; never content until they shall have accomplished more, and done it better, than they who have gone before.

May they, and we, remember and emulate all that was good and pure and progressive in the character and exploits of that great Frenchman, Samuel Champlain, who, three hundred years ago, was the first Caucasian man of record to see and to sail the waters of our charming inland sea, and to give to it his own historic name; who surrounded by a primeval race looked out upon the primeval forests of our beloved State; and whose achievements have this day been commemorated together with a proper and fitting observance of the heroic exploits of men who made victory possible in the war of 1812, in which great drama many a scene was enacted within bugle call of this banquet place.

You of Addison county, and especially you of Vergennes, have this day gone on record with a matchless celebration in perpetuation of many of the great events of our early history.

Ladies and gentlemen, the two commissions are proud of you. Vermont will be proud of you. An event like this, woven from the warp and woof of Addison county men and women, inspired by your purse and by your patriotism, could not fail.

REDFIELD PROCTOR, THE MAN.

At the Proctor memorial service held in the Congregational church in Rutland Mr. Bailey summed up the personal qualities of the deceased Senator in the following remarkable address on "Redfield Proctor, the Man:"

If what Dryden says is true, "That the best evidence of character is a man's whole life," we may suggest that a public career is only auxiliary to the real man.

Great and true and noble as was the public life of our departed friend, there was something over it all, above it and beyond it that endeared him to us as a fellow citizen, and that was Redfield Proctor, the man.

An exceptionally splendid public career, from his young manhood days and along up through his many useful years, has now been left behind as a monument to mark his unsullied reputation as a chosen representative and leader of the people; but shorn of all the renown following in the wake of high position we have left for our happy contemplation, Redfield Proctor, the man.

Wealth, high social position and a calling to the council chamber of the greatest nation on earth does not necessarily generate the elements in human nature that make one

person love another and gravitate in that direction, but rather there is that indefinable, unspeakable something which reaches out into our inner life and draws us nearer with resistless force; an abundance of these nameless unplaceable qualities, unseen forces, made Redfield Proctor, the man. Born in the midst of these green hills, he loved them so well and communed with them so faithfully and worshiped in nature's great temple so devotedly, that there grew into his very life a Puritanic stalwartness of character, broadness of vision, an enlarged, benevolent, and kindly disposition, that made him your friend and mine, on short acquaintance—and that was Redfield Proctor, the man.

Boy nor girl, rich nor poor, nor race, nor rank, nor creed, were estopped from his presence, nor left it except to feel that a new-found friend had entered to abide. I do not stand upon this platform to laud to the skies our departed friend as faultless, without mistake or void of error. But I do stand here tonight to say that when I entered his committee-room or apartments at the nation's capitol or his favorite lodge on yonder mountain peak, or his plain, substantial New England home in our sister village, even tho that visit was the first one and of short duration, there crept insiduously, and almost unconsciously, into my very soul a feeling that I was at home and communing with a friend, yea, an elder brother, a father, and many of you, my friends, have had a like experience—and that was Redfield Proctor, the man.

A typical Vermonter, a real Yankee with that somewhat rare temperament in great public men which kept him from soaring above the common people from which he originated, and in the midst of great cares and burdens

beneath which the ordinary man would have fallen, he was kind, jovial and patient. Unlike many of Vermont's great men, he was not a so-called specialist, but rather a broad-gauged, even-poised, modest yet self-reliant and courageous all-around man, who was a real specialist, successful in any department without seeming to know it. That was Redfield Proctor, the man.

He, whose life we here and now commemorate and whose death we deeply mourn, had climbed the heights until he could see a horizon bounded by a circle much larger than has greeted the vision of many men; climbed high enough so that from the perennial fountain of life he had drunk into every fiber of his great noble being the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and in turn had diffused and shed abroad from his generous soul, that storehouse of remarkable capacity, deeds of human kindness and helpfulness with such a lavish hand that we shall never forget Redfield Proctor, the man.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. BAILEY AS A JOURNALIST.

From his youth until the last year of his life Mr. Bailey was a continuous contributor to the newspapers of Vermont. For about a dozen years he contributed weekly from one to two columns from Newbury to the Bradford Opinion, and in the later years of his life he conducted a similar column in the Groton Times. Not satisfied with this regular work he would write articles whenever the spirit moved to other papers in the State and it is from such articles that much of the material of this book was obtained. In his Newbury column in the local papers was often original editorial matter, several specimens of which appear in the pages that follow. Particularly in the latter part of his life he employed his spare time in enriching our literature with historical contributions or writing for some paper his observations upon the topics of the day. There are at least a dozen papers in the State whose columns have been enriched by his writings and occasionally he contributed to some of them an editorial of exceptional pertinence and value.

A TRIP THROUGH CRAWFORD NOTCH.

Mr. Bailey's earliest contribution to the press appeared in a letter to the Bradford Opinion when he was a clerk at the Fabyan House in the White Mountains. It was written in September, 1877, and was a most graphic description of a trip through the White Mountain Notch:

A trip through the Crawford Notch during the present month is better seen than described. To see Nature

superlative in its beauty and grandeur can only be realized by sight; imagination can never be wrought up to that degree fully to comprehend its magnificence. A ride in an observation car on the P. & O. railroad through the Notch is always first on the program of every pleasure seeker. The beautiful tints of foliage, heightened by the glow of the setting sun, the deep shadows of the mountains reaching far into the valleys below, the swift morning cloud shadows climbing from valley to hill and from hill to mountain, all viewed while passing through the air, seemingly with no visible means of support, create an awe-inspiring feeling which the pen wielded by no mortal power can describe. He who passes off the stage without beholding this scene with the natural eye loses the grandest chapter in God's own textbook.

THE VOCATION OF A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

(From the Opinion July 26, 1895.)

There probably never was and never will be a branch of business fraught with so many grand possibilities as the vocation of a newspaper correspondent. A local itemizer, so to speak, at once puts himself in touch with the community which he represents. He is supposed to be largely acquainted with everybody's business. He is even expected to enter the sacred domain of the home and shake out to public gaze and criticism matters of domestic interest. He must also have an attentive ear for all persons who wish to give their neighbors a dig, and get all the glory and credit, while the person giving the dig smiles in serene innocence. He must also praise and curse. It is his especial forte to attend funerals, hear about weddings

and give notice of all special meetings. He must have an eye out for new barns, babies and general improvements. Visitors coming and going must register at his office. He must attain the faculty of praising all local improvements, encouraging local talent and diffusing oil everywhere. He must get into a large variety of circumstances which tend to make life joyous and worth living. He must get into little newspaper squabbles with other correspondents, which also sweetens life. Then, too, he acquires the habit of regularity, which is beneficial. His whole course is a gauntlet of roses and Aeolian harps. Such has been a part of the Newbury correspondent's experience. Fifteen or twenty years of observation as a local itemizer has taught him that there are others in a community (and sometimes in an adjoining town) who would also taste the joys of an itemizer. This is as it should be. Invitations have often been extended to neighbors, friends and mourners to do itemizing for the Newbury column, and it has been done to the joy and credit of the regular correspondent, for which we are truly grateful. There have also appeared occasionally items of a personal nature within the sacred precincts of the Newbury column, which have drawn down upon the head of the regular correspondent rich blessing, etc., etc. Believing that unselfishness is an ingredient which should largely enter into the composition of every regular correspondent, we have concluded to cease reaping the glories which belong to others. Therefore, if the Editor is willing, from this time forward if the regular Newbury correspondent writes items for the Newbury column they will appear first in the column. A dark line thus

will appear, and below it will be found the items written by other itemizers. Then reportorial honors will fall where they belong.

ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

During the time of a great revival in Newbury Mr. Bailey contributed the following to the Newbury column of the Bradford Opinion, giving an insight into the deep religious nature of the man:

We do not believe, as has been suggested, that these persons who have determined to lead a different and better life need fortify themselves against the sneers and scoffs of their schoolmates, associates and friends, not any! Positively no. You who have so recently taken this step, if by your acts from this time on you demonstrate that you mean what you have said in taking upon yourselves those grandly solemn obligations, you need look to the world at large for nothing more than their admiration, and their God-speed-you. It may be unmethodistic to deny and unorthodox to assert a disbelief in the total depravity of the human heart, but so far as one mortal is concerned the denial and assertion are hereby made. The community at large rejoice with pastor, church and converts.

In reporting a series of missionary meetings in Newbury Mr. Bailey endorses foreign missions in no uncertain words in his weekly letter to the Bradford Opinion as follows:

These men are holding meetings during the months of February and March in several of the churches of the state, with the design of awakening a new interest in missionary work, and cannot fail in accomplishing their design. It is inconceivable that any Christian person, or any person

of ordinary intelligence, can allow such occasions to pass without giving them due attention, or without profound interest in them when they do. The time has come when one must keep abreast of the missionary aspiration of the age, in order to be in sympathy with the enterprises of civilization and humanity.

A literary entertainment having been held in the Congregational church in Newbury, Mr. Bailey endorses the use of the meeting house in his weekly letter in no uncertain terms:

To what better use, next to preaching, could the doors of any meeting house be opened? May the precedent now established never fail; let this sort of hospitality alternate between the meeting house and the schoolhouse.

* * * * *

I have had more or less comfort in the last quarter of a century writing local items for newspapers. Sandwiched in with the comforts have been some discomforts; one of the principal ones of the latter class is fathering some other person's items. People who read the Times have a right to suppose that I am the author of the Newbury column. So I am, and in self-defense I shall hereafter attach my initials thus, "H. W. B." and my items will appear first in the column. If friend or foe wishes to try a hand at itemizing, they are more than welcome to the Newbury column so far as I am concerned, but not as a child of my adoption.

Groton Times, November 16, 1900.

That Mr. Bailey's long interest in the Methodist church did not pass unnoticed is evidenced from this Newbury item which appeared in his column in the Groton

Times in a report of the Christmas tree festivities of the holiday season of 1900:

The most agreeable and complete surprise of the evening was the presentation of the name quilt, recently on exhibition at the Willing Workers' Fair in Grange hall, to Horace W. Bailey as a token of appreciation for his kindness to the church. Mr. Bailey does not believe that kindness or helpfulness to a church ought to be rewarded. He believes that there is a moral obligation which goes along with good citizenship, the execution of which is a pleasure. Nevertheless he accepts this unlooked for and undeserved token from the donors with sincere thanks, appreciating the spirit which prompted the gift. It will be a much valued souvenir of a happy and long-to-be-remembered event.

CAMP MEETING—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

In the notice for the annual camp meeting of the St. Johnsbury District in the summer of 1905 the Presiding Elder announced that a new feature would be the opportunity for recreation, several hours through the week being reserved for croquet, tennis, base ball and golf. This innovation elicited the following comment from the Newbury correspondent of the Groton Times:

Shades of Elder Haynes, H. A. Spencer and P. N. Granger!

Take along your euchre deck, poker chips and fishing tackle, and be ready for any kind of a dispensation. Methodist camp meetings and the games of a strenuous age seem to be about neck and neck, and if the next 25 years note changes equal to the last quarter century a Methodist camp meeting will be only an incident, an auxiliary, a sort

of side issue to a great tournament of national sports. Then umpires with a grand homologous diploma will be in demand to sort the one from the other. This, indeed, is an age of evolution. Newbury against Groton at foot ball; Lunenburg vs. Hardwick at golf; St. Johnsbury sitting down with Sheffield on a rainy day at authors, crokinole and seven-up, with whist, euchre and dominoes for alternates. East Haven putting on the boxing gloves with West Burke. Oh! what will the harvest be?

MEMORIAL DAY.

The annual arrival of Memorial Day always stirred the patriotic blood in Mr. Bailey and he often wrote short editorials on these occasions. Here are two of the best which appeared in the Groton Times:

Memorial Day is again with us, and the beautiful patriotic custom of honoring the Nation's dead will be sacredly observed in every hamlet of the Republic. The proper observance of Memorial Day becomes more and more a sacred duty of the children of this nation. Each year as the ranks of the veterans grow thinner and their steps more feeble, the more it becomes the cherished duty of the children to honor those who gave the best of noble manhood that they of today might enjoy this great and freedom-loving country. Thus each year we reverence and honor the living and dead of that great and Grand Army who made enduring that principle of freedom upon which the Republic was founded. So long as this nation shall stand will the children and children's children observe this day with that patriotism, love of home and country, that called the fathers to battle in the days of the great Civil War.

When we see these veterans together, many of them suffering from wounds or disease incident to the service, and turn back the pages of time to the records they made when leaving home and loved ones they went forth to battle for the freedom we now enjoy, our hearts beat out the gratitude, love and veneration in which we hold them. While the living veteran invokes in our breast those principles of patriotism, love of country, noble deeds of daring, showing us how these loyal hearts responded to the country's call for help, yet there is the hushed silence of thousands peacefully sleeping the "bivouac of the dead," who speak to us in a language more eloquent than tongue can tell of the noble lives sacrificed that coming generations might enjoy the blessings of an undivided country. No fitting tribute can be paid them. We may write their names on the fairest pages of history; we may pay them the most eloquent tribute language can form; we may cover their graves with immortelles, but all would fade in comparison with the life that went out amid the carnage of battle or the suffering of sickness. So on each Memorial day no effort should be withheld to make the day commemorate their deeds of valor and show how a grateful country honors her heroic dead.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The season's greetings in 1905 were thus happily expressed by the Newbury correspondent of the Bradford Opinion in its issue of December 27:

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the readers of the Newbury column. We do not know what the world has in store for us and it is well that we do not. One thing, however, is in store for us of which I am positively

sure, viz, plenty of opportunities to do better and to be better. There are a multiplicity of ways to accomplish this end. We cannot enumerate them; they are legion. We can say fewer mean things of our neighbors, and come to think it over it would be better to say nothing ill of anyone. The tongue is an unruly member, and its unnecessary flipperty-flop makes us endless trouble. We might oftener say cheerful and encouraging words to our fellowmen. The little lifts in life, the giving of which does not impoverish us, may serve as rays of sunshine piercing overhanging clouds and making a mortal being happy. The meanest selfishness I have ever encountered is the withholding of cheerful words from a struggling brother. I have practiced that kind myself, and I have had it practiced on me. It's an accursed thing. Then there is for us in the future a great enemy to overcome, viz, hypocrisy. Let us make fewer pretensions to goodness and more actual "ten strikes." Let us see if we cannot choke down some of that sickly sentimental "I am holier than thou" crop that has got such a remarkable growth. I was recently told an incident in connection with a revival in another part of Newbury. A brother who had long professed to be a Christian had got wonderfully awakened and desired the last grand crowning capsheaf of religion, namely, sanctification. He stood up and asked the prayers of his brethren. Soon after this, while this heavenly desire of sanctification rested upon him, he gathered from the roadside and locked in his shop a few edgings that had been used for piling boards, given by the owner to a destitute widow, so destitute that the neighbors had contributed wood from their own sheds to keep her from suffering. And he wanted to be sanctified! His claim to the edgings was that they had

been piled on his land. He wanted to be sanctified, and the lumber was piled within the highway. Sanctified, indeed! No doubt we may have edgings locked up in our shops. If so, let us during the coming year carry the edgings back to the widow. In a thousand ways we have locked up the edgings. Let us then remember that no time in 1896 can we grasp the poor widow by the throat, and while choking the life out of her, howl for sanctification and expect satisfactory results. Let us not mock God by even expecting sanctification until we have carried the edgings back to the widow.

THE BRADFORD GUARDS.

When in the spring of 1898 the Vermont National Guard were at muster at the state encampment in Colchester, Mr. Bailey was the first visitor that the Bradford Guards (Company G) entertained. Mr. Bailey found among the Newbury boys in this Company six direct descendants of Gen. Jacob Bayley of Revolutionary fame, and other descendants of fighting stock. Commenting on his visit he writes the Bradford Opinion:

I am proud of the Bradford Guards, officers and men. Don't worry about your boys, your brothers, your husbands. They are enlisted in the cause of God and humanity; they are in good company. As I looked over that vast field of white tents and saw the many squads practicing the manual of arms, and heard the bugle calls, I was proud of Vermont and her troops. I am proud of her history from the first. As I looked upon this matchless panorama of activity, this business-like preparation for the sterner realities of war, I said to myself, "Into the hands of these vigorous, intellectual Vermonters, Vermont can commit her time-honored patriotism with safety."

FIRST NIGHT AT A BASKET BALL GAME.

Mr. Bailey's first night at a basket ball game is thus picturesquely described in his Newbury column in the Bradford Opinion of April 21, 1899:

We have seen a game of real basket ball and it was like watching a three-ring circus. The St. Johnsbury boys came down on Saturday night and taught our boys how basket ball is played in a classical town. Such a homogeneous mixture of boy it was never our good fortune to witness before. Basket ball is the legitimate offspring of football and is a great improvement over its daddy; because 1st, it's indoors where visitors can be seated; 2nd, it doesn't have such long hair; 3d, it is of shorter duration; 4th, clothing is scarcer; 5th, chin music is entirely dispensed with. We lost interest in the game by reason of being too much absorbed in determining which was Newbury and which was St. Johnsbury. A mother would have to be twice as quick as electricity to pick out her own dear boy. We never saw so many arms and legs for so few boys. Basket ball players would be connoisseurs in the corraling of wild bronchos in the woolly west. I can't judge as to the merits of that game, but believe it was well played and no one was killed. The Newbury boys, always courteous in contests with visitors, allowed the St. Johnsbury team to have a plurality of scores. Both teams were gentlemen and I have never witnessed an entertainment so well calculated to make an audience forget every other tribulation.

THE MARY ROGERS CASE AND CAPITAL
PUNISHMENT.

In the winter of 1905 Mary Rogers was hanged at our State Prison after most strenuous efforts had been made

to have Gov. Bell stay the sentence of the woman convicted of a most brutal murder. Mr. Bailey's comment on a case which attracted attention far beyond the borders of the state, appears in a letter in the Rutland Evening News of Dec. 15, 1905:

The Mary Rogers affair from start to finish was unfortunate, unhappy and deplorable. A lower bred woman, I believe, with dearth of womanly traits, never lived. She was not insane in the common acceptance of the term, but she was morally diseased beyond any words found in my vocabulary to express. This, I am aware, is a terrible arraignment of a fellow human being, but it is made in a spirit of pity rather than derision, after a careful examination of her case during my stay at the State Prison. In her death hour she met her fate like an ox. She maintained the same dearth of womanhood en route to her gruesome end as she has exhibited since she came to public view. It was not bravery, as we understand bravery, but a complete absence of the finer fibres of human nature. I do not harshly criticise the law which for certain crimes compels unwilling hands to kill a human being. I hope to live to see a period of one decade, at least, with the terrible capital punishment off our statute book. The action of Governor Bell under all existing circumstances is most commendable.

The Rutland Herald of July 15, 1909, having announced that Mr. Bailey had informed his friends that he intended giving Middlebury College a large sum of money, he replied to the interviewer seeking more information, that he would like to give this amount to such a worthy institution provided he had it to give.

After Mr. Bailey was elected a member of the 1902 Legislature from Newbury his name was quite favorably

mentioned as Speaker of the House. In visiting Montpelier before the session a Journal reporter asked him how he happened to be elected representative in the midst of such a turbulent campaign as the recent one. His reply was that he could not tell unless it was because he kept quiet and did no work, having been defeated in any political project for which he did work. Asked concerning the Speakership, Mr. Bailey neither denied nor affirmed the report, but stated that he believed he would have the support of the counties in his section of the State. He did not feel competent to take the helm in the House during the prospective riot in the Legislature, but it was his opinion that Hon. John H. Merrifield of Newfane would be the most competent man of any whom he knew for this office.

ARBOR DAY.

Commenting on Gov. McCullough's Arbor Day proclamation in the spring of 1903 he writes the Groton Times:

Wise words fitly spoken. Let us take heed and carry out these reasonable suggestions of our Chief Executive. While our forests are being hewn down and the strong arm of commerce is being lifted against the primeval woods and her generations, we may, in a measure, recuperate and replenish our waste places. We may beautify our villages, our church and school yards, and our homes. Let us observe Arbor Day and keep Vermont's reputation good for cleanliness, thrift and beauty.

A NEWBURY TOWN MEETING.

For many years Mr. Bailey served as moderator of the annual March meeting and some of these gatherings were prolonged and stormy affairs, as many a resident of the town can readily recall. The 1899 March meeting was

harmonious in its deliberations and is racyly described in the Newbury column in the Groton Times as follows:

Although a howling storm swept the dreary open waste of territory in the vicinity of the Town House on March meeting day, inside the ancient landmark of a Town House all was warm, snug and smoky. So warm and snug that Moderator Bailey disrobed and operated in his shirt sleeves and frequently mopped perspiration, but he moderated just the same, put the business through on fast express time and adjourned at 3 p. m.

Uncle John Kendrick, as usual, orated at considerable length and the subject of his oration was matters of the Town Farm, instead of the usual time worn and gray-bearded road machine, and its ancient twin relic, the snow roller, but Uncle Kendrick's effort to knock out the Overseer was just about as successful as the so-called Imperialists are in their effort to make the people believe that the Philippines are a prize package. People will learn that when they desire to knock out a man like Overseer George they must use different tools and a better quality of ammunition.

Harry Huntington, the man in charge of the poor farm, was represented in various matters by Lawyer Lang, who lives in Newbury and has an office in Woodsville. He is a great talker and presented his client's affairs in a cool, deliberate, straightforward manner, but the people did not think so, and put him out in the first inning. Will Ferry started in a bombardment on the town history question. He poised his battery, used good powder and observed the tactics of a West Pointer, but he failed to connect, and the Town History came through without even hospital experience. It developed that Road Commis-

sioner Bailey had not stolen even so much as one horse from the town, neither had he accumulated the time-honored overdraft, so his calling and re-election were made sure and easy.

The town rum question was decided by a hand vote, and, as is probably true in nine-tenths of Vermont towns, those in favor of an agency to dispense medicine were in the majority. Some patriots in the meeting conceived the great idea of economy in town officers, so made it obligatory on town officers to work for two dollars per day and pay their own expenses. This may look like bright financiering, but in the aggregate it is "penny wise and pound foolish."

A noon recess was enjoyed by two hundred persons, eating, drinking, smoking, electioneering and exchanging lies. This was the first recess ever enjoyed in a Newbury town meeting. Uncle Peach, the Esquire of Jefferson Hill, was on deck with colors flying, and administered the oath of office to Town Clerk Silsby with great dignity and precision.

SOME CHARACTERISTIC UTTERANCES.

Mr. Bailey's strong belief in woman's suffrage was once publicly stated in these crisp words:

I believe sex should not be a bar against equal suffrage; and that the ballot should be put within the reach of woman whether she demands it or not.

Just before the Spanish-American war Mr. Bailey gave voice to the sentiment of a good many Americans when he wrote in his weekly news letter:

We have feasted long enough on the disgusting, uncivilized offering of war news from the blood-drenched

little island of Cuba, and Americans will hail with delight the day when our own country will spread its great hand of peace over its nearby famished little sister.

After his visit to the State Prison at Windsor he wrote with a humorous vein as follows:

The superintendent tells us that a very large per cent of the inmates become so attached to the institution that they remain for quite a long term of years, and a few remain during life. This speaks volumes for the institution and its surroundings.

Of Rev. H. T. Barnard's Memorial Day address at Newbury in 1896 Mr. Bailey writes,

Devoid of the war whoop of the average Memorial Day orator, it was a clear, concise and eloquent statement of fact, showing the proper relation of the citizen to the country, and the essentials of true citizenship and the fundamentals of true Americanism. The speaker lifted out of politics the great questions of the day and placed them one over the other, crowning the whole with the Stars and Stripes. It was the greatest chapter of manly, patriotic sentiment ever spoken to a Newbury audience.

INTRODUCTION TO "A NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY OF MRS. JOHNSON."

The following introduction was written by Mr. Bailey to the edition of this history published by the Hunting Company of Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1907:

A word in regard to the settlements in the Connecticut Valley antedating the time of the opening of the narrative of the captivity of Mrs. Johnson will clear the way for a better understanding of the story.

The upper Connecticut Valley and the State of Vermont were never the permanent abiding place of an Indian tribe. Indian families often found the rich unwooded interval lands in the valley convenient and comfortable squatting places for a season or two at a time, and at such times the soil was cultivated, chiefly for the growing of corn. The valley of the Connecticut River and the Lake Champlain Valley, or rather the river and the lake themselves, were Indian highways for two centuries, beginning with the advent of the French into Canada under the master hand of Samuel Champlain, during the opening years of the seventeenth century. The history of these two great highways of the early days bristles with accounts of bloody attacks and counter attacks made by the French and Algonquins on the north, the English and Iroquois on the south. The story of the wanton cruelties of these attacks, of the burning and pillaging of homes, the capture and often the savage murder of helpless women and innocent children, makes a tale of horrors too revolting, too inhuman, to be included in the annals of civilized warfare. By the close of 1636, settlements were well under way at Weathersfield, Windsor, Hartford, and Springfield, in the lower valley, with a total population of about one thousand. Then followed the stern, rugged push of settlement up both sides of the river in Massachusetts. A forge ahead into the wilds, then a surging back to the more populous and better fortified settlements, was the procedure for many years. The French Crown granted seigniories, and the English Crown charters, with profigacy, but the story of taking, holding, and keeping the land was written in blood.

Up to 1723, Northfield in Massachusetts, which in-

cluded what is now Hinsdale in New Hampshire and Vernon in Vermont (all then supposed to be within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts), was the outpost of civilization in the valley. Fort Dummer, now Brattleboro, became the outpost in 1724. The site of the Old Fort is now marked by a granite monument which is situated a mile south of the Brattleboro station, and about 50 rods easterly from, and within plain sight of, the railroad. Fort Dummer, with the settlement gathered about it, held the honor of outpost until 1740. Here was the birthplace of Colonel John Sargent, the first white person born in Vermont (1732). In 1740, a few families struggled on up the river to Charlestown, New Hampshire (No. 4), and Old No. 4 held the outpost honor until the settlement in 1762, of Newbury, Vermont, and Haverhill, New Hampshire, in the Coos Country, 60 miles up the river. The story of Charlestown, with its fort and its handful of brave soldiers and settlers, during the early years leading up to the opening chapter of our story, is a counterpart of that of the beginnings of the towns to the south. At the opening of the narrative in 1754, Charlestown had been for 14 years a military post, and the most northerly white settlement, subject, of course, to the rule of alternate occupancy and vacating. The site of the Old Fort at Charlestown is marked by a suitable monument, erected and dedicated by the co-operation of the Union historical societies of Charlestown, New Hampshire, and Springfield, Vermont, on August 30, 1904, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the raid on the fort and of the captivity of Mrs. Johnson.

These stories of Indian raids are historical gems, especially when the persons taken captive were moved to

chronicle their experiences in enduring type. The writers were not in the commercial lists, but for the most part seem to have been actuated by a spirit of thankfulness and gratitude to Almighty God for remarkable deliverances, their narratives being characterized throughout by good old Puritanic piety. The Johnson narrative is no exception to the general rule, and has but little in its subject matter that does not bear directly and concisely upon the beginnings and making of our New England homes. Written by a mother who gave birth to a promising daughter under such peculiar and trying circumstances, it is not strange that great emphasis should be given to this event. The narrative gives an unclouded view of the conditions surrounding a military post and a new settlement on the extreme frontier. It uncovers the Indian trail into Canada, discloses aboriginal habits and mode of life and warfare, and gives an insight into the captivities of the great New France of that era. The reader of these narratives does not need to be a master of logic to discover that the founders of our homes were refined, intelligent, very religiously inclined, and physically robust.

The reader will be interested in Mrs. Johnson's story of the locating, nearly 50 years after the event, of the spot where her daughter was born. The stones, a cut of which is reproduced in this volume (by the courtesy of The Tuttle Company, of Rutland, Vermont, publishers of Conant's History of Vermont) stand in the town of Reading, Vermont, but the daughter was born "a half mile up the brook" in the town of Cavendish. The History of Charlestow, New Hampshire, says in substance that Mrs. Johnson negotiated for these monuments, prepared the inscriptions, and directed that the smaller stone should be

placed upon the spot where her child was born, while the larger should mark the place where the Indians encamped; but regardless of her instructions the stones were placed together on the main road leading from Weathersfield to Reading—and here they have stood for a century.

Elizabeth Captive Johnson, the third white person born in Vermont, lived to womanhood, and became the wife of Col. George Kimball. One of her daughters married Jason Wetherby, and the late Frederick Billings of Woodstock, Vermont, one of the most distinguished sons of the Green Mountain State, traced his ancestry through Susannah, a daughter of Mrs. Johnson, who was born four years earlier than Elizabeth Captive.

The book itself, *The Captivity of Mrs. Johnson*, is one of the rarest Vermont productions. The story was first told by John C. Chamberlain, and published at Walpole, N. H., in 1796. The second edition was printed at Windsor, Vermont, in 1807. The third edition, enlarged with notes and appendix (the edition now reproduced), was printed at Windsor, in 1814. The last two editions are largely Mrs. Johnson's own handiwork, and were revised and edited at her request. She died November 27, 1810, at the age of 81 years, a month or two after finishing the manuscript of the last edition of her book.

CHAPTER X.

MR. BAILEY AS A POLITICAL WRITER.

One of Mr. Bailey's trite observations was that "Politics is the meat and drink (the aqua or the aqua fortis) of the voters of Vermont. It constitutes their one great amusement—their single great diversion."

Politics was more than a diversion, however, to Mr. Bailey and besides helping several Vermont statesmen to high positions by his advice and personal work he contributed even more successfully with his trenchant pen. Most of his political writings were under various "noms de plume" and not confined to any one newspaper. He was especially active as a newspaper correspondent in the fight on the local option question in the 1902 campaign and in the gubernatorial campaign of 1906. Several of his Scrap Books are filled with the press clippings of those famous campaigns and now for the first time it will be known who was the real author of some of the political correspondence of that period. In the 1902 campaign Mr. Bailey contributed a series of letters to the St. Johnsbury Republican that were widely copied under the nom de plume of "Hial Higgins" and these are given in this chapter. They created much amusement at the time and various guesses as to their authorship were unsuccessfully made.

In the celebrated contest of 1906 Mr. Percival W. Clement of Rutland was a candidate for Governor on an independent ticket and his campaign was the most aggressive that Vermont has ever seen. Mr. Clement engaged Mr. Howard L. Hindley of the Rutland Herald to manage his press bureau and this versatile journalist conducted a

most vigorous campaign, one of the features of which included large display advertising in most of the papers in the state. These advertisements were issued by "The Clement Literary Bureau" and kept the other candidate in plenty of material in answering Mr. Hindley's advertisements. Mr. Bailey took a most active part in combatting these charges. The St. Johnsbury Caledonian was one of the papers that accepted this advertising and through the campaign the editorials in rebuttal were written by Mr. Bailey. This, of itself, was enough work for an ordinary man, but Mr. Bailey was no ordinary journalist. As "Hial Higgins" he re-appeared in a most racy series of letters in the St. Johnsbury Republican, while he contributed at the same time an equally clever series to the Rutland Evening News under the suggestive title "A. Ananias Bolter of Mendon City." Letters signed "Rot-corp" appeared in the Rutland Evening News from the town of Proctor, while an open letter to the Bristol Herald under the non de plume of "Pussy Chameleon" was undoubtedly from his pen. In addition to this Mr. Bailey contributed some telling articles to the Groton Times and one or two other Vermont weeklies.

Early in the campaign Mr. Bailey suggested in one of his letters that Mr. Hindley ought to be a candidate for Governor, as he had shown such ability in managing Mr. Clement's press bureau. This was heartily endorsed by "A. Ananias Bolter" and such highly complimentary things were said about Mr. Hindley that the few who knew that Mr. Bailey was not only the man that nominated this journalist for Governor, but was also attacking both him and his candidate were hugely amused. Mr. Bailey's journalistic work in this campaign, as evidenced by the columns of newspaper clippings in his Scrap Books, was more voluminous than that of any two editors in the State and it was an experience that he greatly enjoyed and very cleverly executed.

His first series of "Hial Higgins" letters were the most

typical of his political writings and abounded in both humor and sarcasm. They first made their appearance in the St. Johnsbury Republican:

HIAL HIGGINS
HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT CANDIDATE CLEMENT
AND HIS VAUDEVILLE SHOW.

Deer Mr. Editur:

I have lived nigh onto sixty odd yers, mostly good black Republican yers too, and never ontill last Monday night ever heard a High Lisunse candydate for governur adress a multytude of people. I would not have gone all the way down to Sante Jonsbury then if some of the boys had not told me that if Mr. Pursey Clement was elected for governur liequor would be less scarser than what it now is, and instid of having to go up to the agensy and put my name down to two or three lies to get a bottle of liequor, it would be more as 'twas when Jerry Drew kept tavern and a fellar, when he went down as a jeuryman, could always buy a thimbulful in a little thick bottomed tumbler for ten cents, with now and then a extra treet thrown in gratis.

So i went down and seen and heard Pursey Clement. i am glad i went. By all odss it was the best political meeting i ever went to. The band played splendid and Pursey Clement's quarteat of nigger singers could not be beet, even in Sante Jonsbury, and most everybody howled more vosiferously for the music to cum back than they did for Pursey. Square Dunnit come onto the stage with the High Lisunse candydate, both clothed in swaller tailed coats, low bosomed vests and deap thought. it will be a long day befoar Sante Jonsbury, with all its reputashion

for cultir, will produse at one setting another pare of such handsome classickle looking polytishuns. Square Dunnit introduced Pursey by saying he was a tip top feller, a grate finasseer, and a good citizen, but that he, the Square, didn't take much stock in his high lisenese nonsens.

Why Pursey should seleckt such a rank prohibitionist, and a Proktor man, too, to do the job of introducion is mistryous and past finding out. There was probably five or six of us High Lisunse men in that grate crowd in full symperthy with Pursey who would have jumped at the chance of setting on that stage and introducing our candycate. Perhaps Pursey thought that the rank and file of us High Lisunse contingunt didn't have no swaller tailed coats.

Pursey read his lecture from a book except when he paused to drink a goblet from Styles Pond Watter or tell a story, or laff. If what Pursey said about how they run the corts of justic, and the Poleese department in the City of Rutland is true, they don't deserve no prohibitory law in that Marbel City, nor much else but a dozen or two revivilists of releagon, good old-fashioned releagon, to.

Pursey also pitched into Mr. Morrer, that vile creeter who goes up and down the state trying to stop the floe of rum and crime. He also assalted states Tourneys right and left and gave every probationist in our land Hale Columby. Debaring some exsentrisities it was a powerfull argyment for our beloved High Lisunse. Pursey gave McKulla a side winder, and said he was so completely straddul the issue that purty soon he would be split to the collar bone. Pursey also kicked the daylite out of Flech Proktor who sez he wanst to be governur, but is squarely against High Licunse, crimes which will finerly nock Flech

clean out of existence. All thinking folks who yern for a return of the days when we could get a nipper most anywhere love Pursey Clemant and his grand High Lisunse docktrin.

We, the High Lisunse contingent, wanted to grasp Purseys hand at the conclusion of the exhibishun (we woudlent have stoped his onward carear but a minit), but no, not a hand grasp nor a chaw of Rutland fine cut, not eaven a wink to foller him and the Square down Eastern Avenuee to his privite car, where they glided so quickly. Howsomever, Pursey had taught us the grand lesson that open salunes and plenty of them would support the governmunt and make Vermont blossum. We follered on down to that privite car, our High Lisunse contingunt did, and inside we see a cupple of Sante Jonsburys leading politishuns going over the ground with Pursey, &c, &c, and so forth. We nocked for admisshun and a colored nigger gentleman came to the door. We asked for a sniff of the inside of that car, but were told that Mr. Senatur Pursey Clemant was a mity busye man, and were askt if we had a swaller tail. We thort this another exsentrisity of Purseys campane and withdrawd ourselves.

Kirby and contagious towns will slauter Flech Proktor, and boom our High Licunse candycandidate for he stands for all those things most dear to us. Nippers will no longer be so few and far between when Pursey holds sway at Montpealier. Pursey said McKulla was to flipperty flopp on the Probation question anyway, hense we must send deleygates for Clement and aim our enginse of destractshion square into the face and eys and stumick of Flech Proktor. Eny man in this enlightund aige who dont know eny better than to support probation with the

idee of making drinks more harder to capture is by a long ways to much Proktor to sute me and our High Lisunse contingunt.

When our contingunt withdrawd from Purseys car, we met at Poleese headquarters near by and unanamously passed the following reserlutions by 6 votes:

WHEREAS: Pursey Clemant, High Lisunse candiydate for governur, has lectured to us on the kusse of probation, his niggurs sung and the band played,

THEREFORE, Be it resolved, that Calydonie county send Pursey delegates, espeshially Sante Johnsbury and Kirby; also, Resolved, that Flech Proktor take a back seat. darn a man who opposes the floe of good licquor.

also resolved, Fred Keeler, Matthue Celback and divers other places be and hereby is autherised to open up buszness forthwith and the price shall not exceed three for a quarter.

also resolved, that our Pursey says that McKulla is a High Lisunse straddler—High Lisunse first, Straddler second, and as they own contagious farms and have changed work many a time, Pursey ought to know.

also resolved, the Calydonie High Lisunse contingunt is autherised and empowrd to provide itself with a cullerd quartette of nigger singers, a Private car and a swaller taild coat & forred the bill to Pursey, & that said private Car shall be supplied with numerous samples of what Vermont will be like when our candiydate mounts the throne.

also Resolved that these resolutions be printed into Charley Walters newspaper and a carload of the same be furnished Pursey to be handed out in towns wharever and whenever he gives a concurt, and that sampil coppies

be sent to all candycates for state offices, includin Horris Bailey & Graham and to our delegashun in congress in cludden Generel Grout and F. Plumbly & the spunky Lamoile fiters & that marked coppies be sent to Olen Zophe, Edd Smith, Orrioun Barber, Bill Vile, John Center, Hen Lewis, Ketchum & other well-known High Lisunse Advocates.

also resolved, that 2 coppies each be forroded to the Pheenix, Ropes, the Missinger at Sante Albans, and that the free press bee & hereby is permited to print these resolushuns on its own hook with such comments as its grate polyticle wisdom dictates—and the bill shall be sent to Pursey.

also resolved, that a coppie marked with a blu pensil be sent to Doc Webb with a letter of congratulashuns on his very narrow escape.

also resolved that no matter what else may happen Flech Proktor must be nocked out on the first round, sole & boddy, for he is again us. Also a coppie of these resolushuns be sent to John Young, Max Powel & the Fillippeen Commishun.

Mister Editur, i thank you for invitin me to express my vieus on this grate subjeckt of High Lisunse i am for Clement and more freadom i am vociferously agin flech Proktor and Probation-McKulla cuts no ice with us he stradduls and winks with both his eyes—i haint been so thoroly aroused since the greely campane. take hold, Charley, and give us a lift in your newspaper.

Yours for a more Higher Lisunse, more Taverns of the old style such as we used to have downstairs at the

Pervilyon; for more Clement and less Proktor, for more law & order—& bitters,

Hial Higgins.

P. S. give us nothing but Pursey Clement we can overlook the exsentrisities of his campane.

HIAL HIGGINS AGAIN.

HE HAS HIS SAY ABOUT HIGH LICENSE AND THE PROSPECT OF FREE RUM. CANNOT STOP TO SPELL OR PUNCTUATE IN HIS EAGERNESS FOR THE GLORIOUS FEBRUARY 3 TO ARRIVE.

Deer Mister Editur:

Charley Walters:

When Pursey Clement and his cullered quartette of nigger singers cum to Sante Josnbury last sumer and I write a peace on to your paper about him and Square Dunnit, my wife Hannar says, says she, Hial Higgins if you dont stop such nonsense youl get your mothers fool into a mess. Howsumever hannar is just an ordinary woman.

I have watched Pursey and his onward carear togather with the progress of our new high lisunse law with unboundid joy. I notised how Pursey walked out of the Montpelyer convention to victory; how if Pursey had seen more votes in the opening days of the legislatur he would now be a bonny fidus govurnur. I have seen the rise of our High Lisunse measure and the upriseing of the populase and am in highly over the results.

I have notised the downfall of Judge Ross and Joe Batel, and the swift destruktion of their punishious liquer docktrin with feelings peculire to myself.

Thousands of noble sitisens of our state, as noble as myself, watched with uttir disgust the thrashings around in our last legislatur of Curt Emery and H. Bailey and a handful of men as indiscreat as theirselves and finally fall down on their own sords and expirin at once. Surely we are fastly drifting backward to those good old progressive days of fifty years ago, When New england rum reacedes to 75 cents per galon, as it sartinly will when Fred Kealer and the Avenoo house are in rapid Competishun with first-class salunes where the Sitisens bank is now located and where Arthur Stone prints his paper, then shall sante Jonsbury blossom like a rose, the inpour of trade will surprise the natives, elecktrick raleroads will abounde and our street will be full of young men and madens sent to youR town to complete their educashun.

Our High Lisunse club had fondly hoped that Pursey with his High Lisunse aggregashun might come to Sante Jonsbury and pay Square Dunnit one more visit and let Charley Calderwood drum major the crowd, but alass, I asked Square Dunnit why Pursey didnt cum round enny more now just at the time when one of his powerful lecturs on the reaferendum would multiply the High License yes votes. The square said nobody but a cussed blockhead would ask such a simpul question.

When our High Lisunse club found out for shure that Pursey want coming any more, and that our dependence must depend on the Rutland Herald, that grate apostil & Expounder of our belovid docktrine of progress and equil rights, allso on the Sante Allbans Messinger, the instigatur of the grate new docktrine of a High License law with the salune left out, we called our Club to convean and resolute the following resolutions, to wit, vis:

Whereas Orium barber has writ a high lisunse letter onto the newspapers nocking the stuffin all out of the false docktrine of prohibition and boomed our high Lisunse law.

Resolved that we accept Orium to our bosom with deepest grattitude and further bee it resolved, that should their be any more conciderable falling off in the personel ambishun of our Pursey then the sed Orium shall bee our grate Aposle, our flag shall be naled to his mast, and he shall lead us to victory in the near futur.

Whereas a committty of 15 has self appointed itself to run things on its own hook, to suppres licquor legislation, to defeat the will of the people, to stop the floe of Rum to drive out summer boarders, to in evry conseavable manner stop the grate advancement of state Hood, to increase taxashun by preventing the infloe of money into the treasony by rum lisunses and in ways to numerious to menshun work grate injury to our beloved common Wealthe, be it resolved that we have no use for that spontaneous committty of 15.

Wheras all the ex-govnors, most all the gospil preachers, all the teachers and schoolmarms College perfessers our delegashun in congress and several others are agin us, be it resolved that they stand in their own light, and see thru a glass darcckly, if perchance they can see at all.

Whereas the Freepress continuely and persistently prints in grate Primmer some of our slips of tung and pen,—Be it resolved that the said free Press is hereby fined 10 dollars and costs for each subsequent offens and be finally supprest.

Whereas Probition does not prohibit and hereby hangs a tail. Other laws do prohibit in fact all other laws pro-

hibit, else state prissons and corts of justiss would go out of bizness. Look at the floe of Rum all the time evry whare & be it reasolved that our High Lisunse law fills a long felt want and will stop sed floe.

Whereas a yes vote Febary 3d remedies all the ills of life makes life brite & chearful brings new industrys Open Salunes are bizness enterprizes. Let us rally round the yes votes for Seven lisunses the more the better, no danger in haveing too much of a good thing, be it Resolved that the no votes shall not be counted be it resolved that these Resolushuns be printed into Charley Walters St. Jonsbury Publican nusepaper & coppies sent via encouragement to Pursey, Orium barber Bishup Hall and Messingir of Sante Albans.

Youres truley,

Hial Higgins.

P. scrip. Remember N. E. Rum at seventy five cents a galon and handy to git is a bonanza.

THE NEW VERMONT.

HIAL HIGGINS DISCUSSES THE IDEA IN THE LIGHT OF THE MIDDLEBURY OPENING.

Our old friend and occasional correspondent, Hial Higgins, is disturbed and disgusted over certain developments and bursts over the levee as follows:

Mister Editur:

when I last writ a letter on to the Reapublican about high lisunse, the Committy of 15 and other kindred political subjects, my Wife Hanner made me promise most solumly never again to so broadcast enny more of my litterary produckshuns, but she is onley an ordinary

woman and a promiss made to her is a goodeal better brocken than keapt ennyway.

My grate and parrymount object at this time is to show my unadulitrated appreshun of the gloarious inaugerrashun of Franck Grean's New Vermount at Middlebury, Adison county, as well as my unspeackable disgust at this Lilly-white bizness so prevalent in Caledony county, with Geo, Morrer thrown in.

The high lisunse bizness opponed up in Middlebury with a zipp and bang which to onct plases her into the foremost rancks of commershul senters. Never in my day has a town the size of Middlebury had such a bizness boom. The Newspapers say a goodly proporshun of all those druncks and fines and arrests come from without the preacincs of good old Middlebury. Mr. Editur, thinck how, if it hadent been for this nonsensikle Lilly-white bizness that has such a ranck growth in Caledony county, our own Sante Jonsbury might have blossomed like a Rose with a most profertable traffick from all our little sister towns. When our bizness people wake up to the fact that leetle Middlebury, with a populashun of less than one-half of our own Sante Jonsbury has seized this New Vermount by the fetlock and appropreated it as all her owne with all its attendant bleasings and commershull incomes, then shall the bamboozled and deseaved populace hear-obouts rise upp as one high lisunse man and stamp out and spitt upon this Lilly-white bizness.

Pursey Clement and his cullered quartette of nigr singers is vindicated. Pursey said in a little book he writ with his pictur on it & sent brodcast "After 50 fiftey years of the Black Nite of prohibition we see the dawn of a Better Day." What a confounded sett of lucke warm

imbesil idjiots we high lisunse advercates and Lillywhiturs in Caledony county must be to let Pursey's dawn of a Better Day ris up out of the West and strik little Middlebury amidships carrum on the addisson house and cushen against the logan tavern when the dawn of this Gloriouss morning might just as well roaze over Harris hill and bathed our sanctely sitty in its effulgense with all its auxel- lery blessings. But little middlebury snatches the very furst plum from Pursey's dawn of a Better Day and we trale in the dust and dirt of our own duplisy and short- sitedness. The papers sed that Wimmin on washington street in middleberry had histerrick, stubbing theire toe and falling over prostrate boddies of men reposing on side- walks, resting theirselves from the arderous dutye of get- ting up so early to help usher in the dawn of a Better Day.

Mister Editur, haint it been a long day sense we have had any cases of first-class histerrick here in Sante Jons- bury? We mite as well have em as little Middlebury, they make bizness. Think of Thad Chapman, high sheriff of adison county, with about 25 drunks all raked into one winro in little middlebury, all representatives of the New Vermount who come into to celebrate the dawn of a Better Day. Wouldnt it have been more progressiv and bizness- like to have that industry or one like it in our own Sante Jonsbury with Renzo Sulloway, Will Worthing and Bub Miller scoopin in all the proffits? It is past my comprehenshun why a New Vermount will continner to putter around with Scales and Organs and Slait and Granit and Marbel, when every single one of Pursey's dawns of Better Days brings better industrys with more proffits. No sooner had Jo Old seen the New Vermount immerge from its shell at little Middlebury than he writes into his Bur-

lington nusepaper that the rickety moth-eaten mountain rule for electing a Guvurnur must be busted and a high lisunse candydate be selected from his side of the stait. This is sound docktrin, this is wisdom. This means our Pursey on deck and Jo Old might have and orto have written with equil wisdom that the old Montpelear stait house should be rafted down the Onion and set up in little Middlebury as a memorial to the first town to usher in a New Vermount and the dawn of a Better Day.

Open salunes are just what our Pursey sed they would bee, a howling success, broadening manhood, increasing bizness, and b'gosh if sumthing aint done for our releaf in this Van Winckle Lillywhite old caledony neberhood purty soon, Hanner and me moves to little Middlebury remember that.

Yours truly,

Hial Higgins.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. BAILEY'S NEWSPAPER LETTERS (PHILOSOPHY OF TRAVEL).

The letters in this chapter naturally fall into two heads, the humorous of his earlier journalistic work and the descriptive of his later life. The latter are full of humor, however, for they would not be his letters if they were not humorous. In 1905 Mr. Bailey contributed a series of letters to the Topsham Observer, a paper then published by Mr. C. C. Lord, now editor of the Groton Times. Some of the letters are written in the style of spelling made famous by "Josh Billings" and one is a keen satire on a lady from the city imbued with the "back to the farm" spirit. This series of letters bore different "Noms de Plume," while the other letters which follow had his own signature.

LETTER FROM UNCLE WOODBINE.

Newbury, Vt., June 25, 1895.

Mr. Editur:

I receaved the letter you writ to me asking what was the news & so forth. I have read the Observer every week and have got all the papers saved up. My wife she wanted to cut them all up with a frizzly edge to put on the buttry shelves, but I told her to go easy on the Topsham paper and leave it entirely alone, because I thought if Topsham had gimp enough to print a newspaper they orter be saved. I think your paper would be as good as Harry Parker's Opinion if it only had a good mess of New-

bury news every week. Mr. Bailey writes for the Opinion every week a whole column and sometimes two. My wife she cuts out the Newbury news every week and sends it to our daughter, she also cuts out all of Talmigs sermons, she has got a band box full of them. Noe I dont know what on airth she calculates to do with them. What is left of the Opinions she puts on the shelves. A good many summer boarders has come to our village. My wife says we orter take a few summer boarders and if she sets out for it she probably will.

There has been a high old time at South Newbury about the Post Office being moved up to Happy Holler which is a little neighborhood all by itself where great happiness sometimes escapes the attention of the natives but the post office went up there just the same and no one couldnt put any more male onto the cars but was allowed to take it up here to the village or to Bradford & so forth just the same. Some folks scorn the idee of letting the dimercrats run their own bisness, but they run it just the same & so forth. My wife is alwarned about my writing so much she says I have sot there the best part of two days just writing and things going to rack and ruin round the place. So wishing you plenty of good luck I must say adue.

from your uncle,

Woodbine.

LETTER FROM UNCLE WOODBINE.

Newbury, Vt., July 17, 1895.

Mr. Editur,

When the Observer cum to hand and my wife she see that you had printed my letter what I writ to you she was mad clear threw and said I had made a ternal fool of my-

self and I thought she was morn half rite, but sum of my nabers said it was a fust rate written letter, and if I kept on I should get up as much reputation for such things as the Newbury correspondent in Harry Parker's Opinion. My wife wanted to get electid to go to Boston on that endever business but was disapinted, so she up and went over to Tunbridge to see her sisters folks. Peepil was quiet round here 4 of July and dident brake as much glass as usual. Two lawyers of some renoun has been in town lately vis—namely Alec Dunnit of Sante Johnsbury and Majer Watson down to Bradford. I haint found out what there bisness was about but my wife she says somebody will have a bill to pay of no small propotions.

My nephue Georgie come up from Sailem last week and wanted to go out to Halls pond and see how things looked. So we went out we looked at the Summer places on the shore and Georgie said it was fine I couldnt see nothing so very fine about bilding a house in the Woods. We went on to Levi Whitmuns picnic grounds & boat-house &c and Georgie sed he should think Levi would dubble his appropreashun an lay out about 2 dollers more money if he had known Levi so long as his uncle did he would have known better than to thot any such stuff.

I expect my wife will want to take and bild a House in the woods for she has herd so much about Mr. Baileys cottage which he calls Camp pineton if she wants such a House in the Woods she will have to bild it for I wont. I swan I wont Ide rather go down to the beech.

. In my last letter I sed my wife wanted to go and take sum boarders and I swan she has tuk sum, a family on em man & wife & 3 children and they be comeing on Saturday next. If she haint stird up a hornets nest I lose my

guess. I will rite you more fully about them when they have arose. My wife she says summer boarders is an important industry &c. and that I must put on a bild shirt and wate on the table. Hopping your paper will reach 2 million people I am yours truly

Uncle Woodbine.

LETTER FROM UNCLE WOODBINE.

Mr. Editur: Newbury Vt., September 16, 1895.

The summer is past and the harvest party near ended, and so is our takin' summer boarders also ended. My wife she ain't so much in favor of the summer boarder business bein' a great industry as she was. That man and his wife & 3 children come to our house and were summer boarders 6 days and $\frac{1}{2}$, and then went up to Mr. Hale's Tavern at Wells River. They said they couldn't musticate our beefstake. Now I pounded that air stake till it was all bleu, and my wife she fried it one hour and 10 minits by the clock, and our boarders sed it was tuff. They was also mad because all the milk was not creme. And they kicked because they had to sleep on our best goose fether beds and straw ticks, etc. My wife she said they neaded more waitin on than all the delegates to our Sunday School convention, and when they kicked on one of my wife's best beafshank soups and said twant fit for a hethen Chinee, she was mad clean thru, and told em they had better went. And they went as aforesaid on bill Goodwin's maile team to the depo and I tuk their trunks on the lumber waggon. My wife says she has graduated from the summer boarder business forever now an henseforth—and she is sot in her Views.

Town central school Seminary has begun with a new teacher an they like him fust rate. The School Commyttee men mowed the Common & slicked up things tip top, hired good teachers for all the schools, tinkered up the dumb old schoolhouse as best they could. Jock Smith he used to tinker up old schoolhouses by bilding a new one. That plan of doin business cost high, but it is Durable.

Nabor Corliss down to new Jersey said in one of his letters as how he could see Hall's pond from Write's mountain. I've known both of these places sence 1840, & I never knew before that one was in view of tother. Naber Corliss must have had an eye opener to give his vision a jog.

Hay & grain & grasshoppers has yealded abundantly, also potatoes & muggy wether & frosts have been plentiful. Bote races, fairs & bananas are also more in voge than they was when I took the freemen's oatthe.

Report was reported at the meetin house last Sunday that Horris Bailey Esq. had bot the Buxton house and was goin to git married and move in. My wife says taint so. Ime goin up to So. Ryegate fair to see the baloon go up and the parashoote go down. Bysuckles is more plenty than ever—so much so they don't care who rides them. The Swead from Denmark who killed himself last summer by committing suaside has been in these parts. Such a man ought to be took & spanked. Folks round here like to read the Topsham Observer. My wife she cut out of your paper my last letter which you printed and sent to our daughter out west. She wrote back to me on a postal card, "Dad you be a Dasy." My wife when she see what was writ on the postal said you be a popie. So I suppos ime a bokay of rare buty & fragrance.

I should rather husk 27 bushels of corn on the oxbow than to write such a long letter.

Good by from your

Uncle Woodbine.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Beanfield, Nov. 11, 1895.

Editor of the Observer:

Don't you get a little bit tired occasionally reading about the new woman? We take no stock in her down in Beanfield. It is the chief topic among the women. There isn't going to be any new woman any more than there is going to be a new man. If I know anything the same old woman and the same old man will prevail. The old man will drink and play billiards and go out nights and lie about it in the morning, and the woman will demand particulars, pretend to believe the story and put ice on his head. A new woman has never been popular in this section. While men for a time may be possibly interested in her, the women themselves have viewed her with alarm and indignation. A woman is a woman in Beanfield and you can't change her very much.

My mother-in-law is here on a visit this week with bundles. You ought to see the wonderful parcels. She brings each one tied with four different kinds of strings. They are of every imaginable shape and full of life and animation.

A new woman (old maid) has sprung up in this town and is establishing a farm exclusively for ladies. The farm will be ideal in every way. Ploughing will be done by middle-aged ladies in peasant costume and Tyrolean red

morocco slippers. The milkmaids will dress picturesquely in beautiful white tarletan chemises and duck trousers, with kid boots run down at the heel. Her first act of ownership on taking charge of the farm and tacking in the edges of the mortgage so that it would cover the entire place, was to take off her smoking jacket and cut down an old tree that had stood there for years. When she got it down the stump looked as though a beaver had gnawed it off. This particular farm was chosen because in the summer time it was enamelled with daisies and great stately rocks covered with soft gray moss to break up the monotony and farming tools. The agriculturist has already planted a row of powdered rhubarb so as to have earlier pies than any of her neighbors. Most of the vegetable garden is planted to sweet peas. An old bed of Johnnie-Jumps-up (or whatever the plural of that word may be) has been torn out by the roots and the place saturated with boiling water. Turkeys with pale blue watered ribbons will eat bird seed and cuttle bone and the maid regularly gives them a fresh copy of the Sunday paper to carpet their coops. No gobblers are permitted on the premises and are shot as soon as competent authority has decided that they are such. There must be no crowing, no neighing, no bellowing, no cooing,—all will be at peace. Hens will be taught to provide worms for themselves, and a spirit of independence among all the fowls will be fostered and encouraged. Roosters who have been in the habit of calling public attention to a large fat bug, and then eating it with vulgar joy, will get their necks wrung. Unhappy married men will be permitted to look over the fence and rail at their hard lot on Tuesdays and Fridays. Socials and sociables for the spread of the gospel will be held on the first Monday.

of each month, and married men who have led an exemplary life will be permitted to put their money through a crack in the fence. Women living unhappily with their husbands are invited to come to the farm and pull stumps for their board.

Two sets of books will be kept for the farm—one for receipts and one for expenditures. These will be done by two different members during the year, the one having the largest total will receive a pair of neatly-embroidered suspenders. This plan will be a revolution to bookkeepers, for it not only stimulates the accountant, but would seem to aim a death blow at collusion and consequent fraud.

Should this venture prove successful and solve the question of "How to make the farm pay," graduates, it is thought, will be employed by unsuccessful farmers everywhere. The coming farm hand, therefore, will be a ray of forked sunlight upon the path of the husbandman; the wife will no longer elope with the farm hand, and outdoor life will win many young men from the card table and the flowing bowl. It will gladden even the heart of the vilest brute beast man to see a farm draped with clematis and aglow with goldenrod; with picturesque cows each with a farm hand sketching her on the run; Maud Mullers in lavender pants raking grass with rakes all gay with ribbons, or digging drains with hand-painted spades or roaching the cunning tail of a cadet grey mule.

Should a scientist with a liberal education in ornamental farming be needed to show the field hands which are cereals and which are Canadian thistles, or to select those eggs only for hatching which will produce pullets, meantime throwing the others over the fence into outer

darkness, I would give good references and also be a comfort during a thunderstorm.

Farmer Uno.

SQUASHVILLE LETTER.

Squashville, Nov. 15, 1895.

Mister Editur:

It has been some time sense I rote anything and I know the readers of the Observer like to read a sensible letter once in a whil therefour I will rite. I conclude Mister Woodbine has took my advise and is lernin to spel afore he rites any more for the papurs. I want to tell you about my visit to Montpelyur. Wal, I hadn't ben there sense they got to be a city till last Monday, and I didnt know but they wouldnt notis me, but I found myself darndly mistaken. Ther was Jim Brock and Bart Cross and Let Green and Tom Devit and Frank Fifield and Mel Smiley, and a lot more of the big bugs that was glad to see me, perhaps you think they were foolin, but I no they was glad to see me by the way they shook hands, and a lot of them askt me to go home with them to dinner, but I told them it was Monday and probably their wives would be washin and wood not be expectin company so I gest I would go down to the Pavilyun to dinner for I knew that most all the big bugs from our town went thare when they went to Montpelyur. Wal about half after 12 I went down to the Pavilyun tavern and there was a pert young fellow behind the bar, and he said will you register. I said no I have a Walton's register at home for every year sense I was married & I don't want any more unless you have one for 1896. O he sed I didnt mene a register, a book, I ment to rite your name and residence on this book & he

held up a big account book. I thot he wood think I eudent rite if I refoosed so I step̄t up to the bar and rote in a very good hand, Lysander Hayseed, Esq., Squashville, Vt. He sed why Mr. Hayseed your a splendid riter. I knew that afore, so I sed I can rite decent. He said will you have dinner. I sed thats what I cum for. Wal sed he walk rite in this way, so he took me in the dining room and I declare for't the room was bigger than my barn floor and there was lots of tables and lots and lots of big bugs and their wives eaten. Wal I sot down an a water girl cum along and put a paper on my plate. I says says I, I dont care about readin till after dinner. She kinder snickered and said that is a bill of fare. I said kinder cross I shall pay no bill for fare till I have had somethin. She kinder snickered again and said what will you have. I said what have you got, then she rattled off roast beef, roast pork, roast turkey, corn beef and vegetables. Wal I said I dont want all that, I guess I will have sum biled vittles. She kinder snickered again & went off snickering an pretty soon she cum back and sot down before me mor'n a peck basketful of potatoes, cabbage, turnup, carrots, parsnups and beets and so forth and so forth. I guess she thot I didnt hav mutch to eat at home but I sed nothin and fell to eatin. Well I et all I wanted and ther was a little left. I felt satisfied, more so than I did when I cum to settle the bill. I went out to the bar and said whats my bill, he says, 75 cents. Wal i was thunderstruck for a minit and didnt say nothing but pretty soon I composed myself and says i aint goin to pay for all their dinners, I want to pay for myself only. He says dinners is 75 cents each. Wal by thunder you could have nocked me down with a sleg hammer but I thot I wouldnt have any words with

him. I new Mr. Viles had to got to have some proffits from somewhere to pay for that electric lite business he is bilding down to Middlesex narrows, so I paid the 75 cents. It was an outrajous price, but it was about as good a dinner as I ever got away from home. My wife if I do say it is an allfired good cook and we had biled vittles at home tother day one one of my nabors came in about dinner time and we asked him to set down and hav some dinner and he set down and et an et harty too and I didnt ask him a darned cent so you can see the difference in folks. Wal I made up my mind that next time I went to Montpelyur I wood carry my dinner with me in a tin pale.

Yours Truly,
Lysander Hayseed.

IMPRESSIONS OF CITY LIFE.

Mr. Bailey's visit to New York in the winter of 1899 is thus humorously described in the Bradford Opinion of January 6, 1899:

It is a good plan for a countryman to make semi-occasional trips to town for the purpose of seeing the other side of life, and getting the hayseed combed out of his hair. It is especially interesting to be in a great city during the holidays, for then human nature is seen in its most cheerful mood and a couple of million mortals wear a grin. I have been in New York city several times in my life, but never before when I have taken time to sit down and look things squarely in the face, get the points of compass and surround myself with an air of contentment and unconcern. I would not abide here always; it's too swift by four-fold to match my gait. I doubt if more than three or four

persons in a hundred thousand in this great aggregation of men and buildings meet life with calm moderation. If there is either calmness or moderation here I have not met with it, and I have been several times from Harlem to the Battery and from river to river. The only real calm and comfortable persons I have met in this great town I have found in the public parks and squares and on Bedloe's Island. They are mostly iron, bronze and granite, but it does a countryman good to meet them. I have seen a real snow storm with high wind and zero weather in New York city. In Vermont we pity women because they brave the rigors of stern winter with such apparently insufficient clothing, but here it's different; one's pity goes out toward the poor men, pinched, peaked and cold. A woman in New York appears to be clothed decently warm, abundance of feathered headgear and neckwear with warm sacks and cloaks, but the prominent articles of men's clothing are patent leather boots with sharp toes, minus rubbers or overshoes, a fore and aft crease in their pants, a derby hat, and a bob-tailed top coat. There is nothing very tropical about such a wardrobe. In Boston one constantly meets acquaintances; here it is different. One may mix with the busy throng for days and scan faces by the thousand and never meet a sign of recognition. I don't like it. The only agreeable feature about it is that you avoid duns. A place like this has its great conveniences. You don't have to travel far to find what you are looking for. The fact is you are continually finding it, and a countryman and his money are soon parted. I judge there has never been any dispute in this town over the location of the liquor agency. New York city is a surging procession of humanity and vehicles moving in every direction

at the same moment. If you want to see the sky you must look up, as New York has no horizon. You are elbowed, jostled, crowded, jammed. A countryman's solace is found in New York, if he is looking for calm repose, either by a trip to the Riverside Park, where rests the always quiet U. S. Grant, unmoved by the jar of a great cosmopolitan city, or visit the statue of Liberty, unshaken by the commerce of the world's chief metropolis. A country whose people move with less speed, and where you know everybody and their business, and they yours; where there is more nature and less art, is better suited to a person of my sluggish temperament.

THE HEAVENLY PANORAMA.

The following are extracts from a newspaper letter written from the Tip Top House at Moosilaukee, July 10, 1888, and few tourists have described the scene in more picturesque language:

Could the imagination comprehend a preacher with the voice of thunder, the flash of whose eye would dim the lightning, whose broad arms would reach out over the lesser hills into the valleys beyond, preaching to the sweltering multitudes below, the words of his text would be "Come up higher." You hear his voice and answer his call.

* * * * *

Now the preacher points towards the sunset but utters not a word, for the soul is filled with nature's grand dissolving view, daylight, twilight, night. No one can tell where the one ends or the other begins—refreshing sleep—morning. The preacher points towards the rising sun, and we behold Washington, with Lafayette as a stepping stone

flanked by the Presidential range; a little to the north through the Willoughby gap, where lies slumbering the mountain-hemmed Willoughby lake, can be seen Mt. Orford and Owl's Head. As we pass to the south Jay's peak, Camel's Hump and Mansfield, with the Adirondacks, form the horizon line; while to the southwest, more than a hundred miles distant, we can distinctly see the Hoosac mountains, through which the famous tunnel has found its way. Away to the south the eye rests upon Monadnock and Wachusett, with the nearer hills of the Green Mountains in Vermont, and Sunapee, Kearsarge, Sanbornton Hills, Sunstock and Prospect mountains as foothills. Lake Winnipesaukee, with its thousand islands, lies up dangerously near the horizon, while many miles of the Connecticut valley lies shining like a silver serpent coiled in the valley below. Back of us the Pemigewasset, encircled by hills and mountains, finds its way seaward. Villages with their white church towers spring up in every direction, clouds rise and fall, their deep shadows climbing up steep mountains pitching into the valley, crawling and creeping like a monster Leviathan. It costs but little time and money to visit this wonderful mountain. Its eminence over Mt. Washington is not in its height, being 1000 feet less in altitude, but in its location, which gives lovers of nature a variety of scenery never known or seen elsewhere east of the Yosemite.

THE PAN AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

Mr. Bailey was a good traveller and usually contributed to the local papers an interesting story of his experiences. In October, 1901, he was a member of an excursion party from Newbury and the surrounding towns

to the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo, and extracts from his letter in the Groton Times here follow:

Nothing unusual happened on the journey more than might be expected of a party made up purely from the Caucasian race, composed of men, women and boys, married, single and hoping, together with schoolmarms and citizens.

It was voted en route to ask the Pan-American management to confer on our party the degree of "R. V.," which is short for "Raw Vermonters."

* * * * *

As a regular rule of diet I had rather be foddered on Vermont soil; when it comes down to drink, reverse that rule. Buffalo water is good. It comes from the middle of the Niagara river and is blue and refreshing. So far as I have observed, the only person in the party who can speak with authority on Buffalo water is the writer. He has not seen any other of the "Innocents Abroad" sample it.

* * * * *

In visiting the Pan for the last time we met some of our party in a great state of excitement looking for us. When sufficiently calmed to explain, they said they had just had their fortunes told by reading the lines in the palm of the hand, and insisted that we encounter a like experience. As a result of their enthusiasm I went in with Frank Meserve. When we emerged Frank's face was as red as a fiery furnace. So was mine, for after a few moments of the most intense study of the lines in my delicate and trembling palms, this wizard of the unknown rolled her eyes heavenward and breathed out these words, "If you

are not married, you ought to be." During the period in which I was being transfixed, Frank was being operated on in another curtained booth. Just what his wizard told him will be as unknown as the tomb of Moses, for on the subject of penetrating the future by the palm process, Frank has been as silent as a graven image. But I liked it, for it brings to my cheeks the pure blush of youth-time. It makes me feel as though I might still be lingering on the outskirts of the market. I turn my face homeward with only one regret, and that is that my lot was not cast with this prognosticator of my future on the day I first saw Buffalo, for I would have gladly swapped many a quarter from my life-long hoardings for those reviving and rejuvenating prognostications from her prophetic lips.

I don't mind getting up tomorrow morning in time to go on the boat at 5 o'clock sharp, but I pity the others. I feel fairly well myself, the only shadow visible in my horizon being that Pan-American fortune teller, but I may outgrow her panoramic view of my past and future.

The passage down the river was without special event though it brought to light the fact that we had with us a kodak fiend and a conundrum crank. I do not believe they did much damage.

THE FAT MEN'S CLUB VISIT BERMUDA.

Mr. Bailey was an honored and exceedingly popular member of that unique organization known as the New England Fat Men's Club and the notice of their trip to Bermuda in the spring of 1913, together with a brief history of the Club, appeared under his signature in the Rutland Evening News of March 12, 1913:

Some dozen years ago, more or less, the New England Fat Men's Club was born at Jerome Hale's Tavern in Wells River.

It was a healthy young one, it has multiplied and increased astonishingly. In the early days when activities were confined to its own modest roof tree it was content with youthful rompings, tugs of war, base ball, high kicks, also jack and the game.

It also ran races, leaped frog, and congratulated each other on its marked increase of adipose. After these innocent sports the club would destroy one of Jerome Hale's famous banquets and wind up with a job lot of truthful lies.

It has tried ocean voyages of seven miles duration around Portland and Boston, just a courageous venture to find out if the sea would hold it up. On May 14 it sails for beautiful Bermuda and the club invites your wife and children, your neighbors and friends, not because it is afraid to go alone, but rather that the world may soon learn that it is made up of salts, sailors and yachtsmen.

If the vessel don't tip over, or bust its stay beams, and if pure water and substantial victuals hold out, and no other untoward circumstance happens to cause it to perish from off the face of the earth, its next annual cruise will be around the world, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

P. S. The more I think of it, the more I am persuaded that "Old Neptune" will get the surprise of his life.

Mr. Bailey's racy and descriptive account of the trip appeared in letters written the Rutland Evening News and

the Groton Times. The one appearing in the latter paper is here given.

Having had several inquiries from some people about the isles of Bermuda I have thought best to make a clean breast of some things I saw and learned. In going from Rutland to Bermuda, via Bellows Falls, one travels approximately 975 miles, 700 of it by water southeast from New York. Sailing time is about two days each way and our stay in Bermuda was about four days. It was a master mind that planned just a four day stay in Bermuda, for on the afternoon and evening of the last day I had some few attacks of homesickness. A heart to heart canvass among my fellow fat brothers, when we were headed homeward, did not disclose a single sad emotion because we were sailing to the northwest.

Mark Twain said, "Bermuda is heaven, but you have to go through hell to get there." Mark was a dyspeptic and saw things through his stomach, and his Bermuda vision was extreme at both ends.

On this particular trip both sailings were fine. There was no sea sickness, plenty of excellent provender, while congenial surroundings and agreeable companionship made the voyages as unlike Dante's subterranean resort as one can imagine.

Bermuda is a land of sunshine and flowers that is well worth the time and expense of a visit. The discovery of the nearly 400 islands making up Bermuda was by Juan de Bermudea in 1515, but the place did not begin to have settlers until 1609.

Bermuda is of coral sandstone formation. All its buildings are made from stone taken out in blocks about

the same as our marble. The buildings for the most part are one-story, though some of the better houses are two stories and the larger hotels three stories high. All the buildings are whitewashed twice every year. The vision as one approaches the ship meandering slowly over shoals and between islands, is one of unsurpassed beauty.

Bermuda is a group of little hills and knolls, the very highest being less than 300 feet above the sea. The islands of Bermuda are about 19 miles long and from one to three miles wide and are traversed by splendid stone roads. No automobiles, steam or trolley cars disturb the restful calm of this peaceful land.

The population is about 20,000, one-third white and two-thirds colored. And there are all shades of color, too. Schools are plenty where the children of both races attend, and the blacks look and appear as intelligent and thrifty as the whites. They are certainly a most interesting people.

Bermuda is a colony of John Bull's with a governor-general who is a ruler of nine parishes. There is a colonial parliament with four members from each parish and a garrison of soldiers.

If one wants to live amidst semi-tropical foliage and perennial bloom then he should go to Bermuda. At this season the oleander and geranium seem to vie with each other in luxuriance of blossom.

Bermuda exports onions, arrow root, celery and potatoes. It imports everything else, but by far its best imports are the tourists and regular boarders. In 1911 there were more than 27,000 of these imports.

Hotels of all sizes and shops abound everywhere. Our party had been booked for the Hamilton, the hotel of Ber-

muda, but a week or two before our arrival the house was closed for the season and we were quartered at the Imperial. But it was imperial in name only. Its furnishings were commonplace, its raw material ditto,—the cooking worse. The Imperial has a swarm of regular boarders known here as the house fly. At dinner one day I ordered a salmon croquette. Immediately it was placed before me seven flies rendezvoused upon the apex of the conical-shaped viand. After about 45 seconds the seven flies moved off towards a sanitarium in solemn procession, and never came back. I shall always have great respect for a Bermuda-made salmon croquette, shaped like a cone. Such butter and milk I have never before encountered, and I more than half suspect that the Imperial Hotel butter and milk was strictly home made. I am also fairly well convinced that there is in these Bermuda isles a much better class of entertainment than was handed out at this Imperial establishment. In driving 75 miles on these islands I saw less than a dozen cows. They were the saddest looking cows that ever switched a tail, and if these cows produced the milk and butter they certainly did well.

There was neither brook nor spring on these islands; not even a watering trough for man or beast; no moist places by the roadside. Rain water furnishes the drink supply. It was clean, wholesome, and when served with ice as drinkable as water in general. All the ice is artificial, for frosts are unknown here.

The prevailing tree is of the cedar family, but the individuals are scrubby. The banana tree, cactus, century plant and all kinds of palms grow in great profusion. There are acres of Easter lilies and miles of scarlet hybiscus and maidenhair ferns. The wonder is that so much vegeta-

tion can grow on such dry shallow soil. There is no irrigation, no sprinkling of lawns, the streets being sprinkled by an antique salt water apparatus.

There is not enough earth to dig a grave, so the dead are deposited in sepulchres hewed from the solid rock.

The drives are charming, no matter in which direction you go, and the livery stable equipment is superior—good horses, carriages and harnesses, and intelligent colored drivers.

But Brother Lord, if you owned Groton and I owned Bermuda, I should want to swap with you, and I would give as much boot as you could move away with a wheelbarrow.

Every time I go away I come back with a better impression of the homeland. I have never visited "Beulah land" nor seen "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," but so far as I have seen I say, Vermont for me.

On the return trip the New England Fatmen held a special meeting on board the Bermudian when they voted in several new members and presented Mr. and Mrs. Plowman a much deserved vote of thanks. Mr. Plowman was the courteous manager of our party. Brother Jerome F. Hale of Wells River, at whose tavern the club had its birth and who has been its treasurer all these years, gave a most interesting historical sketch of the club—its beginnings, its aims and its objects.

Uncle David Wilkie, the most widely known member of this great club of 5000 members, the father of the club and its first president, spoke most interestingly and enthusiastically of the club and its members. Thus was terminated a most delightful and long to be remembered trip. It is a pity that more fat men and their friends did not join our party.

*CHAPTER XII.*MR. BAILEY'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO
VERMONT HISTORY.

Most of the articles in this chapter were taken from Mr. Bailey's collection of Scrap Books, the intention being to present in permanent form his most important contributions to the history of our State. As appears in one of his letters to Judge Fish, he had expressed a desire to write a book and it is very evident from consulting his Scrap Books and copious notes that he hoped to make the book a history of the early conditions in Vermont and some of the heroes of those days. Most of the articles in this chapter were written at Rutland in the days of his official life when he spent much time either in reading or writing along the lines indicated in this chapter.

VERMONT AS A REPUBLIC.

THE HEROIC AGE IN THE HISTORY OF OUR COMMONWEALTH.

This and the article which follows were contributed to the St. Johnsbury Republican of July 16, 1891, and the issue of the week following:

Vermont from its Declaration of Independence and adoption of a Constitution in 1777 until its admission into the Union in 1791 was an independent and sovereign state, and this period is the most picturesque in its annals. The Spartan commonwealth single-handed maintained a struggle against New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Congress, and the English forces in Canada, and emerged triumphant from the struggle. She organized

an efficient government, adopted a system of jurisprudence, and managed her affairs with equal wisdom and success—proof of which is afforded not merely by the record, but by the fact that the population of the State increased from about 20,000 at the outbreak of the Revolution to 85,000 in 1791.

Among the measures which may be cited as implying the independence and sovereignty of Vermont were those establishing a postal system, issuing bills of credit and making them a legal tender, providing for minor coinage, naturalizing natives of other states and countries, and negotiating for a commercial treaty with the Province of Quebec.

The first post route in Vermont was established by a vote of the Governor and Council November 26, 1783. It consisted of a weekly service between Albany and Bennington, and the postrider was to receive nine shillings a week, from which was to be deducted whatever he might receive for postage. Anthony Haswell was appointed Postmaster-General March 5, 1784, and post offices were established at Bennington, Rutland, Brattleboro, Windsor and Newbury. The postrider from Bennington to Brattleboro was allowed three pence per mile travel, and the other riders two pence, with the perquisites of fees for carrying letters and packages and the exclusive right of carriage. The rates of postage were the same as the United States rates, which varied from six cents for a letter carried 30 miles to 25 cents for 450 miles. The National post office, it may be said in passing, began its career in 1789, but was not established on a permanent basis until 1794. Not a daily mail existed anywhere; the number of post offices in the whole country did not exceed 100; the length of all

mail routes was about 2000 miles; and the entire annual revenue of the service was considerably less than \$50,000. The five Vermont post offices enjoyed a weekly mail, and that was an occasion of no small importance. On the day when the postrider was due, a day which was known, not by its name, as set down in the weekly calendar, but as "postday," half the village assembled to be present at the distribution of the mail, which in good weather, and in bad alike, took place at the inn. The package for the whole village was generally made up of a roll of newspapers a week old and a bundle of drugs for the doctor. It was a great day whereon, in addition to the usual post, a half a dozen letters were given out. Then, as the townsmen pressed around the inn door to make an arrangement for borrowing the "newsprint," or to hear the contents of it read aloud by the minister or landlord, the postman was carried home by one of the throng to share the next repast, at which, as the listeners preserved an admiring silence, he dispensed the news and the gossip collected along the way.

Between the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the United States Constitution several of the states established mints, or authorized the manufacture and issue of coins. Of these Vermont took the lead, her first act authorizing the issue of coins bearing date June 15, 1785. Connecticut followed four months later, and New Jersey and Massachusetts in 1786. The coinage authorized by Vermont was that of coppers—there being a great scarcity of small coins throughout the country—and an exclusive right for two years was granted to Reuben Harmon, of Rupert, who forthwith set up in that town a structure which requires a stretch of imagination to call

a mint, it being simply a rough building 16 or 18 feet square. In 1786 Mr. Harmon's right was extended eight years, but in 1788, on the ratification of the Constitution, the operations of the mint came to a close. Vermont had not been admitted to the Union, but she recognized herself as one of the United States, and yielded gracefully to the provision of the Constitution by which the privilege of coining money was vested solely in the National government.

The devices and mottoes of Vermont coppers were fixed by a committee appointed by the Legislature. The first issue is thus described: Obverse, Device, Sun rising, mountains and trees in the foreground; plough in the field beneath; legend, *Vermontensium Res Publica*; in the exergue, date. Reverse: Device, A radiated eye, surrounded by thirteen stars; legend, *Quarta decima Stella*. The second issue conformed to this description: Obverse, Device, A bust in a coat of mail; head usually laureated; legend, *Vermon. Auctori*; Reverse, Device, female figure, representing the genius of America, seated, with a shield at her side, an olive branch in her right hand and a rod in her left; legend, *Inde et Lib.*; in the exergue, date. From both these types there were many variations. The amount of coppers coined and issued is unknown, but it was probably small. The coins are now scarce and valuable.

Free trade with the Province of Quebec was attained April 18, 1787, to the great advantage of the people of the State. For this they were indebted to the wisdom and public spirit of Ira Allen, who was the originator of the idea and who conducted the negotiations.

The young commonwealth dispensed with all superfluities. There was no capital and no State House. The

Legislature held its sessions at Windsor, Bennington, Manchester, Westminster, Rutland, Norwich, Newbury, Castleton, Vergennes, Middlebury, Burlington, Danville and Woodstock until 1808, when the capital was established at Montpelier. The Governor's salary was fixed at £300 "Lawful money" in October, 1778, (when this "lawful money" was worth only one-third of its face value), and the representatives received six shillings a day and four pence a mile for travel; and other salaries were fixed on an equally modest scale.

The business of legislation was begun in 1778, but the laws passed in that year were probably designed to be temporary and no record of them was preserved. They are supposed to have consisted mostly of general enactments, such as declaring the laws "as they stood in the Connecticut law book," or "in defect of such laws, the plain word of God, as contained in the Scriptures," to be the law of the State. In February, 1779, the Legislature of Vermont enacted its first code of laws, and these form the basis of the permanent statute laws of the State. The severity of these laws was almost Draconian. The death penalty was enacted not only for murder, but also for high treason, rape, arson, perjury in capital cases, blasphemy, a third offence of burglary, and several other crimes. The minor offences, now punished by imprisonment in the House of Correction, or the State Prison, were punished by the stocks or the lash or the branding iron. For the crime of adultery it was provided that "both the man and the woman shall be severely punished by whipping on the naked body not exceeding 39 stripes, and stigmatized or burned on the forehead with the letter A by a hot iron; and each of them shall wear the capital

letter A on the back of their outside garment, of a different color, in fair view, during their abode in the State. And as often as such convicted person shall be seen without such letter, or be convicted thereof before an assistant or justice of the peace in the State, shall be whipped on the naked body not exceeding ten stripes." Bigamy was punished in a corresponding way. Incest was punished by an hour's exposure on the gallows with a rope about the neck, a severe whipping on the way back to jail, and by the letter I worn on the outside of the outer garment. Theft was punished by three fold restoration (or, in case of inability to make restoration, by personal service to an equal amount) and by fine and whipping. The penalty of lying was a fine of 40 shillings or three hours in the stocks. Work or play upon Sunday, Fast day or Thanksgiving day was punished by a fine of ten pounds, and a disturbance of the Sabbath by a fine of forty shillings and a whipping; and no person could leave his house on Sunday, except to go to church or upon an errand of mercy, under a penalty of five pounds fine. Counterfeiting was punishable by the loss of the right ear, branding with the letter C, perpetual confinement at hard labor and forfeiture of property.

Such was the spirit of the early laws of Vermont. These severe and barbarous punishments were not peculiar to Vermont, however, but were in strict accordance with the ideas of the age, humanity being a plant of slow growth and even now the dark places of the earth being full of the habitations of cruelty. The criminal laws of England were at the time (and for long years afterwards) much more bloodthirsty, and 24 persons were sentenced to death in London in one day, and half as many were executed at

the same time, nearly all of them for offences now classed as minor crimes. But there is no reason to believe that any of the more outrageous penalties of the Vermont laws were ever exacted. The death penalty, certainly, was never carried out for the numerous crimes for which it was provided, and the only execution in the State from its organization down to 1808 was that of Cyrus Redding, whose offence was a military one rather than a civil one. Public whippings are plentifully recorded, but either the undue severity of the more bloodthirsty laws defeated their own object or Vermont was signally free from crime of the graver sort. With the building of the State prison in 1809 most of the sanguinary punishments were repealed, and the criminal code was gradually softened to its present humane provisions.

The cause of education enlisted the energies of the people. The first general law on the subject of primary schools seems to have been passed in 1782, prior to which date each town managed its own educational affairs as it listed. It provided for the division of the towns into convenient school districts and for the appointment of trustees in each town for the general superintendence of the schools. Provision was also made for the election of a prudential committee in each district, to which power was given to raise one-half of the money necessary for building and repairing the school house and supporting the school, by a tax assessed on the grand list, the other half to be raised on the list or the polls of the pupils, as the district should vote. The system thus established was gradually improved, until schools that were practically free were established in all the organized towns in the State. Nor was the higher education neglected. The

first academy (Clio Hall, at Bennington) was incorporated in 1780 and seven others were established before the close of the century.

The establishment of a university had engaged the attention of some of the leading men as early as the organization of the State government in 1778, and in the subsequent grants of townships one right of land was reserved in each for its support. But the matter languished, and not even an offer by Ira Allen in 1789 of £4000, with £1650 in addition by other persons, brought about practical action. But in 1791 the Legislature decided to establish a college or university; Burlington was chosen as the site, and the charter of the University of Vermont was granted November 3 of the year just named. The first years of the University were years of storm and stress, but it lived through them; and from the graduation of its first class in 1804 down to the present time—nearly a century of almost constant growth and development—it has been a center of culture and learning and a source of usefulness and honor to the State. Middlebury College was chartered November 1, 1800, (without any endowment by the State) and graduated its first class of one person in 1802. Its growth was rapid and its long record is one of wide usefulness and high credit.

OUR EARLY DAYS.

THE PEOPLE OF VERMONT DURING ITS CAREER AS A REPUBLIC.

The character of the founders of Vermont is amply shown by their deeds. Almost wholly of English or Scotch descent, they were men of almost unlimited boldness and

enterprise, for none but those possessing these characteristics in a marked degree would expose themselves to the dangers and hardships of pioneer life in Vermont. The environment prevented anything like improvement of the mind or refinement of manners, and as a rule their characters were as rough as their own mountains. Exposed to dangers from wild beasts, from equally merciless Indian foes and from the British forces, and accustomed to remove obstacles and surmount difficulties by their personal exertions, they soon acquired unlimited confidence in their own abilities and imbibed the most extravagant notions of liberty and independence. They were hospitable, benevolent, and, in the mass, sincerely religious. They had, in a word, all the virtues and all the defects of pioneers.

The circumstances of pioneer life were well calculated to call out all the mental and bodily energies of the settlers. Roads there were none, in the modern sense of the word, and their place was supplied by paths cut through the woods. For many years nothing more was done than to clear these paths of trees, leaving stumps and stones and mud-holes for the traveller to avoid as best he could. Travelling, therefore, was performed either on foot or horseback, and the use of the pillion allowed the wife to ride on the horse with her husband. A sled drawn by oxen was the only other mode of conveyance known in those primitive days, and this was the style of travelling generally used by women and children in the winter.

Picking his way over such roads as these, climbing mountains and fording streams, with only such possessions as could be transported by his horse or upon his own back, the settler, arriving at his destination, proceeded to build

a house and manufacture his furniture with no other tool than the axe. The houses were built of logs and roofed with bark; the chimney was of stone plastered with mud; and logs, roughly hewn, did service for tables, bedsteads and chairs. Then sheepskin or greased paper did duty for glass in the windows; all the cookery was performed in the great fireplace (for stoves as yet were not known); and light was furnished in the night by pine knots.

The house being built and furnished, the work of making a clearing began. While the work was in progress, a precarious subsistence was gained by hunting and fishing and the use of roots and herbs. As soon as the first crop of wheat matured, the grain was boiled and eaten; roasted potatoes played an important part in the bill of fare, and corn was either boiled or beaten into coarse meal in home-made mortars. As fast as the forest was cleared the trees were burned, and for many years ashes and "salts," i. e., lye boiled to such a consistency that it might be carried in a basket, were almost the only commodities which the settlers could exchange for the necessities of life. Ashes always brought a remunerative price in the not remote market of Montreal and in the Hudson river towns, and each little shop had its ashery. So important was the traffic that in most of the interior towns, during the greater portion of the year, not a dollar could be raised except from the sale of ashes; and staple articles, sold otherwise only for cash, were freely given in exchange. Of money, indeed, there was very little; business was transacted by means of an exchange of commodities; and taxes were paid in ashes or farm products. Every man was of necessity a jack-at-all-trades. As Ira Allen said in his history, "The inhabitants are all farmers and again every farmer is

a mechanic in some line or other, as inclination leads or necessity requires."

The women manufactured nearly all the cloth that was used—clothing and blankets from wool, and linen from flax. As early as 1786 the Legislature passed a law providing that for the encouragement of domestic manufacture the owner of sheep should be credited on his list two shillings for every pound of wool shorn, and one shilling for every yard of linen or tow cloth manufactured. The law was followed by excellent results. Men and women wore garments made from these homespun materials almost exclusively, except that a few wealthy gentlemen adorned themselves with beaver hat, silk stockings and velvet small-clothes, while each woman had one calico dress for state occasions, a scarlet cloak, a string of gold beads and a muff and tippet of large dimensions. The ordinary dress for the men included two shirts, homespun frock and breeches and leather apron. Boots were rare and shoes and stockings were only worn in winter or at church and other public gatherings. The women, to save wear, carried their shoes and stockings in their hands until near the meeting house, when they would put them on. The household articles were of the scantiest proportions and most rudimentary description—a kettle or two, a few pewter plates and wooden trenchers, and two or three knives, forks and spoons. One party is on record—and it was considered a fashionable affair—where there were only three spoons, and the company were treated to hasty pudding and milk in relays of three. Even those who ranked as well-to-do conducted their housekeeping on a very limited scale. Mrs. Adams of Bennington, leaving the state to rejoin her fugitive husband (who was exalted on

the Bennington tavern-post for uttering Tory sentiments), was permitted to take her household goods with her. These, according to the permit issued by the Governor and Council, consisted of "Six pewter plates, two platters, two basins, one quart pot, one tea kettle, one frying-pan, one candlestick, and knives and forks." Cooking, which was very far from being a fine art, was done in front of the fireplaces, in skillets and on griddles that stood upon legs, so that coals could be put under them, and in pots and kettles that hung over the fire on a swinging crane, so that they could be drawn out or pushed back. Sometimes there was an oven for baking built in the side of the chimney. Meat was roasted on a spit in front of the fire. The spit was an iron rod thrust through the piece to be roasted and turned by a crank. A whole pig or fowl was sometimes hung up before the fire and turned about while it roasted. Often pieces of meat were broiled by throwing them on the live coals.

Provision was made for public worship, as a rule, immediately upon the establishment of a township. Each charter issued under the New Hampshire authority reserved one share each for the society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, for a glebe for the Church of England, for the first settled minister of the gospel, and for the benefit of the school, and the two shares last named were speedily taken up. In Bennington, the oldest of our chartered towns, the record of the proprietors' meeting shows that the first act after the election of officers was to appoint a committee "to look out a place to set the meeting house." All through the early records of the State will be found reference to the employment of preachers and providing places of public worship. These primi-

tive temples contained no heating apparatus, and in the winter the minister performed his ministrations arrayed, like the male members of his flock, in cap, muffler and mittens. The weaker vessel was permitted the use of footstoves. Each town elected three tything men and these officials were provided with an exalted seat whence they could survey the conduct of the congregation. The church music was traditional, and not set to notes, and a Deacon "lined" the hymn, the congregation following him. The first attempts to introduce written music encountered bitter hostility; the peace of the churches was destroyed and in some instances they were broken up. The Puritan prejudice against instrumental music in the churches continued long after the period of which we now write, and it was many years before the first bass viol made its appearance. The observance of Sunday was very strict;—one of the first laws enacted, March, 1778, was a Sunday law, which was re-enacted with stricter provisions, in February, 1779. The Sabbath began at sunset on Saturday and ended at sunset on Sunday. Culinary preparations for Sunday were made on Saturday; the pudding was boiled and the house put in order, and in the evening all kinds of work and play were stopped. Sunday evening was the festival of the week when visits were made and social gatherings were held.

The Legislature in October, 1781, passed an act authorizing towns to levy taxes on their lands to build meeting houses. In 1783 another act was passed enabling towns to levy taxes on their lists for the same purpose and for ministerial support, persons being exempted from such taxation upon certificate that they were members of another sect. This latter provision was modified in 1801 so that

a person was exempted upon his written declaration; but great opposition arose, and it became so strong that in 1807 a law was passed divesting towns of all power to levy taxes for building meeting houses and for ministerial support. The law had been productive of great good, but its day of usefulness had passed.

The establishment of schools was simultaneous with that of churches. The first schools were held in private houses in the winter and in barns in the summer, to which, in due time, succeeded log houses. The appliances of these temples of learning were of the rudest description.

For desks, rough planks were laid across logs; slates were unknown and blackboards were yet within the womb of the future. The studies were limited to reading and writing, with a little arithmetic, which, however, was not taught to girls. The study of mathematics consisted chiefly in learning to count and perform the fundamental operations with integral numbers. A little "cryptography" was taught in secondary schools, and if some pupil of rare genius managed to master fractions or even pass beyond the "rule of three" he was judged a finished mathematician. The goodly fashion was taught the boys of bowing and the girls of courtesying to people whom they met.

Vaccination was introduced about 1800,—two years after the publication of Jenner's famous treatise—and prior to that date inoculation was used, the patients being segregated in pest-houses. To this practice of inoculation a quaintly-worded article in a warrant for a town meeting in Poultney says, "To see if the town will have the small-pox introduced in town under proper restrictions."

Men paid taxes not only on their property, but on their mental and practical abilities. One of the first laws

passed by the General Assembly was a listing law, which provides, among other things, that "all allowed attorneys at law in this Commonwealth shall be set in the list for their faculty—the least practitioner fifty pounds and others in proportion, according to their practice. All the tradesmen, traders and artificers shall be rated in the list proportionable to their gains and returns." The treatment of insolvent debtors was severe, and, especially at the time of the financial collapse following the Revolutionary war, the jails were crowded with persons guilty of no other crime than poverty. The stocks and whipping-post were familiar objects in every village and were in frequent use. A public whipping was witnessed by Daniel Chipman, who says of it, "I felt that it was inflicted with the most cruel severity; I felt every stroke upon my own back."

The quantity of rum consumed was terrific. It was used as a beverage almost as freely as water is now used, and it has left a strong flavor in all the old records. Its use was sanctioned by both church and state.

The State Treasurer was directed October, 1784, to pay Gov. Chittenden 36 shillings "for cash expended by him for distilled spirits for the use of the militia on election day." When Governor-elect Robinson started from Bennington for Westminster to assume the duties of his office, he was escorted some distance on his way by the militia, to whom he furnished what is euphemistically described as a "cheerful bottle," from which 14 toasts were drunk. When the town of Tunbridge decided to build a church, it voted that a committee "clear a spot by making a bee and find rum at the expense of the town;" and the next year it voted "to raise the house at the expense of the town, but the committee to find two barrels

of rum out of the meeting house funds." For the militia on service, with a most inadequate commissary, rum was indispensable. John Stark, marching through Vermont to fight the battle of Bennington, wrote to the New Hampshire authorities, "As there is but very little Rum in the Store here, if some could be forwarded to us it would oblige us very much, as there is none of that article in them parts where we are agoing." And a few days later he wrote on the same subject with a tender solicitude that is truly affecting: "I would pray you to forward with all convenient speed all the rum and sugar that is in Mr. White's store. Be sure to employ careful Teamsters to transport them."

Lotteries were common, and they were regarded as strictly legitimate enterprises. Many a road and many a bridge was built with funds thus obtained. The Legislature granted (among many others) a lottery to Anthony Haswell, to rebuild his burned distillery; to a blind man, to raise funds to go to Europe for treatment; to aid in erecting a brewery. Nor is the tale yet told. At the session of the Legislature in 1794 a petition was presented by the church at Brandon for a lottery "for the purpose of building a meeting house for the public worship of God in said town;" but for some reason this petition was denied.

Books were hardly to be found, and newspapers were almost equally rare.

While the life of the pioneers seems cold and hard, amusements and recreation were not wholly lacking. Ira Allen paints, in his history, an idyllic picture of the settlers and their environment. He depicts the young Commonwealth as "abounding with scenes that charm the eye and gladden the heart; for what can be more pleasant to a

benevolent mind than to see a hardy race, with nerves strong by labor and complexions ruddy with industry, cultivating the grateful soil, tending their flocks, or employed at intervals in the discharge of domestic duties, sensible of the blessings of rational liberty and the sweets of seasonable repose." "Time," he adds, "is divided into labor and rest, intermingled with innocent amusements, that render the one light and the other refreshing and sweet." These innocent amusements seem, aside from the ordinary social gatherings, to have consisted of quilting parties and "apple-cuts" for the women and hunting parties, wrestling matches and athletic sports for the men; raisings and huskings, and more especially weddings,—which were invariably celebrated by a justice of the peace, whose standard fee was a silver dollar, and he was considered a miserly churl if he did not present it to the bride. These weddings were made occasions of great and general rejoicing. The ordination of a clergyman was made a great public festivity and a baptism brought out the whole community, the procession marching in great state from the meeting house to the river. Above all, there were the frequent militia trainings, with their accompanying feasting and amusement, sham battles, and many rough, old-fashioned games.

In conclusion, a contemporary opinion of men and manners in Vermont is given in a letter written in 1791 by a traveller from Virginia. He had conceived, it appears, "but a very indifferent opinion of the Northern States and especially the State of Vermont," having "formed the idea of a rough barren country, inhabited by a fierce, uncivilized, and very unpolished people." But a visit disabused our Virginian of these crude notions. He was

"surprised and astonished beyond measure to find a fertile, luxuriant soil, cultivated by a virtuous, industrious and civilized set of inhabitants, many of whom lived in taste and elegance and appeared not unacquainted with the polite arts."

THE PHELPS-SLADE CONTROVERSY.

The political battles between Gov. Slade and Senator Phelps belong to another generation, but form, nevertheless, an important part of the State's political history. Mr. Bailey possessed three of the pamphlets and made a typewritten copy of the fourth, describing these rare pamphlets in a letter in the Montpelier Journal of July 6, 1911.

Editor Montpelier Journal:

Among my collection of Vermont pamphlets few are so rare and interesting as the four relating to the celebrated Phelps-Slade political and personal controversy. These pamphlets taken together constitute one of the lost chapters in Vermont's political history. Believing your readers may be interested in the case, I venture to send you a brief statement of the same.

No historian has written fully on this subject. These pamphlets are so rare that it is almost impossible to find a set. I have been many years getting these items together, having advertised extensively for them, and have finally been obliged to make a typewritten copy of the last Slade pamphlet.

The prominence of the principals in this controversy gives great zest and deeper interest in the subject matter.

The question plainly stated was whether or not Samuel S. Phelps, a United States Senator from Vermont, was a fit person to be continued in that high office. Senator Phelps'

character is attacked, the claim is made that he gets intoxicated, that he lacks dignity of behavior, that his language is not always proper and becoming, and that his attitude towards the tariff question is not commendable, etc.

Into this controversy are drawn many prominent Vermonters of that day, as well as men prominent in national affairs.

Judge Phelps and Gov. Slade were two of Vermont's great men and it seems unfortunate that they should have fallen into this bitter controversy, which, as is often the case, went far beyond the politics of the period into unseemly personalities.

This controversy took place in 1846, and is probably too remote to be well remembered by any person now living. Perhaps except for resorting to publicity by publishing in pamphlet form, so generally adopted in those days, this spicy bit of political history would have dropped into oblivion.

Samuel Shether Phelps was born in Litchfield, Conn., May 13, 1793; was graduated from Yale in 1811; came to Middlebury in the spring of 1813; studied law with Horatio Seymour; served in the ranks at Plattsburgh in the war of 1812-14; began the practice of law in Middlebury about 1814; was a member of the Council of Censors of 1827; member of the Governor's Council in 1831; judge of the Supreme Court, 1831-38; United States Senator 1839-51.

At the close of these two terms in the Senate Mr. Phelps retired to private life at his home in Middlebury. Upon the death of Senator Upham in January, 1853, Gov. Fairbanks appointed Mr. Phelps to serve until the Legislature of 1853 convened. The Legislature of 1853 failed to elect

a Senator, and Mr. Phelps went to Washington to claim his seat under the Fairbanks appointment. But the Senate refused to seat him. He died at his home on March 25, 1855.

Judge H. H. Powers once told the writer that he considered Judge Phelps Vermont's greatest lawyer. He was the father of Edward J. Phelps.

William Slade was born in Cornwall, Vt., May 9, 1786; was graduated from Middlebury in 1807; admitted to the Addison county bar in 1810; became active in politics as editor, speaker, book dealer, Secretary of State, 1815-22; clerk of the county and Supreme courts; clerk in the State Department at Washington; State's Attorney for Addison county; member of Congress, 1831-43; Supreme Court Reporter, 1843; Governor, 1844-45. He was a public educator, and in his compilation of "Slade's State Papers" in 1823 left behind him a most enduring monument.

He was not financially successful, nor of robust health. He died at his home in Middlebury, January 16, 1859.

Therefore it may be readily inferred that a battle political and personal, between a Vermont Senator and a Vermont Governor; between two of Vermont's most distinguished citizens; between two of Middlebury's greatest of many great men, must have been a battle royal.

These pamphlets are closely printed with small type, and if published in the ordinary book form of the present day would make a volume of considerable size.

Many men of prominence were drawn into this controversy, including Justin Morgan, Hiland Hall, Solomon Foot, William Slade, George P. Marsh, Samuel C. Crafts, Ezra Meech, Samuel Mattocks and Horace Everett. In one pamphlet Mr. Phelps refers with great contempt to

a "scurvy article" which appeared in the Burlington Free Press.

John C. Calhoun is made to play no inconsiderable part in this political drama, and among the well-known Senators of that period whose letters are published are Evans of Maine; Choate of Massachusetts; Crittenden of Kentucky; Woodbridge of Michigan; Bayard of Delaware; Silas Wright of New York, and W. P. Mangum of North Carolina.

Mr. Bailey's letter closes with a synopsis of the four pamphlets, of which the bibliography is here given:

Mr. Phelps Appeal to the People of Vermont, in Vindication of Himself against the Charges Made against Him upon the occasion of his Re-election to the Senate of the United States, in relation to his course as a Senator. Published by the Author at Middlebury November, 1845. Containing an Appendix with 35 letters from his Fellow Senators in reference to his attitude on the tariff question. 8vo. pp. 44.

Gov. Slade's Reply to Senator Phelps' Appeal. Printed at Burlington by Chauncey Goodrich in 1846. 8vo. pp. 32.

To the People of Vermont. Mr. Phelps' Rejoinder to Mr. Slade's "Reply." No imprint given. 8vo. pp. 40.

Typewritten copy of Gov. Slade's Reply. This pamphlet closes with this outburst of state loyalty:

"Though destitute of what the world most esteems, I have another possession which I esteem more—a consciousness that I have endeavored to do my duty to the country, and especially to the state which gave me birth, and to which I feel attached by very strong ties.

"I have loved her and still love her, with the fondness

of a child's affection; and when I am far away from these mountains which I have climbed, and the lovely, luxuriant valleys I have surveyed from their summits, and can no longer mingle with the friends of my early days, and the fathers whose venerated forms I have loved to see lingering around me; then, shall I remember this Zion and send up my prayer that 'Peace may be within her walls and prosperity within her palaces, and that those may prosper who love her.' ''

VERMONT'S STATE SEAL.

Some very interesting information in regard to the original State seal was brought out by the publication of a letter from Mr. Bailey's pen in the Burlington Free Press of July 18, 1911. Mr. Bailey writes as follows:

Editor of the Free Press:

I am in receipt of the following letter of inquiry:

"For sometime I have been searching for historical facts about our State Seal.

"Upon the cover of a book published by the late Senator Proctor in 1904 entitled 'Early Vermont Convention 1776-77' is a copy of our original State seal in use until 1821. Could you tell me where that seal now is?

"I have written our Secretary of State, and State Printer, but they only send cuts of the seal as it now is.

"As you doubtless know, the design was first engraved on a drinking cup made from the horn of an ox, and used by our first Governor. If possible I should like to find the first seal and drinking cup."

As this is a subject of interest to every Vermonter may I not hope that the usual courtesy of the Free Press

will be extended for the general publicity which the subject deserves.

The historical facts relating to our State seal and coat-of-arms may be found in the Legislative Directory for 1908, pages 327-339.

The original seal and drinking cup, or cups, are not so easily located. It seems upon a careful examination of the subject that the drinking cup story was first exploited by Henry Stevens of Barnet, in Miss Hemenway's Gazetteer. Mr. Stevens was Vermont's most noted early antiquarian, and his story about the drinking cup was written fifty years ago, only seventy odd years after the alleged transaction, and coming from such a noted authority is entitled to a hearing. I may be pardoned for being somewhat skeptical about the drinking cup, for it seems only reasonable that inasmuch as Governor Chittenden has had direct descendants living in Vermont, and still living in Vermont, that so valuable and unusual an heirloom would have been preserved with care and great historic pride, and that its present location would have been a matter of common knowledge. I am well aware that this is not conclusive evidence against the Stevens story, and would suggest that the State papers give this communication publicity, with the expectation that it may fall under the eye of some one who can shed light on the subject.

In Thompson's Civil History of Vermont, page 107, is the following item charged against the State by Ira Allen, State Treasurer:

"1778, October 26, to 2 days at Windsor drawing a plan for a State seal, and getting Mr. R. Dean to make it, 10s."

And on page 133 is an entry of a payment made to Mr. Dean for a screw for a State seal. Reuben Dean was then a resident of Windsor, Vt., a silver smith of early renown. He is buried in the old village burying ground in that place. Nevertheless Ira Allen and Engraver Dean may have had Governor Chittenden's drinking cup as a copy. This seal was in use until 1821, seeming to have come into use by common consent and without legislative enactment. The matter of getting a seal established by law was first taken up by the Vermont Historical Society in 1862, when Prof. G. W. Benedict, Norman Williams and Charles Reed were chosen a committee to take the matter up with the Legislature, which resulted in the seal and flag being written into our statute books.

The result of this legislation is the beautiful emblem (coat of arms) hanging in the office of the Secretary of State, the design in its background representing the view Champlain had in 1609 when he came up the lake, of Mansfield, and Camel's Hump, and not of a view from the east window of Gov. Chittenden's house in Arlington. Let us hear from others on the subject.

This letter brought out an interesting reminiscence from Col. Edward A. Chittenden of St. Albans, who remembered when a boy of repeatedly hearing his grandfather's story of how a British officer carved on an ox horn the design which was the original of the seal used by Gov. Thomas Chittenden. Moreover, Col. Chittenden has a piece of the apple tree under which the British officer is said to have sat while he did that piece of wonderful carving on Governor Chittenden's drinking horn.

A few days later S. O. Brush of Burlington wrote the Free Press concerning an interesting relic, a written discharge of an officer by Gen. Strong in 1798. Attached to

the back of this discharge was a diamond-shaped piece of paper with an impression of the original seal of Vermont in an excellent state of preservation.

Another interesting contribution was furnished by Mrs. Sarah K. Lord of Burlington, in which she sent the Free Press a reprint of an article of an unknown date. The article was found in an old scrap book, was written by M. E. Baker, and is entitled "The State Seal." The article follows:

In an old historical magazine, Henry Stevens, Esq., State antiquarian at that time, gives the following account of the seal of Vermont:

"I had heard that the Vermont coat of arms originated in Arlington and went there to obtain reliable authority for the story, from a Mr. Deming who was the only man of Governor Chittenden's guard roll then living. Mr. Deming said, 'I boarded with the Governor while on guard duty as I was a young man.' 'Do you remember anything of the drinking cups he used at that time?' 'Yes, they were of horn, and the seal of our State was first engraved on one of them. I have drunk out of it many a time.'

"An English lieutenant who used secretly to bring letters to the Governor stopped one time several days, and taking a view from the west window of the Governor's residence, of a wheat field in the distance, beyond which was a knoll with a solitary pine tree upon its top, he engraved it upon this cup. The field was fenced off from a level space intervening between the house. Within this space he put the cow with her head over the fence for the grain.

"The Governor's drinking cups were made from the horn of an ox, bottomed with wood. First was cut off a

cup from the end of the horn that measured half a pint, next a gill cup, then a third cup which was a 'Glass.'

"The engraved cup attracted the notice of Ira Allen, who adopted its device for our State seal, only when he took hold of it he brought the cow over the fence into the midst of the grain—bundles on either side, so when she had eaten one side the other was ready.

"It may be of interest to add that the house occupied by Governor Chittenden in Arlington, Vt., from which the view on the State seal was taken, is still standing, and is near the Ethan Allen well, so often spoken of. The lone pine is still standing (or was a short time since) on what is known as 'Hog Back's Knoll.' "

Mrs. Lord adds further that the pine tree in the sketch accompanying the article is conventionalized and leafless, that the State motto is in large letters below the "fence," and she wonders when the star was added and why it is left out.

ZADOCK THOMPSON.

Mr. Bailey was one of the guests at the Forefathers' celebration of the Middlebury Historical Society on December 20, 1912, delivering at that time a carefully prepared paper on Vermont's great historian. He preceded the reading of his paper with a short extempore address, full of keen wit and merry humor. The paper was as follows:

Zadock Thompson. Born in Bridgewater, Vt., May 29, 1796. Died in Burlington, Vt., January 19, 1856, aged 59 years, 7 months and 26 days.

He married Phoebe Boyce at the Boyce home in Bridgewater on September 4, 1823. Their first child, a son, was born in Bridgewater April 6, 1825, who died on the day of his birth. Two daughters were born to them in Burling-

ton, only one living to maturity. She married and left a daughter, Sarah Thompson Cushman, who now resides at Northfield, Vt. From this granddaughter, and from Irving T. Shurtleff of Bridgewater, a grand nephew living on the old Thompson homestead, I have gained much original information about this great man.

Sedate and studious as a boy, his mind ran in channels of original and scientific research. He began his life as a publisher by making an almanac in the year 1819. The same year he entered the University of Vermont as a freshman. His sisters sewed the almanacs and he peddled them from town to town, often taking paper and rags in payment. By this humble but honest means Zadock Thompson paid his way through college. What a lesson, what an inspiration to the boys of today, who think they have a hard time of it getting through college. In this business of almanac peddling Mr. Thompson went on foot and by horseback into nearly every town in the state of Vermont, gathering from town records and from the older people the valuable data for his history and gazetteer.

It is little wonder that history thus gleaned has stood unimpeached for three-quarters of a century. He published several almanacs and furnished the astronomical calculations for Walton's Registers for 34 years. He graduated in 1823 and two years later was chosen tutor at his university. In 1828 he edited the Iris and Burlington Literary Gazette, and later the Green Mountain Repository, both published at Burlington. The year 1833 found him teaching in Hatley and Sherbrooke, P. Q., where he published a geography of Canada. In 1835 he was ordained an Episcopal minister by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hopkins, and in 1837 became a teacher in the Episcopal

Institute at Burlington. From 1841 to the end of his life he was under appointment by the State as geologist and naturalist as well as curator of the State cabinet. He was also commissioned to collect specimens for the same. In 1851 he was appointed to the professorship of chemistry and natural history at the University of Vermont. During his busy life he found time to write and publish the following books: *A Gazetteer of the State of Vermont*, 1824, 310 pp.; *History of the State of Vermont from its earliest Settlement to the Close of the Year 1832*, 1833, 252 pp. (a second edition of this book was published in 1836); *History of Vermont, Natural, Civil and Statistical*, in three parts, with a new map and 200 engravings, 1842, 650 pp.

In 1853 Mr. Thompson published an appendix to this history which was bound into some of the later editions of the work. This appendix was intended to bring important historical matters down to the date of its publication. *Natural History of Vermont* was an address of 32 pages delivered before the Boston Society of Natural History in June, 1850. His *History of the State of Vermont for the use of families and schools* was a volume of 252 pages published in 1848. The *Geography and Geology of Vermont*, with state and county outline maps, was also for the use of families and schools, a volume of 218 pages published in 1848. The *Youth's Assistant in Practical Arithmetic*, designed for the use of schools in the United States, was first published in 1825 in a volume of 160 pages. This textbook was published in several editions. In 1828 Thompson's *New Arithmetic* appeared, a volume of 216 pages which reached several editions. The tenth edition was published in 1837 and is entitled the *Youth's Assistant*.

in *Theoretic and Practical Arithmetic*. This contained 168 pages. *Geography and History of Lower Canada*, designed for the use of schools, was published in 1835, 116 pp, with map. *First Book of Geography for Vermont Children*, 74 pp. was published in 1849. *Journal of a Trip to London, Paris and the great Exhibition in 1851* was published in 1852, 114 pp. *Guide to Lake George, Lake Champlain, Montreal and Quebec*, with map, table of distances and routes from Albany, Burlington, Montreal, etc. 48 pp. was published in 1845.

He also published several other guide books relating to Vermont and vicinity, some of them reaching several editions. He also published several reports to the Legislature of Vermont under his several appointments previously mentioned.

What a record for one short life. Zadock Thompson was not a pioneer in Vermont history making, nor did he search out and follow the trail of his illustrious predecessors, Doctor Samuel Williams, Ira Allen and William Slade. Nor has any other historian attempted to follow in his well-beaten path leading to the zenith of history making in Vermont, but every other historian since his day has cribbed copiously from the hard-earned storehouse of Thompson's knowledge. He took his place at the head of a large and distinguished class of Vermont educators, without self-appreciation. He spent no time searching for his halo, therefore died in ignorance of its possession. He was great without knowing it. Modest and retiring, next to Moses the meekest man who ever lived, undersized, sickly, poor physically and poorer financially, he was a martyr to the cause of human knowledge and education. His masterpiece is the book commonly known as Thomp-

son's Vermont, easily taking its place at the head of all Vermont histories.

His remains lie buried in the burying ground at Burlington near the old church, a plain marble slab marking his resting place, upon which is the following inscription, as modest as though Mr. Thompson himself had inscribed it:

Zadock Thompson,
Died January 19, 1856,
Aged 59 years, 8 months.
God's will be done.

He has held aloft the "Lamp of Learning" until its rays have shone on three generations of Vermonters, and as the years go by the lamp burns on, its light undimmed, shining for the time that now is, and for all time to come. Who can look through such a career and not receive pure inspiration? I would that every Vermont boy could know Zadock Thompson, and walk along up through the paths of young manhood hand in hand with him. Who can sit at this man's feet and drink in of his learning, his knowledge of the earth, the sea, the sky, without a heart full of thanksgiving that the Great God of the universe so richly endowed a humble Vermonter with so much wisdom.

Of all men who have not yet been memorialized in bronze and stone by our Legislature, Zadock Thompson stands the most conspicuous figure of them all. We of today who seek to make Vermont greater and better will do well if we pause a bit to become better acquainted with the life and achievements of this great pure Vermonter.

In the discussion of a larger State House, or a suitable addition thereto, the Montpelier Journal said in August,

1912, that more room was needed by the curator, Prof. Perkins, to store the whale and elephant fossils in the State cabinet. This elicited the following letter from Mr. Bailey on Mr. Thompson in the Montpelier Journal of September 2:

A full account of the fossil whale and elephant with maps and diagrams may be found in the appendix of Thompson's Gazetteer. This was published in 1842, and for the ten years following Mr. Thompson kept on getting data for a new or second edition, but owing to ill health, lack of means, and from the further fact that a large portion of the original issue remained unsold, he changed his mind.

However, he published the most important of the new data, in an appendix of 63 pages, which was bound into the unbound and unsold books, under date of 1853. Many copies were also bound separately.

The story of the fossil whale and elephant found in Vermont soil is well worth the price of the book. When buying Thompson's Vermont, don't begrudge a dollar or two extra for a copy containing the Appendix.

Zadock Thompson was Vermont's greatest all-round educator, publishing more text books and works of an historical nature than any other man, and although three-quarters of a century have passed since his great work was written it stands today as an unquestioned authority.

Zadock Thompson was a pure Vermonter. He was born poor, lived poor, died poor, yet his was the richest life ever lived in our beloved Green Mountain state, a heroic self-sacrificing life, lived for the public good. He builded better than he knew.

Until Vermont erects a suitable memorial to this lowly

man, this lofty educator, she is remiss in her duty, very remiss.

AN OLD TIME FOURTH OF JULY.

In the summer of 1911 many towns held pageants and anniversaries and the approach of these occasions prompted the following contribution from Mr. Bailey's pen which appeared in the Rutland Evening News of June 2:

In this day and generation, so rife with the celebration of important anniversaries, it is interesting to take a look backward into a period long past the memory of anyone now living. Celebrations a century ago were substantially different from the great events of today. The predominant features of an old-time event were education, patriotism and sociability, in which an oration or sermon by some person of widely known ability formed the centerpiece.

In the "olden times" great public events were considered to be properly installed and set in motion, only when a sermon or oration, from one to two hours long, had been delivered. Notable among these events were funerals, public hangings, the opening of the Legislature, agricultural fairs and Fourth of July celebrations.

The great features of a present day celebration are commercialism, pageantry and advertising, with an admission fee to some place to witness a ball game, a race, or sports of some kind, with the possibility of an historical address in which only a small minority are interested. This is truly a great swift age of tumultuous headlong push for glory, for place, (sometimes called office) and for the dollar. It would indeed be pessimistic to say that the great throbbing heart of philanthropy and patriotism is

ossified, but who can deny that the great mass of people would go to a ball game or excursion on Memorial day, quicker than to meet with the G. A. R. boys and devote two or three hours to their fellowship, or would rather spend a dollar at some game of chance than to give 50 cents to erect a marker to the memory of some old patriot who founded our homes and erected our institutions.

I may be solitary and alone, and lagging behind in this great onrush, but is it not cool and refreshing to look back to a celebration three or four generations ago, like the one at Hartland, the record of which has come down to us in a well-preserved pamphlet of 24 pages.

Sixteen pages of this pamphlet were occupied by an historical address by Rev. Hosea Ballou, that great pioneer of Universalism in Vermont. A patriotic song of 12 verses, and an ode of seven stanzas were published, which, a footnote says, were written for this occasion by some gentleman of Hartland. The following account of the celebration is the appendix to the pamphlet, and is worth the careful consideration of the public.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Hartland, (Vermont) July 6, 1807.

"Last Saturday the anniversary of our independence was celebrated at the meeting house in this town, to the great satisfaction of a numerous concourse of people who attended on the occasion. The rising of the sun was announced by the discharge of the cannon. At 11 o'clock a very respectable procession was formed, preceded by the orator and officers of the day, aided by Capt. Campbell's artillery, (who did themselves great honor) and marched to the meeting house, with locked arms, where the Declara-

tion of Independence was read, and an oration delivered by the Rev. Hosea Ballou, well adapted to the occasion. The devotional parts of the exercises were composed of solemn prayers and singing, which were both fervent and patriotic. Vocal and instrumental music formed a part of the exercises of the day.

"At half past 2 o'clock the procession again formed, and were conducted to a bower, where they partook of a generous repast, well provided for the occasion by E. Campbell. After dinner the following toasts were drunk, accompanied by discharges of cannon, and the cheers of martial music.

The Toasts.

"The Day We Celebrate"—How animating to every friend of liberty is the remembrance of that glorious era; may the birthday of equal liberty and the rights of man never be forgotten.

"The Sovereignty of the People."—May it no longer be insulted by aristocrats, tyrants nor traitors.

"The Constitution of the United States."—Like the golden lamp, may it never cease burning.

"The President of the United States"—Whose wisdom has conducted the ark of our safety through the storms and whirlpools of contending powers, and hath moored us safe in the haven of peace and happiness.

"The Militia our only Defense."—May they be, like the ancient Spartans, sufficient for our protection, without walls or fleets.

"The American Navy."—May it yet be able to set bounds to the present tyrants of the sea.

"American Heroes."—The immortal Washington and

the patriots who achieved our independence; may the vast expense of our freedom ever endear their memories to a grateful people.

“The Tree of Liberty.”—Whose roots have been moistened with the richest blood of America; may it grow and flourish till all nations shall rest under the shadow thereof.

“The Freemen of Vermont.”—May their next election fill the several offices of the state with men most noted for wisdom and genuine republicanism.

“Agriculture.”—The nursery of heroes and the support of man; may the Americans never think themselves above an employment which did honor to a Roman consul.

“The Agricultural Society of Vermont.”—May their exertions for the promotion of that art be such as shall display wisdom in themselves, and confer honor to the state.

“Commerce and Manufacturers.”—May those useful institutions of our national wealth awaken the slattern, and call forth those given to laziness into the fields of industry.

“The State Bank of Vermont.”—May its public utility soon convince its enemies that a public good ought not to be converted to a private speculation.

“The American Eagle.”—May she soar above all contending parties and carry with her the olive branch of peace.

“Abolition of Slavery.”—May the sons of Columbia be philanthropists in practice, and never abate in their endeavors to annihilate the practice of making slaves of the human race.

“The Press.”—May its conductors be men of science and liberty, and its patrons those of wisdom and harmony.

“The Western Territory.”—May they never be so

blind to their own interests as to think of a separation from their Atlantic brethren.

"The Fair Daughters of Columbia."—May virtue form their moral character, modesty be their charms, and faithful republicans their husbands."

"Asa Taylor, esq., officiated as president, and Elihu Luce, esq., as vice president. Maj. Lot Hodgman and Lt. Samuel Taylor served as marshals of the day; Capt. Abel Farwell, Mr. Asa Lull, Dr. Sturdivant, Eliakim Spooner, esq., and Ens. Elias Gallup, as aids. The above-named officers filled their respective stations with dignity; and their exertions on the occasion did themselves great honor.

"This being the first anniversary of this kind ever celebrated in the town, and the whole proceedings being attended with that harmony and regularity which rendered the day joyous, we think it well worthy the imitation of all good citizens." *

VERMONT HISTORIANS FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

In the winter of 1904 Mr. Bailey wrote a series of articles to the Groton Times upon the historians of Vermont and their histories. While no mention was made of early writers like Dr. Williams and Mr. Thompson, Mr. Bailey comprehensively covered each writer and his book mentioned in this series. The series, therefore, forms an interesting review of the work of our historians for the last hundred years from one who could discriminate between history and mere tradition.

S. R. HALL'S TEXT BOOK.

Among the first historians and geographers, if not indeed the first, to prepare a Vermont text book on the subject under consideration was S. R. Hall, who, as early

as 1827, prepared and published a "Child's Assistant to a Knowledge of the Geography and History of Vermont." This little book of less than 100 pages was first printed in 1827, and in the years following reached several editions. This work was revised, enlarged and re-edited by Pliny H. White and published at Montpelier in 1874 in a snug book of 280 pages, which became an important text book in our schools, having been endorsed by the legislature and board of education.

Mr. Hall was a scholar and published several educational works, including the subjects named; also mathematics and geology, and lectures to teachers. S. R. Hall was born at Croyden, N. H., October 27, 1795, and died at Brownington, June 24, 1877. After teaching several years he studied theology. While preaching at Concord, Mr. Hall established and taught what is claimed to have been the first normal school in the country, and introduced blackboards for common use in schools. All in all, the life work of S. R. Hall is deserving of a place in the educational annals of Vermont.

PLINY H. WHITE.

Pliny H. White, mentioned in the preceding sketch as reviser of one of Mr. Hall's books, was a local historian, civil, political, ecclesiastical and biographical. He was the publisher of a history of Coventry, 1859; "The Annals of Salem;" "History of Newspapers in Orleans County," 1869. Also many of his sermons and biographical sketches were published and had wide circulation. He was born at Springfield October 6, 1822, and died at Coventry April 24, 1869.

EASTMAN'S HISTORY OF VERMONT, 1828.

This work was designed for the use of schools; contains 110 pages and was published at Brattleboro. About this time Mr. Eastman prepared a history of New York, 455 pages. F. S. Eastman was born at Randolph about the year 1800. He fitted for college at the Orange County grammar school and graduated at the U. V. M. in 1827. His life work was teaching, mostly in Massachusetts. He was for a time connected with the customs department at Boston, where he died in 1846 or 1847.

HOSKINS' HISTORY OF VERMONT.

Mr. Hoskins gives a most interesting sketch of Vermont's early days in his book of 316 pages which was published in Vergennes in 1831. He also published a pamphlet on "Strictures on Civil Liberty" and other pamphlets. Nathan Hoskins was born at Weathersfield, April 27, 1795, and died at Williamstown, Mass., April 21, 1869. He was a graduate of Dartmouth, class of 1820, practiced law at Vergennes and Bennington and at Williamstown, Mass.

BECKLEY'S HISTORY OF VERMONT.

Rev. Hosea Beckley, A. M., was born at Berlin, Conn., in 1780, graduated from Yale, 1803, and was pastor of the Congregational church at Dummerston from 1808 to 1837. He died about 1844. He left this history of 396 pages, with descriptions physical and topographical in manuscript, it being published in Brattleboro in 1846, after his death, for the benefit of his family.

LIPPINCOTT'S CABINET SERIES.

The history of Vermont from its earliest settlement to the present time was told in a book of 260 pages written by W. H. Carpenter and T. S. Arthur and published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., New York, 1853. This is a well written and interesting little history, being one of a series covering many of the states. These historians open with the sailing of Samuel Champlain 1608, and end with statistics of interest, bringing Vermont down to the year 1850.

HALL'S EASTERN VERMONT.

Hall's Eastern Vermont is a history of Vermont from its settlement to the close of the eighteenth century, with biographical chapter and appendices. This is the clearest, most comprehensive and concise history of Eastern Vermont ever written. It contains about 800 pages and was published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, in 1858. A second edition in two volumes, was published at Albany, N. Y., in 1865. The biographical chapter contains over 150 pages and deals with the men who had to do with the making of Eastern Vermont. There are twelve appendices containing much valuable historical matter.

Among the subjects specially treated are the "Equivalent Lands," "Fight at John Kilburn's Fort," "Township No. 1," "Census of January 16, 1771, giving population of Cumberland and Gloucester Counties," "The Westminster Massacre," "The Recompense of Lands," "Division of the \$30,000." No other historian has entered so carefully into the detail of the establishment and progress of that territory east of the Green Mountains. Students of Vermont can ill afford to be without this history. Among

other books, Mr. Hall published a bibliography of Vermont, containing about 300 titles.

Benjamin H. Hall was a native and resident of Troy, N. Y. He was a graduate of Harvard, and a lawyer and newspaper man by profession. He was a grandson of Lot Hall, prominent as a lawyer, legislator and patriot at Westminster from 1782 to the time of his death, May 17, 1809. He was a judge of the supreme court from 1794 to 1801. So it seems that this particular historian, Benjamin H. Hall, although not a Vermonter in a literal sense, had more than ordinary Vermont prestige.

COOLIDGE AND MANSFIELD.

This is a history of New England in two volumes. Volume 1 takes up Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, about 250 pages being devoted to Vermont, published at Boston in 1859. A second edition was published in 1864. Vermont is treated in gazetteer form in this work, the towns being taken alphabetically. This is doubtless a commercial history, and histories of this class seldom dig for facts which need to be unearthed in order to make history valuable.

HALL'S HISTORY OF VERMONT.

This valuable history treats on Vermont from its discovery to its admission to the Union, contains over 500 pages, and was published at Albany, N. Y., in 1868. This particular historian is Hiland Hall, born at Bennington, July 20, 1795; died at Springfield, Mass., December 18, 1885. Member of the legislature, state's attorney, member of congress, book commissioner, comptroller of the treasury and governor of Vermont in 1858-60. To be acquainted with the attainments of Hiland Hall, to know

what he achieved as citizen and statesman, is sufficient introduction to his history. The two Halls were worthy men and most competent historians.

HEMENWAY'S GAZETTEER. 1867-1891.

If area were to count in history then the Hemenway Gazetteer ranks first in the list. This great work comprises five volumes, aggregating about 6000 pages. The work is a commingling of historical data, biographical sketches, and stirring incidents among the early settlers. The work is taken up by towns in county groups, and for the most part is a series of letters written by leading and elderly citizens and town clerks, and its style and variety must therefore be interesting to the reader. It is not a history of Vermont produced by careful study and incessant digging; its multitude of authors could not all be historians. Miss Hemenway has done a noble work. Her compilation shows excellent judgment, and this great mass of history, biography, genealogy, and extracts gathered from so many sources makes the Hemenway Gazetteer a history in a class by itself, and Miss Hemenway, whose life was wrapped in this work, a public benefactor. Miss Abby Maria Hemenway was born at Ludlow, October 7, 1827, died at Chicago, February 24, 1890, and her remains were brought to Ludlow for burial. Miss Hemenway had the manuscript for Vol. 5 nearly ready for the press at the time of her death. The work was completed and published by Mrs. Carrie E. H. Page, a sister, in 1891. Vol. 5 contains a brief sketch of Miss Hemenway's life and work, together with a list of her publications. In this list Vol. 6 is mentioned as follows: "Vol. 6 was nearly prepared for press, one town printed." Gilman's Bibliography says, "A

sixth volume comprising the towns of Windsor county is in the press, and will complete the work." If Vol. 6 was ever published we have not the good fortune of securing a copy. Great energy and tact mark Miss Hemmeway's work, and she leaves behind an enduring monument.

CONANT'S VERMONT AND CONANT'S PRIMARY HISTORICAL READER.

The next text books, and the ones more generally used than any previously mentioned, are these very commendable and useful books written by Edward Conant, and published by The Tuttle Co. at Rutland. The first edition of Conant's Geography, History and Civil Government of Vermont (commonly called Conant's Vermont) of 288 pages, was sent out in 1890, and a revised edition in 1895. The Primary Historical Reader of 234 pages came in 1895. These works, designed for all grades of Vermont school children, have had, as they are entitled to have, a most favorable reception. The writer believes they have done more to arouse an interest in the study of Vermont than any other text books ever published. Mr. Conant was a true Vermonter, a genuine Yankee, an educator of wide experience, and withal a man who knew much of the needs and demands of our common schools. The new Collins history mentioned in the opening of these sketches, though most excellent and useful in its place, should never be allowed to supplant the Conant books. Their treatment of Vermont is so widely different that there is not the slightest danger of a collision, either head-on or rear. Every school in Vermont, as well as every family, should count among their treasures both Conant and Collins.

Some one will doubtless prepare a better text book than either,—it would not be a difficult task,—but in lieu of such a preparation, let Vermont hold fast and make good use of what she has. The Tuttle Co., publishers of Conant's works, have secured the services of Hon. Mason S. Stone, superintendent of education, to revise these publications, and this is a sufficient guarantee that they will be abreast of the times and fit the schoolhouse to a T. Edward Conant was born at Pomfret, May 10, 1829, and died January 5, 1903. His life work was teaching and he attained high rank in his profession. He was the author of text books other than the ones herein mentioned. Mr. Conant died in the harness, being principal of the Randolph Normal school at the time of his death.

WILBUR'S EARLY HISTORY OF VERMONT.

Wilbur's Early History of Vermont, four volumes,—Vol. 1, 1899, 362 pages; Vol. 2, 1900, 419 pages; Vol. 3 1902, 397 pages; Vol. 4, 1903, 463 pages, all published at the Roscoe Printing House, Jericho. Mr. Wilbur must be a true lover of Vermont and her history. One may reasonably expect a cash compensation for all kinds of labor, but a painstaking historian capable of delving, with force of character to persist, and ability to arrange and make interesting as Mr. Wilbur has done, seldom gets full compensation, except in the self-consciousness of having done something good. In a long list of histories one must read with a view to criticism to be able to judge with wisdom. Mr. Wilbur's history excels in the care given and pains taken in producing and arranging dates, which is a fundamental factor in making history valuable. It may be said with a large degree of truth that

there is but little new old history. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilbur has been a successful delver, and his arrangement of chapters, subjects and tables is admirable, and this history deserves a place on the shelf of every person who loves our Green Mountain state and her makers. Lafayette Wilbur was born at Waterville, May 15, 1834. He was educated at the academies near his home, studied law with Thomas Gleed, and was admitted to the bar in Lamoille county at the December term, 1851. He has been a successful lawyer and man of affairs, and his Early History of Vermont will be a worthy memorial to a worthy historian long years after Mr. Wilbur has been gathered to his fathers. So far as the writer is informed, Mr. Wilbur and Mr. Collins are the only persons living in this long list of notable historians. Mr. Wilbur resides at Jericho.

Vermont's Civil War History has been written carefully, concisely, and is most interesting reading. Not a single student of Vermont history can do without Vermont's war record in cold type. By authority of the general assembly, Theodore S. Peck recompiled and revised the roster of Vermont soldiers in the Civil war. It contains 863 pages, published at the Watchman office, 1892. Theodore S. Peck was born at Burlington, March 22, 1843, and served through the entire war. He was colonel of the First Regiment Vermont National Guard for a number of years, and was adjutant and inspector general of the state for many years. He was very well equipped for this work as his roster demonstrates. A copy can be found in the offices of the town clerks.

By far the most comprehensive view of Vermont in the Civil war has been given by Lieut. G. G. Benedict of

Burlington in two very well written volumes aggregating 1500 pages, published by the Free Press Association, 1886-1888, and in a special edition, 1889. Mr. Benedict is probably Vermont's most competent living historian, and the history of our various military organizations has been made a careful and untiring study by him. He was in the service, and saw service, and his version of Vermont troops was not bounded by the horizon of his own brigade. George Grenville Benedict was born at Burlington in 1826, and for many years has been one of Vermont's foremost and most respected citizens.

Vermont in the Great Rebellion by Major Otis F. Wait, 300 pages, published at Claremont in 1869, is a most readable little book and condenses much Vermont war history into small space.

George N. Carpenter published a history of the Eighth Vermont, 335 pages, Boston, 1886. Chaplain E. M. Haynes performed the same duty for the Tenth Regiment, 249 pages, 1870.

Aldace F. Walker published the Vermont Brigade in the Shenandoah Valley, 190 pages, Burlington, 1869. Under the title of "Life in Camp," Corp. J. C. Williams records the doings of the 14th Vermont Volunteers, 168 pages, Claremont, N. H., 1864.

Col. William C. Holbrook of the Seventh Regiment wrote of its services in the south, 219 pages, New York, 1882. He was the second son of Governor Holbrook.

F. J. Hosmer of the Fourth Regiment wrote an interesting sketch of one phase of army life under the caption "A Glimpse of Andersonville," 90 pages, Springfield, Mass., 1896.

Hon. Edwin F. Palmer of Waterbury, ex-state super-

intendent of education, wrote of the "Second Brigade," 224 pages, Montpelier, 1864.

S. B. Pettingill wrote of a company of Dartmouth college students in the war under the title of "The College Cavaliers." Many of them were Green Mountain boys. 96 pages, 1883.

Gen. William Y. W. Ripley wrote a most interesting history of Co. F, First U. S. Sharpshooters, 204 pages, Rutland, 1883. "The Proceedings of the Reunion Society of Vermont Officers" is a book of nearly 500 pages, published at Burlington in 1885. It contains in its orations and proceedings much of Vermont's war history, presented in lucid and patriotic style and very readable.

Other Vermonters have written of the Civil war; we have however listed the principal writers whose energy and ability have led them to detail the triumphs, defeats, the ups and downs of Vermont troops in the Civil war.

To these various historical works should be added several other volumes not usually listed with Vermont histories, but nevertheless, worthy to be classed as histories, for they contain the actual early records in detail.

THE GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL.

By the authority of the state, Hon. E. P. Walton published in eight volumes of over 4000 pages, *The Records of the Council of Safety and Governor and Council*. These publications extended over a period of seven years from 1873-1880. To one who loves to delve in all the conditions of statehood, the conventions, and constitution, together with the early acts of the legislature, these volumes are invaluable. The contents of each volume are given on

page 293 of Gilman's Bibliography from which a brief history of Vermont books can be gained.

The collections of the Vermont Historical society, 2 vols., 1870-71. These collections published by the Historical society contain something more than 1000 pages of printed matter and are on a par with the "Governor and Council." Much valuable historical data is gathered and preserved in these pages which do not appear in any other place in such concise and interesting form. Vol. 1 contains the Ira Allen history of Vermont, reproduced for preservation. Vol. 2 contains the celebrated Holdimand negotiation papers. A table of contents of these volumes is given in Gilman's Bibliography, page 310. Many of the subsequent publications of the society in pamphlet form are rich in history.

SLADE'S STATE PAPERS.

Its title page gives something of an idea of the scope of the book, to wit: "Vermont State Papers, being a collection of records and documents connected with the assumption and establishment of government by the people of Vermont, together with the Journal of the Council of Safety. The first Constitution, the early journals of the General Assembly, and the laws from the year 1779 to 1786 inclusive, to which are added the proceedings of the first and second council of censors. Compiled and published by William Slade, junior, Secretary of State, Middlebury, J. W. Copeland, printer, 1823."

William Slade was born in Cornwall, Vt., May 9, 1786, graduated from Middlebury college in 1807. Lawyer, editor and bookseller, secretary of state, 1815-1823, governor, 1844-46, member of congress, 1831-43. Died at Middlebury January 18, 1859.

Thus it will be seen that Slade's State Papers, 567 pages, was gathered, edited and sent out to the world by a man, competent as to time and ability. A lover of early conditions in Vermont cannot afford to be without Slade's State Papers.

GEN. JOHN STARK'S WIDOW.

The following appeared in the Burlington Free Press of January 17, 1913:

To the Editor of the Free Press:

Not long ago the following letter appeared in the Free Press:

"When a resident of a neighboring town lately informed me that the widow of the famous John Stark, whom he made immortal in the phrase known to every school boy, lay in a neglected cemetery and in an even more neglected grave within 20 miles of where these words are printed, it was received with considerable skepticism.

"Upon inquiry, however, among old inhabitants, I found a tradition to that effect, as she is reported to have deceased while on a visit to her daughter (who, by the way, gave evidence of being as intrepid as the famous father on more than one occasion), and with some pains a stone was found bearing the following inscription:

EUNICE

wife of

CAPTAIN JOHN STARK,

died

January 29, 1843,

AE 101 YR.

"For the credit of Vermont patriotism, which has never been found wanting to the writer's knowledge, this should be looked after.

"Respectfully,

"FRANKLIN H. DEWART.

"Burlington, December 30, 1912."

Mr. Dewart's letter relates to an historical subject of importance and interest. I am not surprised that Mr Dewart received this report from a resident of a neighboring town "with considerable skepticism." First because Gen. Stark's wife was not Eunice. Second because Gen. Stark's wife did not die in 1843; and third because she was not buried in Vermont.

Gen. John Stark, scout and militiaman in the French and Indian war period, hero of Bunker Hill and Bennington, the most conspicuous figure of our early days, was born in Nutfield, now Londonderry, N. H., August 28, 1728, and died May 8, 1822. On August 20, 1758, he married Elizabeth Page, who was born February 16, 1737-8; they were the parents of 11 children. The history of the town of Dunbarton, N. H., has this paragraph:

"A stone near General Stark's monument at Manchester (N. H.) is thus inscribed: In memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Stark who died June 29, 1814, in the 77th year of her age." At this time General Stark was 86 years old and was never again married.

An article written about General Stark in the Granite Monthly in 1879 explains why General Stark spoke of his wife as Molly at the battle of Bennington, when her name was Elizabeth. "Stark was married at the age of 30 to Elizabeth Page of Dunbarton. With a whimsical propen-

sity for nicknames he seldom called any of his family by their true names. According to the custom of the day Mrs. Stark's name would be shortened to Betty or Bess,
but her husband invariably called her Molly. This is
but her husband invariably called her Molly. This is
be remembered as the name he used in his speech to his troops at Bennington. "The victory is ours or Molly Stark sleeps a widow." John Stark had a son John, who was married to Polly Huse, which would cut him out from having a wife Eunice, unless by a second marriage. Would Mr. Dewart be willing to tell the public where the burying ground is situated that contains the stone with the inscription which he quotes?

HORACE W. BAILEY.

Newbury, Vt., January 16, 1913.

This letter brought two replies from unexpected sources. The first letter was from a former resident of Rutland, which appeared in the Rutland Evening News of January 22, 1913, from Thomas Benton Kelley who wrote as follows:

Editor Evening News:

In perusing your issue of January 18, 1913, my eye caught a letter written by Franklin Dewart, relative to a neglected grave located near Burlington, whereon was this inscription: "Eunice, wife of Capt. John Stark, died January 29, 1843, aged 101 years."

Now if I am not clean daft that spot holds the dust of my paternal great grandmother. I think her maiden name was Adams, of Canterbury, Conn.

In the autumn of 1842 my mother and my eldest brother (Isaac D. Kelley, then ten years old) visited my great grandmother, then residing on Grand Isle, driving

in a single team from Castleton. They were gone from home nearly four weeks. It was the first time in my life that my mother had left me at home, and it made a vivid impression on my mind to have her go, but that was the last time my mother ever saw her grandmother, as my family moved to Illinois in 1846. My own mother was the eldest daughter of Ephraim Jones, who married Rachel Stark, who was the third daughter of Capt. John Stark of Pawlet, and who commanded the Pawlet Company at the battle of Bennington. My own mother lived with me nearly 11 years after my father's death. She was born in Pawlet, April 6, 1798. She was 14 years old at the time of the war of 1812, and often told me of having to catch "Old Pomp" to supply the Courier, taking a despatch from Plattsburg, N. Y., to Bennington, of the battle.

If my memory is not at fault, mother claimed her grandfather as cousin to General Stark. I think Horace W. Bailey is straight in his diagnosis, but Capt. John Stark was at Bennington in command of the Pawlet Company, and I myself am a member of the Vermont Division of the Sons of the American Revolution on that score.

I served three years in the civil war and I am proud of my own service in the old 8th Illinois Cavalry, as Gen. Grant was commanding the Union armies. I am in my 75th year and glad my old eyes caught the letters referred to.

THOMAS BENTON KELLEY.

Boston, January 21, 1913.

More Stark history was contributed by a New York resident who wrote the Rutland Evening News of February 6, 1913, as follows:

To The Rutland News:

In your issue of January 18 you published an article relative to the grave of the widow of Maj. Gen. Stark, quoted from the Burlington Free Press.

I have spent some time in tracing the Stark family and I find that one Nathan Stark made his appearance in Guilford in 1781. His first wife was a Morgan and his second Esther Gallup. There were 16 children by the two wives. This Nathan Stark was without much doubt a descendant of Aaron Stark of Mystic, Conn.

Maj. Gen. John Stark of Bennington fame was descended from a line that came to America over a century later than did Aaron.

United States Marshal Horace W. Bailey is right in regard to Maj. Gen. John Stark's wife being Elizabeth Page. If any reader is observing he will notice that the gravestone of Eunice, mentioned in the Free Press article, calls the deceased the wife of Capt. John Stark and not Gen. John Stark.

Capt. John Stark was an early settler at Pawlet. Hollister in his history of Pawlet says: "Capt. John Stark, we believe from New Hampshire," and farther on says: "He was cousin of Gen. John Stark." Both of these statements are probably false, as he can be traced to Canterbury, Conn., where his marriage is recorded to Eunice Adams and the birth of two children is on record. He was at Shaftsbury prior to his settlement in Pawlet.

There is no John Stark in the New Hampshire family that seems to fit in for the Capt. John Stark of Pawlet. Descendants of the captain have said that his wife died at the age of 101 years, which tradition fits in with the tombstone. Hollister states that Capt. John removed to

Grand Isle about 1800 and was soon after killed by the kick of a horse. None of his descendants know where he is buried and if Mr. Dewart could find his grave stone or a record of his death, giving his age, it would shed considerable light as to which of a number of Johns he was.

Deborah, daughter of Nathan Stark, of Guilford tradition, would place Nathan and his family near the scene of the battle of Bennington prior to his advent into Guilford, as there is also a tradition of a cousin John to Deborah (she married Ezra Duel).

Nearly every one of the Stark name tries to claim relationship to the major general, whereas the larger percentage are descended from the settler at Mystic, Conn.

G. A. GOODSPED.

Granville, N. Y., February 5, 1913.

The concluding letter of Mr. Bailey's in this interesting series appeared in the Rutland Evening News of February 12, 1913, and here follows:

I have read the letters of Thomas Benton Kelley and of G. A. Goodspeed relating to Gen. John Stark and Capt. John Stark and the Stark family, generally.

In answer to my letter of inquiring through the Burlington Free Press to Mr. Dewart, who started this interesting historical discussion, a reply was made by Mrs. Landon of South Hero, a great-granddaughter of Capt. John Stark, in which the claim is made that Gen. John and our Vermont Capt. John Stark were cousins. Mr. Kelley agrees with Mrs. Landon that they were cousins, and Mr. Goodspeed dissents.

That the readers of The News may have the advantage of the entire discussion, I am submitting Mrs. Landon's

letter. If it is finally established that the Capt. John Stark was an early settler in Bennington county, and the captain of the Pawlet company at the battle of Bennington, then this controversy is not in vain, whether or not the two Starks were cousins.

HORACE W. BAILEY.

Rutland, February 12, 1913.

MRS. LANDON'S LETTER.

In reply to Hon. Horace W. Bailey may I tell the public where the burial ground lies that has the stone which marks the grave of Eunice Stark?

Eunice Stark, whose maiden name was Adams, was the widow of Capt. John Stark, and was buried in Fairfax. A granddaughter and a great-grandson of her are living there.

Capt. John Stark was a cousin of General Stark and one of Col. Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys. He died at South Hero in 1807, on the farm now owned by W. L. Stone, on which a barn is standing known as the "Stark barn."

In 1783 Gov. Chittenden granted the "Long Island" in Lake Champlain, known to be called "Two Heroes," to Col. Ethan Allen and his associates. John Stark's name is in the charter which is recorded in the town clerk's office in South Hero.

MIRIAM P. LANDON.

A great granddaughter of Eunice Stark.
South Hero, Vt., January 20, 1913.

In connection with this series of letters Mr. Bailey had pasted into one of his Scrap Books two letters from Mr. Dewart, giving some interesting sidelights upon the

matter under discussion. Mr. Dewart's first letter was written from Burlington to Mr. Bailey and appeared after Mr. Bailey's first letter was published in the Free Press. It was dated January 17, 1913:

I was in Rutland yesterday and hoped to see you and learn your opinion regarding the Mollie Stark incident, but am perhaps sufficiently enlightened regarding your opinion from your letter to the Free Press of this morning.

It struck me with surprise that the grave could be that of the noted widow of Gen. Stark and, as you have probably noted upon carefully reading my communication, I felt anything but dogmatic in attempting to pass upon the question raised.

I found the grave in Fairfax, Vt., and so informed the editor in a private note accompanying the communication, wishing to avoid the possible censure which might fall upon a town that had allowed neglect to obscure such a grave; had the assurance of three of the oldest and most intelligent inhabitants that they so understood the case; spent half a day in our library attempting to get data which would confirm or disprove the claim, and after the cursory examination which my professional duties permitted, wrote the letter in the hope of at least interesting the proper persons in the situation.

I am at a loss to account for Captain John Starks (the final letter was omitted by the compositor in setting up my letter, but that alone would not be a sure sign of false diagnosis, nor of sufficient weight to daunt one who has followed the muse through ancient tombstones), and the dates which your letter affords do not render it likely that he could have been a son of the General Stark.

The daughter married a Blowers, who lived in Fair-

fax, but has no descendants now resident there, so no local aid is afforded.

I presume the roster at Montpelier would give correct information with the least trouble respecting the officer whose past I seem to have brought into the lime-light. I was surprised at the dearth of information to be found in our Mary Fletcher Library on attempting to get the facts respecting Mrs. Stark, and had to finally rely upon my recollections from school days that she was not named Molly for all I discovered here.

After the publication of Mrs. Landon's letter Mr. Dewart wrote Mr. Bailey from Burlington, under date of January 27, 1913:

I presume you have seen the Free Press of the 22d inst. in which Mrs. Miriam Landon, town clerk of South Hero, states that she is a granddaughter of Eunice and John Stark, and that John Stark was cousin to Gen. John Stark, thus making further inquiry needless. I am glad to stand corrected by you and her, and hope the incident has stirred up some interest in such matters, even though it proved a false scent.

THE CANNON AT THE STATE CAPITOL.

The following contribution appeared in the Montpelier Journal of March 1, 1911, eliciting at the time highly complimentary editorial notice in the same paper, the editor characterizing the article as a most interesting and valuable contribution to the history of the state and worthy of preservation by all students of Vermont history:

The battle of Bennington and the events leading up to it are well established facts in history. Creasey, in his Fifteen Decisive battles, gives a place in the list to the

battle of Saratoga. Looking back through the years it is easy to see that the battle of Bennington was a far more decisive and important engagement than the one which followed later at Saratoga. It is no stretch of the imagination, nor distorting of historical fact, to say that brave John Stark with his rugged woodsmen compeers gave the voluminous proclaiming Burgoyne such a vigorous set-back that he became a crippled warrior, a much disappointed commander-in-chief, to the end that he could never fully recover, and that his ultimate defeat and surrender was a logical sequence of the battle of Bennington.

It is a well-known fact that the two cannon which have for so many years adorned the portico of our State capitol were taken at the battle of Bennington, but the interesting details of securing these guns for the state of Vermont is well nigh forgotten history.

I trust that it will be a pleasure to many of the readers of the Journal to trace the steps by which these war trophies were secured.

On October 20, 1848, an address was delivered before the Legislature of Vermont on the battle of Bennington, the occasion being in celebration and commemoration of receiving and dedicating these cannon.

The Rev. James Davies Butler, then pastor of the Congregational church at Wells River, delivered the principal address from which the following quotations are made:

"You have doubtless long wished my next word to be my last. I ought not, however, to conclude without a more special notice of the cannon before me, which have occasioned this concourse. It is a common opinion that these field pieces were of French manufacture, and taken by Wolfe at Quebec. But the manufacturer's name,

plainly marked on them, is J. & P. Verbeggen—a name no Frenchman and none but a Dutchman will claim. The date of their casting, also legible upon them, is 1776, or but one year before they came into the power of Stark.

"By reason of the British broad arrow or crowfoot marked upon them, they have been considered of British workmanship; but the mark is thought by good judges not to have been cast, but cut with a graver. The weight of each of the pieces is marked upon it—that of the one is 209, that of the other 213 pounds. They are called by our War Department three-pounders. According to Stark they are four-pounders. Of the four guns taken at Bennington I am inclined to think that these we now gaze upon were the two seized at the storming of the redoubt; for these, as I have said, have never been rated more than four-pounders, while the others were of larger calibre, and therefore more likely to accompany the larger force under Breymann. These, then, are the guns of which Stark, describing the evening conflict, says: 'We used their own cannon against them, which proved of great service to us.'

"The two pieces we rejoice at inheriting this evening were in Hull's park of artillery and were surrendered with his army at Detroit, exactly 35 years from the day they came into the hands of Stark. The British officer of the day ordered the evening salutes to be fired with them, and his eye happening to rest on the words graven upon them: 'Taken from the Germans at Bennington, August 16, 1777,' he declared he would add these words, 'Retaken from the Americans, August 16, 1812.'

"Happily before he found leisure to execute his threat,

these artful dodgers shifted masters once more, being regained by our troops at the capture of Fort George."

It may be interesting to look into the matter of how the securing of these trophies came about, which can best be done by quoting from a footnote in Mr. Butler's address:

"Those pieces were first espied by our indefatigable antiquarian, Henry Stevens, Esq., (of Barnet) while, in his own expressive phraseology, he was mousing around the arsenal at Washington. He soon roused an interest regarding them by these words in his report to Governor Slade: 'Even the cannon taken from the Germans at Bennington are now deposited in the United States Arsenal in the District of Columbia as trophies, unpaid for by the General Government, and quietly acquiesced in by the Green Mountain Boys.'

"Thereupon, the Governor in his next message thus spoke: 'The closing recommendation of Mr. Stevens in regard to the cannon taken at Bennington, it gives me much pleasure to commend to your favorable consideration. If there is a man in Vermont whose blood would not course more quickly thro' his veins on seeing in our State House these trophies of the crowning act of Vermont valor, I am much mistaken.'

"In consequence it was reported by a committee, and received by the two Houses that the Governor be requested to demand of the General Government the four brass cannon taken by the Green Mountain Boys from the British at Bennington, and the same when received to deposit in the State House at Montpelier.

"Upon the Governor's application to the Secretary

of War, the delivery of cannon was declined by the National Executive, and the Governor referred to Congress as the appropriate body to place said cannon at the disposal of this State. Hence it was resolved by the two Houses of the Vermont Legislature:

"That the Senators of this State in Congress, and the Representatives, are requested to use their exertions to obtain an order of Congress for the delivery of said cannon, to be deposited in the State House as a memorial of the valor which achieved the victory so honorable to the Green Mountain Boys."

These matters came before the Legislature at the sessions of 1843-4-5, a record of which may be found in the Senate and House Journals for those years, and the success of the venture will develop as we proceed with the story.

So far as the writer can ascertain, the exact detail of the proceedings in Congress leading up to the securing of these cannon has never been published in Vermont, and is here given in full:

"House of Representatives.

"Tuesday, January 13, 1846.

"The Green Mountain Boys.—Mr. Collamer presented a resolution of the Legislature of the State of Vermont, requesting the United States to give up to that State the four pieces of brass cannon taken by the Green Mountain Boys from the British army at Bennington on the 16th of August, 1777, for the purpose of depositing the same in the State House at Montpelier, as a memorial of the valor which achieved a victory so honorable to those brave boys, and so signally important in effecting the

liberties of our nation. Referred to Committee on Military Affairs."

This resolution relating to the four pieces of brass cannon failed to pass. Two years later better results attended the endeavor, as the transcript of the House Journal of the Thirtieth Congress, which follows, is ample evidence:

"In Congress of the United States, Thirtieth Congress—First Session. Monday, July 3, 1848. House of Representatives. The Journal having been read:

"Vermont Revolutionary Trophies.—Mr. Collamer, by leave, introduced the following joint resolution:

"Resolved, etc., That two brass field-pieces captured from the enemy at the battle of Bennington, in the State of Vermont, in 1777, now in the possession of the United States, be immediately well mounted, under the direction of the Secretary of War, and delivered to the Governor of the State of Vermont, to be hereafter holden as the property of said State.'

"The resolution having been read a first and second time, Mr. Collamer addressed the House to the following effect: 'Mr. Speaker, a motion has now been entertained, that when this House adjourns, it will adjourn to the 5th instant, and this is, therefore, for all the practical purposes of this House, the 4th of July. I therefore take this as a fitting occasion to present this resolution. I am sensible that the House has little of time or patience to listen to a subject to them of so little interest or importance, and I will therefore state, as concisely as possible, the history of the two field-pieces mentioned in the resolution, and the claim of Vermont to the same.

"'In 1775, before the Declaration of Independence,

and immediately after the commencement of hostilities with England, the people of Vermont—then called the New Hampshire Grants—captured the fortresses of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and therein took 113 pieces of cannon, six mortars, and three howitzers, good for service. These all passed into the service of the United States; and the people of Vermont have received no compensation. This constituted the basis of the artillery with which the War of the Revolution was achieved. In 1776 little but disaster attended the American arms. In 1777 Gen. Burgoyne entered the country from Canada with his imposing army of invasion—the best appointed and best furnished army, though not the largest, ever landed in America.

"He captured Ticonderoga, opened the whole northern frontier, pushed forward to the Hudson, and spread consternation through the country. It should, however, be remarked that he had some proper appreciation of Vermont. In the published journal of his expedition, as it advanced, will be found this entry of Gen. Burgoyne: "The Hampshire Grants, in particular, a country unpeopled and almost unknown in the last war, (that is, the old French war), now abounds in the most active and rebellious race on the continent, and hangs like a gathering storm upon my left." There was a depot of provisions at Bennington, in Vermont, and a detachment of Burgoyne's army, under Col. Baum, was sent to capture it; and upon this detachment this gathering storm burst like a tornado. Sir, I wish it remembered that no United States troops were present.

"It was the people of Vermont, assisted by their neighbors of New Hampshire, under the gallant Stark,

and a few bold neighbors from Berkshire, Mass., who overthrew this army under Baum, behind their log breast-work, and captured over 700 men, besides the killed and dispersed; and then it was that they took these two field-pieces. Did they not belong to that people? But, sir, they were wanted by the country. They were taken down to the Hudson, and constituted a part of the artillery in the battles of Bemis' heights and Saratoga, which resulted in the capture of the whole British army. They have been retained by the United States ever since. Sir, the expenses of Vermont in the Revolution have never been settled, or a dollar of them repaid. Their efforts at Ticonderoga, at Hubbardton, at Bennington, and even those of the last war, when Vermont rose en masse and went to the rescue of Plattsburgh, have never been adjusted, or a dollar paid therefor by the nation.

"All I now ask is, that you return to Vermont these two field-pieces which you have kept 70 years, and now, having worn out their carriages, you have thrown them aside as valueless, outside your Arsenal; and there, sir, you may now see them, neglected and corroding; but there is chiselled on them the precious memento that they were captured at Bennington, 1777. This government regards them as of no value. May we have them? We will put them in the vestibule of our granite capitol, and they shall be kept bright in patriotic, filial, and grateful remembrance of our fathers' valor. Again, I ask, may we have them?"

"The resolution was then read a third time and passed unanimously."

This resolution, which asked for only two brass field-

pieces, was passed in concurrence by the Senate on July 10, 1848.

On the 27th of July, 1848, an order was issued from the ordinance office in pursuance of this resolution, and on the 8th of August the cannon were delivered at the Watervliet Arsenal (near Troy, N. Y.) to Henry Stevens, who had been deputed by the Governor of Vermont to receive them. A few weeks later these famous field-pieces reached their destination and were installed by appropriate exercises on October 20th, as above stated.

There is not, so far as I am able to learn, any record of the disposition of the other two field-pieces, said to be six-pounders.

This article closes with biographical sketches of Mr. Stevens, Mr. Collamer and Rev. J. D. Butler and was followed by another historical contribution in the Montpelier Journal of May 4, 1911. In this article Mr. Bailey informs us that the third gun is known as the "Molly Stark Gun" and is the proud possession of the town of New Boston, N. H. The fascinating story of the part this gun played in the war of 1812 appeared in an article in the Manchester Union of May 12, 1909, much of which Mr. Bailey quotes in his second contribution to the Montpelier paper. The mate of the "Molly Stark Gun" was placed on a New Hampshire privateer during the war of 1812 and was lost at sea. "This," says Mr. Bailey, "seems to very satisfactorily dispose of the four cannon taken in the battle of Bennington."

A VERMONT ELECTRICIAN.

In connection with the unveiling of a tablet at Brandon on September 28, 1910, to Thomas Davenport, in honor of his electrical discoveries, Mr. Bailey contributed the following to the Rutland Evening News of that date:

It is highly proper that the Vermont Electrical Association, at its ninth annual meeting to be held at Brandon, should make Thomas Davenport the grand central figure of the celebration. Electrical scientists are now agreed that Thomas Davenport was the inventor of the electric motor, and that his inventions and patents covered the principles now in use.

Franklin Pope, an authority on the subject, writing of Davenport's achievements for the *Electrical Engineer* of February 4, 1891, in his conclusion says:

"The conclusion necessarily follows that the invention thus identified was conceived and embodied in concrete operative form by Thomas Davenport, at least as early as July, 1834; was exhibited and described to others prior to January 5, 1835, and covered by letters patent of February 25, 1837. If, therefore, this patent, which expired in February, 1851, was in force today, it is not too much to say, that upon a fair judicial construction of its claim, every successful motor now running would be embraced within its scope."

When full justice is done to Thomas Davenport, he will have a place in history with Fulton, Watt and Morse.

The unveiling of a tablet to his memory at Forestdale in the town of Brandon is certainly a long step in the right direction. All the proceedings should be given to the public, which will be a step towards the education of the people up to the fact that this great Vermonter and inventor is receiving his just dues.

Thomas Davenport was born in Williamstown, in Orange county, July 9, 1802. He served an apprenticeship as a blacksmith and removed in 1823 to Brandon where he lived and carried on the trade of blacksmithing,

but neglected that work for the more congenial work which has made him famous. He worked hard and died poor, July 6, 1851.

On November 7, 1900, his son, Rev. Willard G. Davenport, read a paper on the life work of his distinguished father before the Vermont Historical Society at Montpelier, which is published in their proceedings.

LEGISLATIVE DEADLOCKS.

After the state election of 1912, in which there was no election for Governor by the people, the Randolph Herald and News expressed the fear that a deadlock might arise in the Legislature which might extend through the entire session, adding that no such instance had ever risen before in the history of the state. This editorial elicited the following historical contribution from Mr. Bailey which appeared in the Randolph paper in its last issue of October.

Editor of the Herald and News:

By some inadvertence you have overlooked the stirring times in Vermont politics during the anti-Masonic campaigns, compared with which our present strenuous mix-up falls flat.

As a matter of interesting though ancient history will you grant space for a brief statement of those campaigns.

In 1828-9 Samuel Crafts was governor.

In 1830 three candidates were in the field, Samuel Crafts, National Republican and Masonic candidate, had 13,486 votes; William A. Palmer, anti-Masonic, 10,925 votes; Ezra Meech, Democrat, 6,285 votes. There was no choice and in the legislature Mr. Crafts won by one majority on the 32d ballot.

In 1831 Palmer had 15,528 votes; Heman Allen, National Republican, 12,990; Ezra Meech, Democrat, 6,158; scattering 270. There was no choice and Palmer was chosen by the legislature on the ninth ballot, having 114 votes out of 227.

In 1832 Palmer had 17,318 votes; Crafts, 15,499, Meech, 8,210. There was no choice and in the legislature Palmer was chosen governor on the 43d ballot, having 111 votes against 72 for Crafts, 37 for Meech and one scattering.

In 1833 the people elected Palmer for governor by popular vote. He had 20,565 votes; Meech, 15,683, Horatio Seymour, Whig, 1,765; John Roberts, 772; scattering 120.

In 1834 Palmer had 17,131 votes; William C. Bradley, Democrat, 10,385; Seymour, Whig, 10,159; scattering, 84. Again there was no choice and Palmer was chosen in the legislature on the first ballot, having 126 of the 168 votes cast.

In 1835, Palmer had 16,210 votes; Bradley, 13,254; Paine, Whig, 5,435; scattering 54. There was no choice and in the legislature 63 ballots were taken, covering the period from October 9 to November 2. During this time the highest vote recorded for Palmer was 112 out of a total of 226. The assembly was dissolved by a vote of 113 to 100 without the election of a governor, and under the constitution Lieut-Gov. Silas Jennison became acting governor.

Mr. Jennison was born in Shoreham May 17, 1791, and was elected governor by popular vote every year from 1836 through 1840. He declined an election in 1845 and was the first native-born governor elected in Vermont.

William A. Palmer was born in Hebron, Conn., September 12, 1781. He came to Chelsea about 1802 and studied law with Daniel Buck, being admitted to the Orange county bar. He lived a while in Brownington, Derby and St. Johnsbury and finally settled in Danville about 1807. He was county clerk, judge of probate, town representative several terms, county senator, member of the constitutional convention in 1827, 1836 and 1850, judge of the supreme court, 1816-17, and United States Senator 1818-25, being first chosen to fill out the unexpired term of James Fiske.

In 1832 political conventions first came into use. At that time the Democrats nominated Andrew Jackson; the National Republicans nominated Henry Clay, and the anti-Masonic party nominated William Wirt for their presidential candidates. Jackson had 219 electoral votes: Clay, 49; Floyd, 11; Wirt, 7. Vermont cast her seven electoral votes for Wirt and these were the only votes cast for the anti-Masonic candidate.

VERMONT HISTORY, A PLEA FOR ITS STUDY.

The Bennington Banner of October 11, 1911, contained the following letter from Mr. Bailey, which is a strong plea for the study of the history of our state:

Editor of the Banner:

Permit me to call attention to three notable historical addresses made by Hon. James K. Batchelder of Arlington.

First, at the dedication of the Stark monument at Peru on August 7, 1900.

Second, at the dedication of the new depot at Arlington, July 4, 1911.

Third, at the dedication of the Seth Warner monument

on the Bennington battle monument grounds August 16, 1911, the two last being published in full in the Evening Banner.

The Peru monument marks the camping place of Capt. John Stark en route with his troops from Charlestown, N. H. ("Old No. 4") over the Green Mountains to take part in the battle of Bennington. This monument is a granite obelisk 23 feet high, located on the north road leading from Peru village, about 50 rods north of the Bromley house and within a few rods of the actual camping place of the Stark troops. A tablet on the monument bears this inscription: "Encampment of General John Stark, August 6, 1777, while on the march with one thousand men from Charlestown, N. H., through the woods to the battle of Bennington. Erected August 7, 1899, by the Sons and Daughters of Vermont." The corner stone was laid on the date above mentioned with appropriate exercises, which were published in pamphlet. The dedication occurred one year later (August 7, 1900) at which time Mr. Batchelder delivered an historical address with John Stark as his text. Hon. D. K. Simonds delivered a poem. Senator Dillingham, Governor McCullough and others took part. So far as the writer is able to ascertain these proceedings were never published in pamphlet, the only account of this great historical event being meager newspaper write-ups. The enterprise of the Evening Banner has given us the other addresses of Mr. Batchelder in full, but why stop here?

Patriots of Peru, of Arlington, of Bennington, citizens of Bennington county, until you gather these historical matters, and put them in shape for the benefit of future generations, you are remiss in your duty.

John Stark! Thomas Chittenden! Seth Warner! a trio of patriotic heroes, makers of Vermont history, illustrious in the annals of general history. Who can measure the time devoted to the study of these historic characters, or estimate the energy expended in research by Mr. Batchelder, in bringing into panoramic view the men who laid the foundations of our statehood, and the events which have made our history unique. No one has told the story of Warner and Chittenden more plainly, directly or comprehensively, and it may be assumed that the story of Gen. Stark is in the same class.

These addresses should be preserved and placed in every Vermont schoolroom for supplemental reading.

It is wrong and unpatriotic to let the well-directed labor and conceded ability of such men as Mr. Batchelder ooze out at the finger tips of an historically slothful community.

Men of Bennington county, had your ancestors been as listless about preserving and saving the historical labor of Hiland Hall, Isaac Jennings, Maria Hemenway and others, as you now seem to be, much of the luster of your annals and the truth of your history would have passed beyond recall.

There has been written the history and story of Stark and Chittenden and Warner, but it was written so long ago that the books that contain it are rare, very scarce and costly, hence not available. Therefore, the argument is, that when any person has the historical spell, the impulse and ability to search and research, to read all the authors, cull all sources of information, to seek in nooks and corners of creation for legend, lore and history, to sift, compile, arrange and deliver, (as Mr. Batchelder

has done) for the entertainment and enlightenment of the populace, it is the duty of the town or community to preserve by the printing press for the future.

Vermont is remiss in its duty to the present and future until it establishes a department of history to gather, compile, publish and preserve a precious heritage for the future. Newspapers are, as they always have been, the great public bulletin board of education, and are now, with rare exceptions, the sole publishers of history, but they cannot do all that the exigency of the present, or the welfare of the future, requires to be done.

HORACE W. BAILEY.

Mr. Bailey was as ready to commend when occasion required, for only a few months previous a letter appeared in the Rutland Evening News congratulating the salutatorian of the graduating class of the Rutland High School for taking historical themes for their addresses. On another occasion he was highly indignant as he came to the Rutland schools to speak on the history of Vermont to find that the schoolrooms had no maps. When he discovered this fact he left the school building in high dudgeon and never returned to deliver his address. This action elicited considerable newspaper comment at the time, much of which was highly commendatory of his action and his forceful manner to impress upon the local school board the necessity of having the proper supplies in their school rooms.

MATTHEW LYON IN HISTORY.

(From the Montpelier Journal, April 2, 1912).

The campaign of 1902 was the most celebrated and the trials of the candidates the most vexatious of any within my recollection, but compared with the political

doings in the very beginning of our statehood, this campaign dissolves into thin air. For instance your attention is invited to a brief statement of Matthew Lyon, the famous fighter of Fair Haven, whose career I consider the most remarkable of any in our annals.

Matthew Lyon was born in Wicklow county, Ireland, in 1746, and came to America at the age of 13 years, and became indentured for the payment of his passage, as was the frequent custom of those times.

Some years intervened in which little knowledge of him is obtainable. He is next found in the service of Governor Thomas Chittenden at Arlington before Mr. Chittenden's election as first governor of Vermont, Lyon at the time having a wife and four children. Subsequently his wife died and he married Governor Chittenden's daughter, Beulah, who bore him four more children.

In 1776 he was in the continental army under General Gates, in Captain Fassett's company, was stationed for awhile at Jericho, and did faithful service, obtaining the rank of colonel.

From 1778 to 1780 he was deputy secretary to the governor and council as well as clerk of the court of confiscation.

His first appearance in Vermont legislature was in 1779 as the representative from Arlington and he was elected to the three following sessions. In 1783 he removed from Arlington to Fair Haven, proceeded to organize the town, built mills, started industries and in the largest sense became the father of the town.

In 1793 he established and began printing a paper in his paper mill called the "Farmer's Library." Several books were printed on this press.

In 1798 during one of his campaigns for congress, he published a semi-monthly magazine called the Scourge of Aristocracy and Repository of Important Political Truths.

He was Fair Haven's first representative, being chosen in 1783, receiving 10 elections thereafter, which gave him a full 15 years' service in the Vermont legislature.

In 1786 he was assistant judge of the Rutland county court.

Vermont was admitted to the Union in 1791 and Lyon was a candidate for congress that year, being defeated as he was twice thereafter. Israel Smith and Isaac Tichenor, afterwards governors of Vermont, were his successful competitors. His fourth attempt in 1796 was successful. His first speech in congress was on November 24, 1797.

On January 30, 1798, the hero of Fair Haven had an unhappy controversy of words on the floor of the house, with Roger Griswold of Connecticut, which came near a serious altercation. During this escapade he spat in the face of Griswold. A resolution was introduced to expel Mr. Lyon for "gross indecency" which passed by a vote of 52 to 44, lacking the necessary two-thirds required to expel a member.

Not being satisfied with the outcome of this unpleasantness, Mr. Griswold on February 20 approached Mr. Lyon who was seated at his desk on the floor of the house and began striking him with a hickory stick. As soon as he could gain his feet Lyon gave fight, pushing his assailant toward the fireplace where he grabbed the tongs, the only available weapon at hand. The fight terminated

in a clinch in which both went to the floor, Lyon on the bottom. Fellow members succeeded in separating the combatants, whereupon a resolution to expel both of these unruly solons failed of passage by a vote of 73 to 21.

In 1798 congress passed the famous "Sedition Law," doling out severe punishment to any person who should write or publish words of calumny against the government or its high officials.

About this time the Windsor Journal attacked Mr. Lyon. This brought forth a reply by the frightened Irishman, which was made the basis of an indictment at a term of the United States Court in Rutland, which came to trial at the October, 1798, term, Samuel Hitchcock, district judge, presiding, the trial taking place in what is known as the old state house now standing on West street in this city.

All the court officials belonged to the federal party, which was opposed to Matthew Lyon, and it was a time when politics was seething. Matthew Lyon and his friends claimed he did not get an impartial trial. He conducted his own case, his defense being that the so-called seditious letter was published June 20, 17 days before the passage of the law under which he was indicted.

The tide was against the defendant and he was fined \$1000, the costs amounting to \$60.96, and sentenced to four months imprisonment. At that time the law gave the United States marshal the discretion of the jail to which the prisoner should be committed. Marshal Jabel Fitch, being a resident of Vergennes, committed the prisoner to the jail at that place, where he was treated with unnecessary severity amounting to positive hardships and

deprivations. His term of imprisonment expired February 9, 1799, at 8 a. m.

During the service of his jail term he was again re-elected to congress over no less celebrated and distinguished persons than Rev. Samuel Williams, who had at that time written and published Vermont's first history, and Daniel Chipman, one of Vermont's most distinguished lawyers and citizens, by a majority of over 500 votes.

Immediately upon his release from jail Congressman Lyon started for Philadelphia where congress was in session. His progress through Vermont, en route, was a grand triumphal march, probably the most sincere and yet spectacular ovation ever accorded mortal being in the Green Mountain State. He took his seat in congress on February 20 and on the same day a resolution was offered for his expulsion which passed by a vote of 49 to 45, again lacking the two-thirds necessary to expel. During his term in congress he took an active part in the presidential election which went to the house, supporting Jefferson against Aaron Burr.

After this term in congress, Fair Haven's fighter did not return to Vermont to live, his time having been so much devoted to politics and the public weal that his business had gone to waste.

He removed to Eddyville, Lyon county, Kentucky, where he induced a small colony of Vermont families to settle around him.

In his new home he entered into politics with his old time desperation, establishing the first printing press in that state and entering into commercial and ship building industry.

In 1802 he was elected to the Kentucky legislature and

in 1803 or 1804 was elected to congress from his adopted state where he remained until 1810.

In 1812 he had a contract with the government for building ships but was not financially successful, making an assignment for the benefit of his creditors, his son, Chittenden Lyon, stepping into the breach to save the honor of the family name.

In 1820 he made application to Congress for the refunding of the fine imposed on him in Vermont together with the damages. A remittance of the fine and costs were made to his family after his death.

About 1820 he was appointed by President Monroe "Factor of the United States" with the Cherokee Indians in Arkansas from which territory he was chosen first delegate to congress, but he died August, 1822, before taking his seat.

The convention of 1777 which promulgated Vermont's first constitution, established and appointed a "council of safety" of 13 members, to exercise legislative, executive and judicial powers, until a state government could be formed and laws enacted.

Although having hardly crossed the threshold of his remarkable career, Matthew Lyon was chosen a member of that council.

In discribing the individual members of this council, Daniel P. Thompson, author of "The Green Mountain Boys" and various other historical novels relating to the early history of Vermont, after mentioning certain other members of the council says: "Next to them was seen the short burly form of the uncompromising Matthew Lyon, the Irish refugee, who was willing to be sold, as he was, to pay his passage, for a pair of two-year-old bulls,

by which he was wont to swear on all occasions. In his eagle eye and every lineament of his clear, ardent and fearless countenance, might be read the promise of what he was to become, the stern democrat, and unflinching champion of the whole right and the largest liberty.

THE DANIEL P. THOMPSON MEMORIAL.

By a joint Resolution passed by the Legislature of 1910 the Governor was authorized to appoint a commission of three to submit to the Legislature of 1912 plans for the erection of a suitable memorial for Daniel P. Thompson, author of the "Green Mountain Boys." Gov. Mead appointed on this commission Mr. Bailey, Hon. William J. Van Patten of Burlington and Representative Marshall J. Hapgood of Peru. Mr. Bailey, as chairman of the commission, prepared the following report which was submitted to the General Assembly of 1912:

The duty imposed by the resolution creating this commission is entirely preliminary.

Daniel Pierce Thompson was born near Bunker Hill, October 1, 1795. He came to Berlin, Vermont, in childhood where his parents settled on a farm.

Graduated from Middlebury College in 1820, he soon after began the practice of law in Montpelier, where the remainder of his life was spent, and where he died June 6, 1868. His mortal remains lie buried in yonder Green Mountain Cemetery, his grave is unmarked.

His grandson, Charles M. Thompson, of Boston, editor of the *Youth's Companion*, in a letter under date of October 10, 1912, addressed to a member of this commission, replying to the proposition to erect a memorial at the grave, says:

"One thing more: while I appreciate most highly the

generous feeling of the State and shall be most grateful for any public memorial, I could not tolerate any public interference with his grave. The lot in Green Mountain cemetery in which he is buried belongs to me."

Mr. Thompson held many positions of public trust.

He was Clerk of the House of Representatives, Secretary of State, Clerk of the County and Supreme Court and Judge of Probate.

He was the author of the history of Montpelier, a compiler of Vermont laws, and a writer of historical novels. His fame as a writer rests on the greatest of all Vermont stories, "*THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS*."

Judge Thompson did more to hand down and perpetuate the early patriotic history of Vermont than any other person living or dead. In the "*Green Mountain Boys*" and other of his writings he has woven into enchanting story the great drama of the first fifty years of our existence.

He stands at the head of Vermont historical story writers, indeed we know of no author excelling in this line of work.

His portrait in oil hangs on the walls of the large reception or art room in this building.

We recommend that a suitable bronze tablet be placed beneath the portrait with inscription and emblem fitting one of Vermont's most distinguished citizens and authors, containing a list of his books, giving special prominence to his masterpiece, "*The Green Mountain Boys*."

We recommend that the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Librarian of the Vermont Historical Society be made a committee to procure and establish the bronze tablet.

We recommend that the General Assembly invite

the Vermont Historical Society to dedicate, with appropriate historical exercises, the Thompson Tablet at its annual meeting in 1914.

We recommend that a sum of money, not to exceed five hundred dollars be appropriated for the purchase of this memorial tablet, and that no part of the appropriation shall be used for the payment of the services of any person in the procurement or dedication of the same.

The above report was accepted by the Legislature and the Commission procured the bronze tablet that was recommended. This tablet was placed beneath the portrait of Mr. Thompson in the Reception room at the State Capitol.

BENNINGTON'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

This remarkable document wherein 37 citizens of Bennington about 1775 resolved never to become slaves and associated themselves together to defend their liberties, was first found in the Phil Hubbell House in 1897, and was sold at auction in New York city in 1912 for \$910.00. The document was purchased by Hon. J. G. McCullough and his son, Hall Park McCullough, and then presented to the Vermont Historical Society. At the time of this purchase Mr. Bailey wrote the following comment to the Montpelier Journal:

This is indeed a very rare find, a precious heirloom, containing volumes of patriotic history. It tells a better story of the inception and growth of liberty in the hearts of Vermont's sturdy settlers than the pen of the most facile writer could do.

It may be truthfully said that Bennington is the most remarkable historic town in Vermont. First granted, and first permanently settled, it was the home of many a

hero, civil and military. Its historians rank the highest; nevertheless neither written chapter, oration nor faithful tradition can ever speak as forcefully, as eloquently, or as truthfully of the motive power in the human soul that impelled men to aggression and resistance, that pushed them into a long and continuous struggle for home and liberty, causing them to carve out of the wilderness, and wrench from stronger forces on every cardinal side, the Republic of Vermont, than this plain, almost unlettered declaration of the early settlers of Bennington.

Added luster gathers around this historic document when we remember that it was not promulgated, like so many present day manifestos, to be published in the papers for glory and effect. This document had its birth before a newspaper had been published in Vermont; at a period when goose quill, parchment and pamphlet were the only means of publicity, yet it exudes liberty, breathes peace and symbolizes a fighting patriotism which only real men, heroic men, could have declared to their fellow citizens and to the world.

The text of this remarkable document is as follows:

"Persuaded that the Salvation of the rights and liberties of America deposed under God, on the firm union of its inhabitants, in a vigorous prosecution of the measures necessary for its safety and convinced of the necessity of preventing the anarchy and confusion which attend a dissolution of the Powers of Government, we the free-holders and inhabitants of the town of Bennington, on the New Hampshire Grants in the County of Albany and province of N. York being Greatly alarmed at the avowed design of the Ministry to raise a revenue in America, and shocked by the bloody scene now acting in the Massa-

chusetts bay do in the most solemn manner resolve never to bee slaves; and do associate under all the ties of religion, honour and love to our Country to adopt, and endeavor to carry into execution whatever Measures may be recommended by the Continental Congress or resolved upon by our Provincial Convention for the preserving of our Constitution and opposing the execution of several Arbitrary and oppresive acts of the british Parliament, until a reconciliation between Great Britain and America on Constitutional principals, which we most ardently desire can be obtained; and that we will in all things follow the advice of our general Committee Respecting the Purposes aforesaid, the preservation of Peace and Good order, and the safety of individuals and Private Property.

"Ebr. Wood, Elijah Dewey, Nathan Clark, Benjn. Whipple and Jonathan Scottland, committee. Jeremiah X (his mark) Carpenter, Gosiah Fuller, David Bates, Eleazr Harwood, Benja. Hopkins, Thos. Jewett, Nathaniel Lawrence, Samuel Atwood, Jr., David Whipple, Cornelius Cony, Ehvaim Wood, John Smith, Ephraim Smith, Samuel Atwood, Reuben Bass, Elisha Higgein's, Griffin X (his mark) Briggs, Jonathan Scott, Archelas Nipper, Nathan Clark, Jr., Stephen Hopkins, Josiah Bough, David Safford, Pawnel Moseley, Saml. Montagu, Gideon Spencer, Thomas Tupper, Lehben Armstrong, Cyrus Blackman, —— Clark, Joseph Safford, Berijah Hulber, Hamar Hebard."

A PAIR OF PEACEFUL PATRIOTS—THOMPSON AND ROBINSON.

The following tribute to two Vermont writers appeared in the Rutland Evening News of November 23, 1912:

It is easy to praise men who have marched to martial music.

It is second nature to memorialize patriots of war by land and sea.

It is humankind to immortalize leaders who have exerted great powers in subduing enemies and establishing republics.

A nation or commonwealth or municipality, failing to pay homage to its patriots of war, perpetuating their lives and achievements by enduring memorial, is remiss in its duty to the past, and its obligation to the future.

Vermont is coming to her own along this line, not swiftly, but surely.

It would require a volume of no mean size to chronicle all the memorials erected within our borders to commemorate those who have waged war for liberty and peace.

It is plainly a human instinct that makes it easy to declaim of terrible events, to recite of martyrdom, crusade and crimson warfare.

* * * * *

But are the Patriots of Peace less deserving? The foundation of our country rests on its homes, and they who contribute abundantly to their stability, purity and education are no less patriotic in every fibre of their being, no less deserving of enduring memorial.

To discharge her duty to this class of patriots, Vermont is coming to her own more slowly.

Looking back through the years one may find many Patriots of Peace, deserving the attention of our state, and her social, religious, educational and patriotic societies.

May we not consider such patriots at this time, Vermont's two greatest novelists—

* * * * *

Daniel Pierce Thompson; born at Charlestown, Mass., October 1, 1795. He came to Vermont in childhood, graduated from Middlebury college, class of 1820, having had his preparatory course at Randolph and Danville. His life was spent in Montpelier, where he died June 6, 1868.

He was lawyer, judge of probate, clerk of the courts and house of representatives, editor of the Green Mountain Freeman, 1849-53.

He must have been an all around busy man when we consider that in addition to the many duties falling to his various official positions, he wrote the following books: "The Adventures of Timothy Peacock," 1835; "May Martin or the Money Diggers," 1835, republished in 1852 with the shorter stories, "The Guardian and Ghost," "The Shaker Lovers," "Ethan Allen and the Lost Children," "The Young Sea Captain," "The Old Soldier's Story," "A New Way to Collect a Bad Debt," and "An Indian's Revenge;" "The Green Mountain Boys," a historic tale of the early settlement of Vermont, 1840; "Locke Amsden or the Schoolmaster," 1847; "Lucy Hosmer or the Guardian and Ghost," 1848; "The Rangers or the Tory's Daughter," a tale illustrative of the Revolutionary history of Vermont, 1851; "Gaut Gurley or the Trappers of Umbagog," 1857; "The Doomed Chief or 200 years ago," 1860; "Cenatola and other Tales," 1864.

In 1850 Judge Thompson delivered an address before the Vermont Historical society on "The Birth of the First Constitution and Council of Safety."

In 1864 Judge Thompson wrote a sketch of the life and services of Ira Allen which was published in the Vermont Record at Brandon. This sketch, together with the address above mentioned, were re-published in the proceedings of the Vermont Historical society, 1908-1909.

"History of the Town of Montpelier, 1781-1860." This history contains an appendix giving the most complete account of pre-historic Indian occupancy in the Vermont territory ever published.

Judge Thompson's masterpieces, the works that made him famous, and that have done more to perpetuate early Vermont history than all other historical novels combined, are "The Green Mountain Boys" and "The Rangers."

The present session of the legislature proposes to memorialize this distinguished Patriot of Peace by placing a bronze tablet beneath his oil portrait in the Art room in the State house at Montpelier.

* * * * *

Rowland Evans Robinson; born in Ferrisburg, Vt., May 14, 1833; died in Ferrisburg, Vt., October 15, 1900.

Except for a short period spent in New York as a designer on wood this Patriot of Peace was a farmer on the ancestral farm, establishing a home noted for its culture and hospitality.

He was historian, novelist, and writer of nature stories, as will be seen by a list of his books: "Uncle Lisha's Shop," 1887; "Sam Lovel's Camps," 1889; "Vermont, a Study of Independence," 1892; "Danvis Folks," 1894; "In New England Fields and Woods," 1896; "Uncle Lisha's Outing," 1897; "A Hero of Ticonderoga," 1898; "In the Green Wood," 1899; "A Danvis Pioneer," 1900;

"Sam Lovel's Boy," 1901; "Hunting Without a Gun and other tales," 1905; "Out of Bondage," 1905.

* * * * *

These Patriots of Peace were as dissimilar as the titles of their books indicate, as their portraits demonstrate.

* * * * *

Judge Thompson was a delver in musty tomes, digging deep in documents, searching the folklore of the times.

Story writing may have been his pastime, but history was his serious business. He seemed to dwell in the heights, near lowering clouds, in an atmosphere surcharged with the boom of gun, the rattle of musketry, the huzzas of contending forces.

He seemed to pierce mountain fastness, rocky cave and block-house shelter. He saw the sterner side of life, in the home of aristocrat or plebeian, he saw only realities; few of his characters were mirth-provoking. He built stories as a carpenter would build a house, by rule; he wrote history which has stood the test of years with pen dipped in arctic ink.

* * * * *

Rowland Robinson was exactly different. For him the thunderings of Sinai had no charm; he lived in the mellow sunshine of life.

He loved to commune with nature in her hills and vales and streams. Bird and animal and fish were his loved and loving companions.

People in lowly homes were his neighbors; in them he saw the honest homely side of life. His story of early days, his description of odd characters with quaint dialect is charming. He wrote history as no other Vermonter has written it. Nature's book must have lain wide open

before him; his tintings were selected from genial seasons. He became totally blind in 1893, after seven years of gradually failing sight, so that a larger portion of his books were written in the gloom. But through sightless eyes he saw supernal nature; out of this great soul into all his books flowed streams of milk of human kindness.

* * * * *

The lives of this Pair of Peaceful Patriots cover a century of time, and their works follow them. After all the years "The Green Mountain Boys," "The Rangers," "Locke Amsden," and "Gaut Gurley" may be had at book stores in cheap editions, and nearly all the Robinson books are current. Rutland conditions would be substantially improved if the fathers and mothers would organize themselves into a committee for the purpose of steering the sons and daughters up against these Patriots of Peace, keeping a supply of their books within reach. Young people, especially boys, love this class of reading.

* * * * *

Rutland may well be proud of its large class of Peaceful Patriots. Standing at the end of this class are Rev. Samuel Williams, D.D., LL.D., and Judge Samuel Williams, founders of the Rutland Herald in 1794.

So far as the 20th century Rutland is concerned, the mortal remains of these most distinguished citizens repose in the North Main street cemetery without suitable monument, and their heroic endeavor for this community in its beginnings nearly forgotten.

Samuel Williams, minister, Vermont's first historian, most polished scholar and gentleman, eloquent preacher, most erudite editor and author.

Samuel Williams, judge, father of Rutland, promoter

of her early industries, benefactor of the first settlers, chief man of affairs, just judge.

Rutlanders are industrious in soliciting and generous in contributing for noisy and profitable carnivals and numerous other events which may add coin to their coffers, and temporary glory to their annals, and it is well.

Why not enrich and perpetuate our grand history by devoting some of our industry and a portion of our means to the establishment of a permanent memorial to the makers of this history?

Why not adorn our beautiful park by erecting thereon a memorial fountain, dedicating Park and Fountain to these Peaceful Patriots?

CHAPTER XIII.

BIBLIOGRAPHY—MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Bailey's collection of Vermont Pamphlets was one of the most complete in the country and included some of the rarest known specimens of the early days of the history of the State. The collection embraces 130 bound volumes and includes early catalogues of educational institutions, the first reports of various religious bodies, numerous election sermons, political pamphlets and extensive collections of documents published under the authority of the Legislature. No attempt has been made to catalogue in this book this great collection, but the list that follows is a bibliography of the Vermont pamphlets in Mr. Bailey's collection that are not given in Gilman's Bibliography of Vermont. Included in this remarkable collection are typewritten copies of many of the historical articles that he had contributed to the Vermont papers, while Volume 102 is a compilation of various historical events, mostly prepared by himself. This interesting volume bears his own portrait as a fitting frontispiece and at the close of the original articles is appended his autograph. The major portion of this volume is devoted to a history of the towns chartered in Vermont prior to 1763, together with detailed reports of all their historical celebrations and pageants. This volume of over 300 type-written pages contains little that is not original and is a

most valuable addition to the town histories of those early communities.

Abstract of an Act to Provide for the Valuation of Lands and Dwelling Houses, and the Enumeration of Slaves within the United States. To which Are Added Instructions and Regulations for the Principal and Assistant Assessors made in Pursuance of said Act; and the Instructions of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. Published by order of the Board of Commissioners at Vergennes. 1798. Printed by G. and B. Waite. 8vo. pp. 36.

University of Vermont. Exposition of the System of Instruction and Discipline Pursued in the University of Vermont. By the Faculty. Second Edition. Printed by Chauncey Goodrich at Burlington. 1832. 8vo. pp. 32.

Coolidge, Carlos, Esq. An Address Delivered before Vermont Lodge, at the Public Celebration of the Anniversary Festival of St. John, the Baptist, at Hartland, June 24, A. L. 5826. Published by Request of the Lodge. Windsor. Printed by Wyman Spooner. 8vo, pp. 24.

Congregational. A serious address of the Consociation of the Western District of Vermont and parts adjacent; presented more particularly to the people in its vicinity. Rutland. 1801. Printed at Rutland by William Fay. 12mo, pp. 8.

Headley, J. T. The One Progressive Principle. Delivered before the literary societies of the University of Vermont, August 1846. Printed by John S. Taylor. 8vo. pp. 32.

Ballou, Hosea. Oration by Rev. Hosea Ballou, delivered at Hartland, Vt., July 4, 1807. 8vo. pp. 24.

Catalogue of the officers and students of Waterville College and of the clinical school of medicine at Woodstock, Vt., connected with the college. 1830-1. 8vo. pp. 24.

Shaw, John B. A sermon preached at Castleton, Vt., December 3d, A. D. 1848, at the funeral of Mrs. Edgar M. Griswold by Rev. John B. Shaw, pastor of the Congregational church at Fairhaven, Vt. "Death Gain to the Christian." Flushing. 1849. Printed by Charles R. Lincoln.

Wells, G. C. A missionary sermon preached before the Troy Annual Conference at Middlebury, Vt., May 21, 1858. St. Albans. Printed by E. B. Whiting. 8vo. pp. 27.

The Ex-Chief Justice and the Printer. Being a report of a trial for libel. Titus Hutchinson vs. B. F. Kendall. Had before the Honorable County Court for the County of Windsor, May term, 1836. Which closes with an epitaph on a broken-down office seeker. Woodstock, Vt. 1836. Printed by J. B. and S. L. Chase & Co. 8vo. pp. 72.

Crosby, Dixi. Report of a Trial for alleged malpractice against Dixi Crosby, M. D., Professor of surgery, etc., in the Dartmouth Medical College, in the Windsor County Court at Woodstock, May term, 1854. Verdict for Defendant. Woodstock. Printed by Lewis Pratt. 1854. 8vo. pp. 85.

Bill, Bristol. Life and exploits of the noted criminal Bristol Bill. By Greenhorn. New York. Published by M. J. Ives & Co. Price 15 cents. 8vo. pp. 101.

Shepard, Sylvanus. A short history of Lafayette, etc. Contains also the poems "Champlain Victory,"

"Perry's Victory on Lake Erie," "The Three Indian Brothers," "The Weeping Damsel." Danville. Printed by E. & W. Eaton. 1826. 12mo. pp. 12.

Hall, S. R. Confession of faith and covenant of the church in Concord, Vt. With notes, references and remarks. By Samuel Read Hall Pastor. 1826. Printed by E. & W. Eaton. 12mo. pp. 8.

Dred Scott Decision. Report of the select committee on slavery, the Dred Scott decision, and the action of the Federal government thereon, submitted November 15, 1858. Montpelier. Printed by E. P. Walton. Followed by House Bill, H. 270, reported by Mr. Marsh of Brandon, "An act to secure freedom to all persons within this state." House of Representatives document. 12mo. 32 pp.

Clift, William. Farm Life, a School of True Manhood. An address at the tenth annual fair of the Bennington Co. Agricultural Society, September 24, 1857. By Rev. William Clift. Printed by T. J. Tiffany at the Banner office, Bennington, 1857. 8vo. pp. 16.

Castleton Medical College. Triennial catalogue of the officers, corporation, instructors, graduates and students of the Vermont Academy of Medicine. 1829.

The Hermit. Being a miscellaneous collection in prose and verse. From Parks' press, Montpelier, 1808. Small 12mo. pp. 34.

Waterville College. Catalogue of the officers and students of Waterville College and of the Clinical School of Medicine, at Woodstock, Vt., connected with the college. 1830-1.

Vattemare, Alexander. Proceedings and instructions concerning the system of International, Literary

and Scientific Exchanges, established by Alexander Vattemare. Published by order of the Legislature of Vermont. With an introduction by Zadock Thompson. 1848. Free Press. Burlington. 8vo. pp. 80.

Sermon preached in Lancaster, N. H., on the anniversary of our National Independence, July 4th, 1812, before the Washington Benevolent Societies of Lancaster and Guildhall, and Published at their Request. By Joseph Willard, A. M., Pastor of the Church in Lancaster. Printed at Windsor, Vt., by Thomas M. Pomloy. 1812. 8vo. pp. 16.

Marsh, Charles. Essay on the amendments proposed to the constitution of the State of Vermont, by the council of censors, delivered at the celebration of Washington's birthday at Norwich, on the 22d of February, 1814. Hanover, N. H. 1814. Printed by Charles Spear. 8vo. pp. 24.

Address to the Freemen of Vermont by their delegation to the National Republican Convention, holden at Baltimore, Maryland, in December, 1831. Middlebury. H. H. Houghton, printer. 8vo. pp. 16.

Narrative of Bro. John P. Weeks, Who Was Sick, whose Spirit Left the Body, Was Conducted to PARADISE by an Angel, Looked over into HELL and Returned to the body again; the Body Recovered Health; and Related the Adventures in Both Regions; TOTALLY Disproving the Advent Doctrine of the Soul's Sleeping in the Grave and Annihilation of the Wicked. First printed in a Caledonia county newspaper in 1843. One hundred and fifty copies printed at Newport, Vt., in 1890, by S. C. O'Connor for Peter Connal, Esq. 12mo. pp. 41.

MR. BAILEY'S HOME, THE OLD BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE.

THE DREAMER AND THE TOILER.

Mr. Bailey's home in Newbury was an old brick schoolhouse very comfortably fitted for what he had every reason to anticipate would be a home free from public cares and private worries. It is situated on the plateau above the Connecticut river with Moosilauke and the White Mountains in the distance across the fertile valley. In one of his later Scrap Books is this beautiful reference to his home:

"I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded lives of men;
Heart weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For the dreamer lives forever and
The toiler dies in a day."

AN APPRECIATIVE SKETCH.

In the fall of 1909 a series of biographical sketches appeared in the Brattleboro Reformer written by Harry B. Shaw, now of the Rutland Herald, under the characteristic title, "Verdant Mountain Patriots." No. 21—"A Square-deal Apostle"—elicited the following favorable comment from the editor of the Montpelier Journal:

This sketch is all wool and a yard wide. There isn't a man in the state with a bigger heart, or one who loves Vermont better than Horace W. Bailey, and any list of useful citizens of this commonwealth, however

small and exclusive, that leaves out the name of the present United States marshal will be incomplete.

"No. 21" here follows:

Orange county has furnished several good working models within the last half century, but she pins her faith to one in particular and the rest of Vermont backs her up in her claim that she has a simon-pure specimen of the true-blue, square-deal patriot. Though his business office is at Rutland, his heart is at home in old Newbury. He will be 58 years old, January 16, and while he looks the part he does not act any older. Like many other Orange county patriots, he got into politics, but his game has always been a square one and today he has a post with the federal government that he can keep as long as Taft has a look-in at Washington.

"Uncle" Horace is an optimist clear to the wire. No man ever saw his brow decorated with a frown. Even when the surgeons decided to relieve him of one of his feet and a section of a leg, Horace didn't see the necessity of his friends sending bouquets before the administration of the ether. Horace suggested there was no reason to play him as a candidate for a funeral. He asked that instead of posies his friends buy cigars. He did not succumb to the skill of the man with the hack-saw. His habits have always been such as go with the building of a rugged constitution. He looks like a humorist and is, when occasion offers. He has one fad—Vermont History. Horace can floor the ordinary student of Vermont history with the first five questions. He doesn't make any noise about it, but he probably knows more of the history of Vermont than any other individual, or two of them, in the state.

Horace Ward Bailey's counsel may be relied upon.

He ought to have been a lawyer, for he has a judicial mind. "Hod" will listen to a tentative political frame-up and hand out an opinion that will prove good every time. He hasn't any enemies nor a wife. Horace will never reach the age limit where he can't prove interesting to his friends.

Though his job of United States marshal brings him against some of the sad things, Horace smooths out the wrinkles and more than one unfortunate has had his burden materially lightened by listening to Bailey's philosophy. Though the newspapers have done their part in exploiting Horace Bailey, the man's own works are his best press-agent. Bailey's philosophy is simple. Be square. Two words cover it. Horace Bailey never went back on a man and men don't go back on him. Barring Senator Page and Ex-Governor Proctor, Bailey has probably a wider circle of acquaintances in Vermont than any other man. The women folks admire Horace. He would let them vote. When the suffragettes are permitted to use a ballot in Vermont they will vote Bailey into some position of honor. Horace loves Vermont and children. He keeps a scrap book and mighty little happens in Vermont that Horace doesn't clip and paste into it. Once in a while he does a little writing in which he bares his love for Vermont. He looks like a comedian, but he is a Methodist.

In 1902 when the thirsty ones were fighting to put a crimp into the prohibition law, Horace as a member of the Committee of Fifteen, was the rubber heel that acted as the official shock absorber when the drys and wets attempted to hit in a clinch. After that session Horace's fame spread. When a few days afterward a bunch of Chinamen hit the gravel while their escort's back was turned,

it became necessary to provide another escort. "Hod" was chosen, and to date no kick has been registered.

Some men may carry around more than a normal supply of brains, but few possess a heart larger than "Uncle" Horace's. Bailey's blood is red. It is of the consistency that buys a hungry man a plate of beans and a cup of coffee. If Horace gives you a cigar, it is a good one. If you want to make him a birthday present send him some good smoking material.

He has been flustered but once in his life. On that occasion—one gray November afternoon in 1902—Horace was occupying his seat way back in the corner of the house of representatives at Montpelier, when a breezy effort on the part of Emmett McFeeters of Enosburg stirred the atmosphere around Bailey. The Enosburg man attempted to be facetious at the expense of the W. C. T. U. of Vermont. Mr. Bailey began to display symptoms of anger, apoplexy and fight before he got his feet disentangled from his desk. When he got onto his feet what he said to McFeeters was a plenty, and it tended to curb the rest of the funny ones. Mr. Bailey's tribute to the womanhood of Vermont on that November afternoon made him solid with the fair sex.

It is said one bank in St. Johnsbury has all it can handle in the way of savings accounts, and that Horace Bailey as a trustee of the institution doesn't tend to drive business away. Horace is something of a politician. It takes a politician to land the job of U. S. marshal with a Vermont field of hungry ones chasing after you. The appointment of Horace was one that Senator Proctor never regretted. Though Mr. Bailey was not a member of the Kitchen Cabinet, he was trusted with the secrets of the

inner shrine, and his ability to weigh and measure men compelled the house of Proctor to call upon him more than once for counsel. When it became known that Horace must submit to a surgical operation, a year or two ago, a bunch of political cannibals, not waiting for the obsequies, which they banked upon, began feeling of the wires to learn about the time that "Hod" would be due to class with the derelicts. It was then that Senator Proctor showed his followers that he had some red blood. There are missing links in the story, but the substance of the message conveyed to Mr. Bailey on his bed in the hospital, was that so long as Redfield Proctor's batting average could be maintained, the man didn't live in Vermont who could succeed his friend while the friend stayed alive.

Horace has played in various positions on the political team in his home town, and his administration as a member of the Republican state committee is remembered, for Mr. Bailey contributed a momentum to the machine that was unexpected.

Horace is a big man and to watch him navigate one would never suspect him to be a hustler. Men who have sat across the table from him and listened to his work of directing a political skirmish, are inclined to pass him up as a sort of steam roller. He can dictate a hundred letters all on the same subject, and the last will be as good as the first. His chirography resembles the trail of a duck. He uses either a feather duster or the burnt end of a match as a pen. He was never heard to speak ill of a man, but he never hesitates to give one his opinion of a man. It was this characteristic that brought Horace into the light in 1902. While Mr. Bailey didn't get noisy as a member of

the ter-centennial outfit, he was one of the men who actually worked.

As an arbitrator Mr. Bailey has a bunch of pretenders chased out on a limb. He can nail a crooked statement as quick as it is handed him, and it's useless to hand him a phony piece of gilt, for "Hod" has some sort of a system whereby he keeps in touch with men and matters in Vermont.

**MR. BAILEY'S LETTER TO ONE SEEKING VOTES IN A
VOTING CONTEST.**

In the spring of 1888 when Mr. Bailey was keeping a store at Newbury the New England Grocer started a voting contest among its subscribers, offering a gold watch to the most popular travelling man. Harry J. Goodwin of Boston sent out a number of letters to subscribers of this trade journal soliciting votes and he received in reply this letter from the Newbury grocer:

"Your favor of the 6th inst. is duly considered. We conclude that such a supreme, unalloyed, brazen-faced, unadulterated, unmitigated display of cheek in its pure simplicity should be rewarded. We enclose our vote for "The most popular drummer," a man we never saw or heard of until we saw your name in the New England Grocer among the contestants. Indeed, you must be a very popular fellow. Kindly forward us your photo. We wish we were entitled to a thousand times ten thousand votes; they should be flung at your feet. If travelling wasn't a little off in Vermont, I would personally canvass this entire state for you. Not only do we wish you success in your wild scheme for a watch, but we wish you a glorious voyage through life. May your pathway be strewn with

dandelion blossoms, etc. After life's fitful dream is passed, you will find, my dear sir, that your cheek will be an abundant passport into the unknown beyond.

We subscribe ourselves, Sincerely Yours,

BAILEY & CO.,

By Horace W. Bailey.

Newbury, Vt., April 7, 1888.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. BAILEY AS A LETTER WRITER.

It was the farthest from Mr. Bailey's thoughts that any of his letters to his friends should ever be preserved in a book, but the correspondence which here follows is so characteristic of the man that it forms a most fitting part of this memorial. Though Mr. Bailey was a great letter writer, he preserved few copies of his letters. The selection of the letters which follow was made from among some of his many friends, who kindly furnished the letters for publication. It is apparent from these letters that Mr. Bailey had gifts of a high order in this direction. It is almost needless to say that there are many others of very great interest that are too personal for publication. It is true, too, that there are some that discuss persons and events so frankly that prudence dictates that they should not be published after so short a lapse of time.

LETTERS TO SENATOR CARROLL S. PAGE.

Mr. Bailey was at one time offered a position of large responsibility in one of the most important industries in Vermont. Senator Page thus explains the situation referred to in the following letter:

In 1907 I was looking for a business manager. My oldest son had been stricken with tuberculosis, and the very first report made by a Boston specialist as to his case was that there was no possibility of his recovery. This son—Hull—had been my mainstay in business. His loss was absolutely inexpressible in any language that I can find.

I felt that the chief pillar upon which I had relied was gone, and in looking about for someone to take his place, I thought of Horace Bailey; and we had considerable correspondence in regard to his coming to Hyde Park.

I had known Horace for many years and had great admiration for him. He came to Hyde Park and we discussed the situation at length; but his final conclusion was that he didn't care to undertake the burden which I wanted to place upon him. He had no family to support, was living a very pleasant life—a life in which he could devote a great deal of time to reading and literary work—and he realized that to sit in with me meant the assuming of heavy burdens; he did not give me a final decision when he was at Hyde Park, but wrote me after he had returned home.

Newbury, Vt., January 20, 1897.

Dear Governor:

You were born January 10, 1843. I struck the earth nine years six days later. You need a younger man. My business education has been circumscribed by a half-bushel. At 45 years I am too fossilized to develop, and too hide-bound to expand into such a business help-meet as your surroundings demand. I am complimented by your letter. You over-estimate my ability. I am, indeed, much wedded to my town and county. Every man, it is said, has his price. If the party of the second part thought he could anywhere near meet the expectations of the party of the first part, he would say negotiate, (but he can't). My income from personal effort is not large, \$1000 per annum covers it and more too. Should I get the New England Statistical Agency (which I probably shall not) another thousand would be added, total \$2000, and that's

at least ten or twelve hundred more than I am worth to anyone. Again Governor, I am not spry enough for your business. 308 lbs. of humanity is of necessity too slow for a man whose affairs are cosmopolitan and intercolonial. If you knew me better, you would know better. I thank you for the confidence manifest. While I am sure I could not fill the bill, I should not be averse to meeting you some day in St. Johnsbury and mutually exchange ideas confidentially.

Very truly yours,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

Newbury, Vt., January 28, 1897.

Dear Governor:

Your favor at hand. I am under renewed obligation. Fact is, Governor, you are piling up the obligations so that ere long you will be entitled to a bill of sale or chattel mortgage. I am glad you were situated so that you could write Col. Clark in such an informal manner. I learned today that our friend Homer W. Vail is a candidate for the same place. Soon after some of Homer's exploiting in this vicinity dehorning cows, I introduced him to a Newbury audience at a farmers' meeting as "the dehorned member of the Board of Agriculture." Soon after he registered a solemn vow that for that premeditated act of mine he would lay me low; perhaps this is the time he will do it, but he will have to scratch gravel to get a better endorsement. That is a fact. It is beginning to dawn on me that had your energies been directed in literary channels you would have attained renown, possibly not as widespread as the Calf-Skin King, but wide enough so that you

could have reaped a snug harvest. My only desire now is that your letter to Col. Clark (which is a gem) will entertain him, as it has me. It is the happiest admixture of business, pleasure and clean-cut terse English that has come under my observation for a long time. Whether I get the N. E. Agency or not, that letter to Col. Clark will be kept where I can read it often. Its general tone is, to me, more inspiring and comforting than any number of David's Psalms. Sincerely thanking you, I am,

Yours truly,

BAILEY.

Newbury, Vt., September 6, 1897.

Dear Governor:

Since about 1883 I have been connected with our public schools, most of the time as Supt., and have been regarded something of an expert on school mam's. Stepping out of and into the higher order of house-wifery, I am a rudderless and compassless ship, nor sun, nor moon, nor stars to indicate a comfortable port. Twenty-two years ago the eighteenth of last April I made the first effort of my life looking to a double, or rather two-fold existence. I failed; numerous efforts in the same direction, covering intervening years, have also been failures. Last March, in an attempt to search out all the Baileys in my line, I met a head-on collision with a third cousin, living in Grinnell, Iowa, whom I had never seen, aged about 38; interesting correspondence ensued. She allowed that it would be pleasant to swap her name for mine. I was happy. She finally suggested we swap pictures. We swapped. Immediately a postal card came with this simple interrogation: "How much do you weigh?" In

great glee I sent back the following postal card message: "A little rising of three hundred." In due course of fast mails a postal came back all the way from Grinnell on which was the following tearful message: "I am no Mormon. There is enough of you for two or three women. Good bye." Yet, seriously, Governor, I am not so domestically discouraged but what I shall be on the lookout for just such a hired girl as you want; and if I find her I shall propose to her before she leaves for Hyde Park.

Very truly yours, with kind regards,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

Newbury, Vt., January 12, 1898.

Dear Governor:

There ought to be no question as to which of us should reach Paradise, for the narrative says there were "thieves on either side." However, it will be pleasanter to adopt as our trysting place the other scene, where Moses and Elias are on either side. But Governor, Vermont is Paradise enough to answer all present demands in both our cases. Being in 2nd Cong. Dis. have not got grooming reduced to a common denominator, but if you insist on snuff taking, you'll find old Orange County can sneeze.

Yours,

BAILEY.

Senator Page makes the following explanation in regard to the next letter:

Unlike the business situation which was under consideration in 1897, Horace seemed to take to my service along political lines like a duck to water, and sometime

in 1899 he came to Hyde Park and remained with me until the latter part of June.

It may be proper to state that he was a most satisfactory helper in my political campaign of 1900, and as a correspondent I think he had few equals. We worked together in all political matters like brothers, and in all my political experience I have never had a more loyal and devoted friend than Horace W. Bailey.

Newbury, Vt., January 13, 1899.

Dear Governor:

Much depends on where Gov. Smith strikes next. 1st,—cream of corporation lawyers; 2nd,—cream of supreme court, and 3rd,—possibly cream of Fish Commissioners. One of two things is certain, that either Fish Commissioner or ex-Governors rank next highest above Supreme Court. Titcomb can't be spared. If I am appointed I shall accept. If the Governor takes note of the large and ever-increasing crop of Ex-Govs., I hope the wool will fly in Hyde Park. Notwithstanding I am a "Mountain Ruler" and have been several times vaccinated with Grout virus, I feel sure that I represent a considerable sprinkling of east siders who would wail not, and who believe if appointed you would be a strong candidate in 1900, and would make both wool and fur fly. However, to be serious, my impression is that in the pre-convention canvass you were leaning more towards Bennington than St. Albans, which with the Mt. Rule and other things leaves you side-tracked on present running schedule. If such is the case, the next best thing is something else, and if I too fall outside the senatorial breastworks I shall be free and untrammeled to examine fish works anywhere in the

1st. Cong. District, I shall only need a guide board fastened on my back pointing where. I note by a St. Johnsbury paper that the Citizens Bank has elected me to a trusteeship, which will take me to St. Johnsbury Mondays. I might meet you there. Or if I don't answer a call to the U. S. senate my time will not be so valuable but what I might go to Hyde Park and take lessons in wool pulling, much to my benefit. Whatever happens I wish you a large measure of success.

Yours very truly,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

Dear Governor:

Newbury, Vt., September 14, 1912.

I received a second calendar from your office, also an engraving of yourself, which is a great and noble improvement over the cut on your calendar. In the acknowledgement of the first calendar, I was shy of wounding your feelings, so spoke of the man that the picture on the calendar stood for. This time I can speak of the picture as well. It's O. K. Abraham Lincoln, who occupies the most central place in my office, did not approve of the cut on the calendar, and has worn a serious, sad countenance, since I hung you up so conspicuously. Now I have put you on the door of my tall, old-fashioned clock, which has been in our family for 122 years. This means that you will strike on time; that you are always about ten minutes, ahead of Washington time, so that if you run for Congress you will get there ahead of the other fellow. It means that you always go forward and make things tick.

Yours truly,

BAILEY.

Rutland, Vt., April 4, 1913.

Dear Governor:

* * * * *

I am now holding on to my job as a matter of courtesy to a democratic administration. For me to resign at this time would be an act of great discourtesy to an inexperienced President, for whom I do not have an unkindly feeling, and whom I would not like to embarrass. If it should become important to the ship of state for me to serve out my term, I shall pray for strength to continue on until January 1, 1916, although my house is now set in order.

Yours very truly,

HORACE.

Rutland, Vt., August 25, 1913.

Dear Governor:

I won't put your letter in the junk heap, nor wait a year before I make reply. I read the letter to myself, then asked my nurse to read it to me, after which we took a vote on it, and got a unanimous decision that the letter was O. K. Thank you.

The things I am called upon to pass through wrench on the soul and pull on the heart strings, but somehow I live more in the sunshine than in the shadow, and have not yet had a gloomy day. This may be what you call philosophy, but it seems to me more like stunted and dwarfed faculties, but so long as it keeps me in a fairly happy and fully contented frame of mind, let us not worry over the situation. I would be a poor hand to send out to reap gloom. Of course if my good Democratic friends

should seize upon this opportunity to oust me, I should feel disturbed. I think I stand well with Vermont Democrats and have received warm assurances from both factions that I should hold out to January 1, 1916. If the fates so decree I shall rejoice. Mr. Chapman comes every day. I have passed upon all matters necessary for me to do, so that my grip on the office business is not much loosened. I am gaining every day. Tomorrow expect to get into a wheel chair.

Yours,

HORACE.

LETTERS TO GOV. FLETCHER D. PROCTOR.

Hon. F. D. Proctor,

May 1, 1902.

My dear Sir:

* * * * *

To be fair and plain with you I am principally interested in my own campaign; it has kept me busy. At a very early date I began sawing for Bailey, and am sawing for him now, it's of much more importance to me whether I am nominated as Auditor than whether you are nominated for Governor. I made a signed and sealed compact with myself from the start that I would treat all candidates decently, that I would cudgel none, the compact is unbroken. I hope my selfishness may be somewhat neutralized by my frankness.

Yours very truly,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

Newbury, September 1, '02.

Dear Mr. Proctor:

A man would have the heart of a graven image who would not accept your reasons for not coming to Randolph. The final wind up at Randolph tonight by Dillingham and Plumley will I trust be beneficial. I sincerely thank you for keeping me so well in mind. The campaign is ended. It has been earnest, aggressive, bitter. Orange County never knew what campaigning was before, nor I either. For forty days and forty nights I have waged incessant warfare, have been in every town, some of them many times, turned every stone, pulled every string. I have run up against Grout-Dillingham campaign, church and school-house feuds, line fence and family quarrels galore. I am better acquainted with Orange County. We are queer! I have written, interviewed, scolded, prayed with, and sworn at until I am content. I have been kicked, cursed, lied to, praised, banqueted, and buffeted. I rather like it. * * * * *

The result will be a good vote for McC. and far too many Clement men in the legislature from Old Orange. This is not the "confession of an opium eater" but rather an incoherent statement of fact. You have been very kind and courteous to me since the campaign opened, for which accept thanks. At one time you were an interested participant in this struggle, therefore entitled to some of the experiences of a very modest county committeeman.

With kind regards,

Yours truly,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

Rutland, Vt., April 9, 1906.

Dear Fletcher:

Just a line to say that my last was my best Washington trip. You told me to make my loafing headquarters in your father's committee room. I followed your instructions and have no regrets. Fact is I had a grand time and was able to accomplish even more with my P. O. business than I anticipated. I realize more than ever what a grand, strong, good man your father is. I have no doubt you found it out some time ago. I had lunch several times with your father, inspected the New Champlain with him, accepted his invitation to occupy a room in his suite, when completed, smoked excellent cigars from his store, and almost persuaded him to go rubbernecking with a party of us Sunday afternoon on an automobile. The fact is that when I left that burgh I didn't know whether I was a Bailey or a Proctor, and didn't care. I told him never to resign but sticker out. He said he would hold on until we said the word. Of course, I suppose it is generally understood that I want to see Gov. Page follow your father, but I ain't in any hurry about it. Your dad is worth a whole row of pretty good green Vermonters in Washington.

* * * * *

Yours truly,

BAILEY.

Rutland, Vt., Sunday Eve.

Dear Fletcher:

Perhaps over the phone, you might have gotten the impression that I had been received into the Democratic fold. This letter from one of our leading Newbury Demo-

crats will settle it. I have been adopted. * * * * *

We shall win, and that too abundantly, or Molly Stark's a widder.

Yours,

HORACE.

Rutland, Vt., September 3, 1907.

Dear Governor:

Had I known May 12 when I started in on my vacation and period of quarantine that it was to cover so long a period of time I should most assuredly have resigned my place on the Lake Champlain Com. but I didn't know it. I regret exceedingly my inability to attend the proposed meetings in the near future, especially the meeting of the N. Y. Com. and the proposed trip on the lake. This is not a whine. In a few weeks I shall visit the haunts of men. Will then review the work of our commission, not with eye of critic, or heart of despot but rather as one accountable to Jehovah and Continental Congress. So when the F. & G. League and the Vt. and N. Y. commissions meet, go your full length.

Yours truly,

H. W. B.

Rutland, Monday Eve.

Dear Governor:

Yours just at hand. I regret exceedingly that you are called away, more especially on account of your father's illness. I hope it is only temporary. After you read the enclosed clipping from this eve's News, you can readily see how I may be pardoned for feeling that it will be flying in the face of nature to proceed with Lake Champlain until

you are with us. We shall wait. If you think it will have a cheering effect on your father tell him I am going out to W. again last of March with the schoolmarms, and will take him on one of those "seeing Washington automobile trips."

Hastily,

HORACE.

LETTERS TO PRESIDENT JOHN M. THOMAS.

Rutland, Vt., January 29, 1912.

Dear Dr. John:

No matter how closely Congress may scrutinize the Champlain vouchers, they won't find where you and the Marshal swapped money for plug hats, will they?

Yours Truly,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

Rutland, Vt., April 10, 1912.

Dear Doctor Thomas:

Yours about the grand New York dinner at hand. I think as many as can of our Commission should attend.

I have been housed up a week with rheumatism, or some other disorder, which has so swollen up my one foot that I can't wear a shoe. I feel more like going over into the wilds of Newbury and holding an inquest on a banquet of baked beans, biled dinners, old-fashioned doughnuts, boiled cider apple sauce, et cetera. Such will be more in touch with my tastes and habits, as well as stomach.

Yours Truly,

H. W. B.

Rutland, Vt., February 11, 1914.

Dear Doctor Thomas:

I have your letter of the 10th inst. and am exceedingly grateful for the sentiment therein expressed.

I have never aspired for a college degree; in fact, until the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst. the matter never entered my mind.

I assure you that were a college degree to be bestowed, one from Middlebury would please me most; and that the act of bestowal should fall on such a man as you are, John Thomas, and friend, too, would be pleasure superlative.

That the trustees of Middlebury College are a unit in their commendation of such an unworthy subject for Master of Arts degree is very gratifying, and the candidate can hardly find words to express suitably his appreciation of the honor implied.

I shall ponder well the subject matter of your letter, and shall probably ponder long before having a settled conviction that such an honor conferred on me by Middlebury College will be suitably or worthily bestowed.

My lifelong conception of a college degree, whether earned or honorary, is that it should crown a higher education and encompass a broader field of literature than has fallen within my scope.

Very Truly Yours,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

Dear Doctor John:

Rutland, Vt., June 12, 1913.

Replying to my inquiry as to date of conferring of degrees, etc., your reply of June 5 seemed to make it easy for me.

It did not occur to me from your letter that I was to prepare a paper or anything else to be dignified as an address, and to be published as per Exhibit No. 1. [A newspaper request for copy of his address.]

Nor had it ever occurred to me until Exhibit No. 2 [circular of firm furnishing academic costume] that I should be required to be ornamented with cap and gown. All these items should have been disclosed to me in the first instance.

I am unable mentally or physically to tackle this job; hence my non-appearance may be accounted for. I am not writing this in a spirit of censure, for I am appreciating the great honor you are trying to confer on me. You had a right to assume that I should know some of the rudiments of a course which I was almost persuaded to enter, but now that it has developed that I am so ignorant and unsophisticated, I am certain that I am totally unfit for the degree so courteously offered. I will go on probation another year. Unless I change my mind I shall never don a cap and gown. They are outward emblems of things I do not possess.

As well might Mephistopheles present himself at the Lord's table.

Yours truly,

H. W. B.

Rutland, Vt., Sunday.

Dear Doctor John:

Thanks for your letter; it hit the right spot. I do not have to have anyone write letters for me. Have had 150 letters and have answered them all; short letters, of course.

My amputation was August 14. On the 16th I sat up in bed and shaved, and on the 17th began to write a few brief letters to the mourners, and have written some every day since.

After two weeks I got into a wheel chair and spent the time on the piazza, reading, smoking, visiting and meditating. I have had but little pain and the wound is now almost completely healed. I eat well, sleep well, smoke well, and am in a happy frame of mind. I have seen no clouds yet; I have been, and am now, resting in the sunshine, I am neatly trimmed, my proud and haughty spirit partially subdued, but snuffed out, nit. If you don't believe me call and see. I have two feet in the grave, but I shall walk again.

My carriage will be neither supple or aesthetic, but stub about I must and will.

I may have to lean a little more heavily on good friends, but am determined to go again. The race is not to the swift but to the enduring, a member of which class I am.

Yours,

H. W. B.

LETTER TO J. A. HARRINGTON.

Mr. Bailey was invited to attend the reception given by the Vergennes Board of Trade to Judge Frank L. Fish when he was elevated to the office of Superior Judge in the spring of 1912. His letter declining the invitation here follows:

Burlington, Vt., March 1, 1912.

Hon. J. A. Harrington,
Vergennes, Vt.

My Dear Sir:

I have yours of the 27th doing me the honor of an invitation to the Vergennes-Fish jubilee next Monday evening. That I should be one of a very few of the many of Fish friends, non-resident of Vergennes, to be invited to participate in the festivities planned by your Board of Trade is an exceptional personal compliment, which you are assured is very highly appreciated.

On account of the somewhat strenuous official duties connected with the term of the U. S. Court now in session, I am reluctantly forced to decline the invitation and forego the pleasure that personal contact with your proceedings would most certainly give me. I have already extended dignified and hearty congratulations to Governor Mead on the success and appropriateness of his appointment. I have extended soulful and vociferous congratulations to Judge and Mrs. Fish and the school of smaller Fishes. And to your Board of Trade, and through you to all the citizens of Vergennes, I now extend all these congratulations raised to the superlative degree.

In your distinguished citizen, Frank L. Fish, you have an honest, upright Judge in the embryo, and I shall be grievously disappointed if he does not develop in his new career into a Judge of whom we shall all be proud. My smallest wish is that this function may be as successful as Vergennes functions usually are; that your Board of Trade may be forever a blooming success, as it now is; and that Vergennes may continue to be the spunkiest municipality on the Globe, as it always has been; and its

citizens as patriotic and hospitable as I have always found them to be. My soul's sincere desire is that the pleasure I may have in meeting with you on some future occasion may be gratified in its fullest capacity.

Yours Truly,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

LETTER TO JOHN G. SARGENT.

Rutland, Vt., February 17, 1912.

Hon. John G. Sargent,
Ludlow, Vt.

Dear Gen. Sargent:

I have read with profit and pleasure the account of "Reading's Big Day" in the Woodstock Standard. I wish to congratulate everybody who had a part in that, and especially the newspaper that gave such a splendid account of the affair. After reading Mrs. Sargent's historical paper I wish to congratulate her, for I think it a most excellent document, and wish now and here to suggest that whenever or wherever you are called upon for a little dispensation that you secure the services of your wife. And perhaps it will be well to let her make the public delivery. I don't think you can hold a candle to her, but this is not saying but what you can do fairly well yourself.

Sometime ago we were speaking about my copy of "Saunders' Indian Wars," which is a reprint of the first edition, which is very rare. Even this edition is worth \$8 or \$10. It is said my edition does not contain Chapter 27 of the original.

You very kindly offered to have this copied for me, and I shall be very grateful for the addition of the missing chapter.

Yours Very Truly,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

LETTER TO H. C. WHITEHILL.

The following correspondence with Editor Whitehill of the Waterbury Record is given a place in this book because of numerous references to the sources of Vermont's political history.

Waterbury, Vt., September 6, 1912.

My Dear Mr. Bailey:

I am preparing an article on the political parties in Vermont and their early history. In talking the matter over with my friend, and your friend, Horace Graham, he said, "Get after Horace Bailey's knowledge tank."

Any information you can give me will be gratefully received.

Cordially Yours,

H. C. WHITEHILL.

Rutland, Vt., September 8, 1912.

Dear Harry:

Your Uncle was very glad to receive a letter from you, but sorry that Horace Graham, who has forgotten more political history than I ever knew, should switch you off from his main line onto my siding. However, I may be able to offer a few helpful suggestions.

In April, May and June, 1904, Capt. Frank Greene published a splendid political history of Vermont in the

Daily Messenger, beginning with the Republican party in 1856. Later, in the same year, I published briefly in the Groton Times "How Vermont Has Voted," bringing it down to Roosevelt's election in 1904. These are all in my political Scrap Books.

The September 1904 Vermonter contains a history of the Republican party by Col. Forbes. The early politics of Vermont are more fully treated in Lafayette Wilbur's four volume history of Vermont than in any other history I know of. This, together with the eight volumes of "The Governor and Council" will give you a pretty good idea of early political conditions.

I often refer to a book "A Dictionary of American Politics" comprising accounts of political parties, measures and men, by Everett Brown and Albert Strauss, published by A. L. Burt, New York, 1888. You can probably find all these books at the State Library.

I hardly need to tell you that I shall be glad to aid you farther, if possible, in your most laudable undertaking to write up the political history of our beloved state.

The inception of our Government, our early conventions, etc., are well set forth in "Slade's State Papers" and in Thompson's Gazetteer.

The Anti-Masonic period of our political history is remarkably interesting. I wrote a series of letters to the St. Johnsbury Republican on that subject within a year or two. You may find something helpful in those letters. I spent much time in collecting the data.

Very Truly Yours,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

LETTER TO JOHN W. TITCOMB.

In reply to a letter from Hon. John W. Titcomb, State Fish and Game Commissioner, in regard to the season of pickerel spawning Mr. Bailey wrote as follows:

Rutland, Vt., October 22, 1912.

John W. Titcomb,
Lyndonville, Vt.

Dear John:

I have your esteemed favor of October 18th and have noted its contents. I regret exceedingly that I am unable to shed much light on the pickerel spawning season, nor can I now see my way clear to suggest to you whether the closed season should be April or May. If in doubt, put up the bars against both months.

I have very pleasant recollections of spearing pickerel on the meadows in the early days, when mother would fry them in pork fat, and father would serve them at the table along with a substantial mug of cider. I should be pleased if you would incorporate this kind of legislation into our statutes, suggesting that pickerel be served the way I have named.

Perhaps you recollect that nearly all my trips about Lake Champlain in your company were under conditions exceedingly favorable for seeing sea serpents, water snakes and eels. If you want to tell the Lake Champlain Association something you might relate your experience in introducing new fish commissioners to the Swanton Gun Club.

Yours Truly,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

LETTER TO GUY W. BAILEY.

The following letter from Mr. Bailey was received by Hon. Guy W. Bailey, Secretary of State, highly commending the Publicity Department for the work they had done.

Rutland, Vt., July 22, 1913.

Dear Mr. Bailey:

I have received copies of "Vermont the Land of Green Mountains" and "Where to Stop When in Vermont," issued by you as the head of the Vermont Publicity Bureau.

I wish to congratulate you on the quality of your work, and the legislature on the wisdom of creating and sustaining this bureau.

It seems to me that in maintaining this bureau our state will get full value received.

These publications are of the high order that will attract attention and draw to our incomparable state many who heretofore have been unaware of our scenic beauty, and the desirability of our location and equipment for a vacation resort.

These publications together with the highway map issued by the Highway Department, place Vermont at the very door of strangers as plain as A. B. C.

Permit me also to congratulate you especially on having discovered Vermont's second Zadock Thompson, in the person of Walter H. Crockett, to edit "Vermont the Land of the Green Mountains."

Mr. Crockett has brought to your aid the knowledge and wisdom of Vermont's foremost historian, a scholar ripe in historic lore, as well as abreast with the present and alive to the future.

The good judgment of Supt. Stone in securing 4,000

copies of this work for schools is in evidence. The allotment for schools should be quadrupled.

This work is a comprehensive, yet condensed and concise gazetteer of Vermont towns, containing historical, biographical and geographical data gathered from many sources.

I have carefully read this book from cover to cover and am grandly impressed with its subject matter and charmed by its beautiful illustrations.

Mr. Secretary, this book should be in every Vermont library, in every school room and in every home.

An edition should be substantially bound and put aside for it will long remain the crown-sheaf of Vermont's Publicity Bureau, and the historical masterpiece of Editor Crockett.

LETTER TO SAMUEL ALDEN TUCKER AND WIFE.

The following congratulatory letter was written to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Alden Tucker of Boltonville, Vt., on the occasion of their silver wedding March 22, 1913:

Dear Sam and Lois Ann:

I am wondering just how it feels to be married twenty-five years. Although I have been waiting for the experience it has not arrived. I shall wait a few more years and see if it won't come.

If I were near enough to you on this momentous and happy occasion to lay on hands, to see just how you feel, then I should know. In the absence of these very glorious opportunities I shall have to keep guessing, and my guess is that twenty-five years of married life must be an angelic sensation.

You have worked in the harness pretty well these twenty-five years; sometimes one of you, and sometimes the other has been ahead, but the average has been O. K.

Please accept my hearty congratulations and sincere wish that many more of these events may be strewn along your pathway.

May the Tucker household thrive, big and little. There are no very little Tuckers now, but should there be, may they thrive too.

Yours for more of it,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

LETTER TO THOMAS C. CHENEY.

In reply to a most cordial letter from Hon. Thomas C. Cheney of Morrisville on the occasion of Mr. Bailey's second hospital experience, Mr. Bailey wrote the following in pencil:

"Thanks Thomas! Such letters are a bracer. While I am trimmed I am not suppressed and firmly believe I shall be with you again. Am doing fine.

Yours,

H. W. B.

LETTER TO W. N. GILFILLAN.

The following private letter was written from the Rutland Hospital in the summer of 1913 to W. N. Gilfillan of South Ryegate, one of the publication committee of the Ryegate Town History, a book in which Mr. Bailey was deeply interested:

Hearty Congratulations. Your history committee must belong to the class mentioned as having come up

through great tribulations. Everything, it is said, comes to those who wait. My August 1, 1907, letter was written from the Hospital, after having one leg cut off. My August 27, 1913, letter is written from the same place, after having the other leg cut off, but I do not blame it all on the Ryegate History. I think the \$4 brand will do very well, hence enclose check. Am getting along very well now. Am very well trimmed now and just a little subdued, but squelched or snuffed out, not by a long ways. Shall enjoy the History during my convalescence.

LETTER TO LYNN M. HAYS.

Newbury, Monday a. m.

Dear Lynn:

Yours at hand and I note all you say about the progress of our measure.* You are the one soldier in our company constantly in battle affray, and on skirmish line, and picket duty, and so you will be to the end. If this turns out to be a success, you shall be praised and lauded to the skies—if it's a failure you shall be cursed and damned into perdition. I shall be in Montpelier tomorrow, not to bow down and be crowned a new Tercentenary Com'r., for I have concluded to forego that honor, but rather to attend the regular meeting of the Vermont Historical society. I shall expect to see you.

Yours truly,

H. W. B.

* Referring to the bill then pending before the Vermont Legislature, appropriating \$25,000 for the Champlain Tercentenary celebration.

LETTER TO W. H. CROCKETT.

This letter refers to the new history of Vermont, "Vermont—the Green Mountain State," now being written by Mr. Crockett. Mr. Bailey was chairman of the advisory board.

Rutland, Vt., November 10, 1913.

Dear Walter:

H. Greeley said the way to resume is to resume. The way to stop is to stop.

You will remember that I resigned from that Champlain sub-committee because my doctor said "if you don't you are a dead man." Six years ago a council of doctors said to me "Bailey, if you don't quit excessive head work the other leg will follow." They were true prophets. Because I began little by little I got right back into the old rut, and almost before I knew it, off went the other leg. After they cut off this leg, I asked them what the next stage of the disease would be; they said if I behaved myself and let up entirely on head work, I would die of old age, so far as my disease was concerned. But I replied: "If I go on as before, what is the next step?" They said "Off goes a hand or arm, paralysis of brain or senile debility." Now, Walter, do you blame me for stopping, for being scared?

Dr. Gale, when he comes in my room and finds me writing, with books, papers and magazines laid about, curses me and threatens to throw the whole thing out of the window, and much more. I had about as soon die, anyway, as to be cut off from my historical work and research, but I must *stop* and, Walter, it comes hard to stop on you, as you are entering this great and most important work of your life and of the state. A curious condition prevails

in my case; physically I am in perfect condition, my wound healed perfectly in two weeks; I have had no aches nor pains. I eat well, and if I don't over-eat or over-write, sleep well. This will be an indication to you that my trouble is wholly of the brain or nerves.

I think I have already called your attention to the Appendix in Thompson's History of Montpelier, which I consider by far the best thing on Indian occupation in Vermont. I consider Prof. G. H. Perkins the best archaeologist in Vermont, if not in the United States, and I fully agree with him on Indian occupancy. He does not believe any tribe ever dwelt here for any length of time. He would make a splendid reviewer of your Indian chapter.

I think I have suggested to you the great help of having foot-notes referring to your authority; such notes have been of the greatest help to me. I am sending you a good sketch of the Ely war (you can keep it). Your history should contain an account of the occasions when the military has been called out in times of peace. I think Josiah Grout got his title of Major at the time of the Fenian Raid, and he might be able to give you some points as to the operation of the forces at that time along the Canadian border.

I want to be helpful; I want to be so more than you can think. I am willing to hew close to the danger line.

Yours truly,

H. W. B.

LETTERS TO JUDGE FRANK L. FISH.

Newbury, Vt., December 12, 1900.

Dear Bro. Fish:

You have probably observed that the Legislature came the "Presto Change" on our fish and game law and the Governor came the "Presto Change" on me, and has appointed E. A. Davis commissioner for four years and Superintendent of the Hatchery, and Mr. Titcomb plain Commissioner for two years. This was kind in the Governor for it leaves me unhampered, as to time with the schoolmarms. Also after six years of so much prosperity I might unless checked, grow opulent and purse proud. I hold a commission signed by Edward Curtis Smith with the great seal of the State which does not expire until December 1, 1902. Please examine No. 128 of the Acts of the recent great combination, and see if in your opinion it abrogates the act under which I was appointed, thereby nullifying my commission. I make no contentions for the commissionership, for my bleeding scalp sways in Ludlow breezes dangling from the belt of a tender and merciful Chief Executive, and I smile through my tears. Yet it does seem as though No. 128 does not in a just interpretation of the law wipe out the Smith parchment expiring in 1902.

As cheerfully yours as circumstances permit,

EX-COMMISSIONER BAILEY.

June 19, 1909.

Dear Frank:

Yours at hand and contents noted. Of course I want to attend the banquet if I am able for not to do so would make me appear odd. It's wholly a case of what I may

be able to do, which depends wholly on the strenuousness of the day,—mercury and humidity, etc., etc. It is the starting in of a strenuous week. I have tried to impress on you by hints that I am a darned weak clumsy sister.

Now then if I do attend the banquet, and I hope I may, I have no personal ambition to be a speaker, but having been on both commissions might again appear odd and obstinate in refusing a call for a small item in the program. Therefore if you should see fit to put me at the end of the list with a toast, "The Commission and the Celebration" or something similar, I will use five minutes of Vergennes' time. Now can you get this through your thick head?

Yours truly,

H. W. B.

P. S. It will be pleasant indeed if the Judge can take us in Sunday night, if he can't I suppose we can plan to go down early Monday morn.

August 24, 1910.

Dear F. L.:

My last settlement with you as L. C. Commr. was in July, 1909, when you paid me \$133.95.

I am enclosing bill amounting to \$22.29. I am not certain whether our Com. will be called together again or not, but assume not.

I have received a comp. ticket to Midd. Fair, admitting self, lady and team. The only name among all the officials with which I am familiar, real familiar, is your own; if you are the responsible party please accept thanks, if you are not responsible, can you tell me who is, that I may return

thanks. Although I have had many complimentary tickets in years past, but have not attended a Fair in 25 years; if you will designate the best day, I will go up, and pay for a team if you will show me around. In selecting day, please keep in mind that I am not carried away with HOSS trots or ball games, but that I love sheep, gingerbread, and fair sex. I love town teams of oxen, mares with foal, mothers with babies whose faces are decorated with red candy. I like vegetables, made into a biled-dish or red hash. I like to see a parcel of country bucks with their lovey dovies entrain and ribbons, etc. I like a few thousand Addison Co. patriots en-deshabille, en-famille, en-masse, en-passant, etc., provided you are sworn to introduce them all.

Yours,

H. W. B.

January 22, 1912.

Dear Frank:

If you are going spearing for the vacant judgeship, I might carry a torch, I might guard the basket containing the commissary supplies. I can offer prayer, I can do your profane swearing and when the escapade is ended I can adorn the mourners' bench, close up to the bereaved family circle. I am also a fairly good condoler.

Yours,

H. W. B.

Rutland, Vt., February 12, 1912.

Dear Judge:

Some time ago I sent you an article "A Pair of Peaceful Patriots," one being Rowland E. Robinson, and asked your opinion of my estimate of the man. I went Fishing

for a helpful criticism of Robinson because you knew him well, but the Fish has not bitten yet. Some day I may incorporate some of my stuff into a book and "A Pair of Peaceful Patriots" would be one item of the stuff. My measurement of Robinson is taken almost wholly from his books and I wanted you to say whether from your viewpoint it was well taken. Also whether you think that my comparisons between Thompson and Robinson were well drawn.

At the same time I sent Mrs. Robinson a copy of the P. P. P. and her reply is so pleasing, and so much like herself, that I am enclosing it for your perusal.

Yours,

H. W. B.

Dear Judge:

August 31, 1912.

Thanks for your letter, glad you are alive.

If agreeable to the family, near relatives and mourners, Coquette (the horse) and others, I shall be made happy by invitation, for a brief space, to be a guest at the Fish House with prospective Mt. Philo Trip, at about the time of gorgous foliage.

I go to Newbury to-day, to be there Tuesday to record my wisdom at the polls.

Yours,

H. W. B.

Dear Judge:

February 11, 1913.

Yours of the 8th instant at hand and I note with pleasure what you say about speaking to the Daughters at the Vendome, and the Sons at Yale on, "Some Vermont Poets."

I suppose you plan to class Phelps right in with Saxe, Julia C. R. Dorr, Col. C. W. Scarff, Eva J. Stickney, Wendell P. Stafford, and Charles G. Eastman and other notable Vermont song writers.

The rhyme and rhythm and sentiment in the Phelps "Essex Junction" poem are truly marvelous. Please send me a copy of a Boston paper giving an account of your escapade, take your Bulletin Board along with you, remembering that you met your Waterloo at a certain State convention.

Yours truly,

H. W. B.

P. S. In the name of God and Humanity, and of the Commonwealth, for the sake of your family, your reputation, don't, when you appear in Boston and at Yale, adorn yourself with that short double-breasted coat, it is undignified, unaesthetic, and probably unsanitary.

H. W. B.

P. S. All notorious Vermont Poets are either dead or have moved away, may your eulogy of them and quotation from them, the wag of your gifted tongue about them, gratify them in their several realms. Nature made an Apollo of you, don't let some bush-whacking clothier defeat the wise purpose of the Almighty, that you may be saved a sordid Dollar and Fifty Cents.

H. W. B.

Rutland, Vt., February 13, 1913.

Dear Judge:

I have your letter written at Bennington January 16th; that was my birthday. Excepting that there was

rather too much flattery I would retain the letter as a birth-day souvenir.

I have now re-read your letter and am stuck as between its being flattery and irony. You are not ordinarily a flattering kind of a man, but can shoot irony like an expert if occasion requires.

I will not hang on either horn of the dilemma, but suspend midway; while thus suspended I will consider your suggestion of writing a book in order to discharge an obligation due my friends and fellow citizens.

The more I consider the matter, the more I am convinced that I shall not write such a book.

With a high sense of appreciation for what a liberal construction of your letter implies,

I am, Yours Truly,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

Dear Judge:

If I should ever put my fables into book form I should want to include "A Pair of Peaceful Patriots." You are well acquainted with both. If either are misrepresented, you will please call my attention to it. Wish you a "Happy New Year" and as many more as the public can stand.

H. W. B.

Dear Judge:

June 6, 1913.

Your letter came a few days ago, the "Law Review" came to-day, for both please accept my thanks.

I laid aside playthings and have read "Respect for the Law" and the same has added to my store of useful knowledge. I had not thought that we Americans were

so bad. My only adverse criticism is that you did not more specifically lay down the remedy. To say that the bad condition is due to lack of respect for law is an axiom, to which may be added a necessary repair of the law. But the remedy is not suggested by saying that the cure will obtain by a more profound respect for the law, for that too is an axiom, and you travel in a circle. If you intended the closing quotation from President Wilson to be accepted as the remedy, that also fails; it is too wholly axiomatic. For its general information, although deplorable, your article is splendid.

But on general principles it is not a good plan to display a sick condition of the body politic unless one has a remedy at hand.

Yours truly,

HORACE W. BAILEY.

June 14, 1913.

Dear Judge:

I called at Vergennes June 10-11th and I spent no inconsiderable portion of one afternoon in your library. It is a great institution,—so is your librarian. It is magnificent, so is she. I was almost fortunate in going there alone, because I was then untrammeled.

I visited all parts and then we talked about books in general, then about Vermont books in particular.

I hope you do not fetter that librarian in the selection of books, etc. She has forgotten more about books than your combined trustees know or have known. I should like to keep house in that library. The next afternoon I attended lunch and commencement exercises at the In-

dustrial School, and never experienced a better lunch or exercises. Mayor, bless his soul, gave me an auto. ride, and John Donnelly did the balance, so in the aggregate it was a gala season. Please send me a copy of current issue of your paper.

Yours,

H. W. B.